THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded Aº Dº 1728 by Franklin

JUNE 17, 1916

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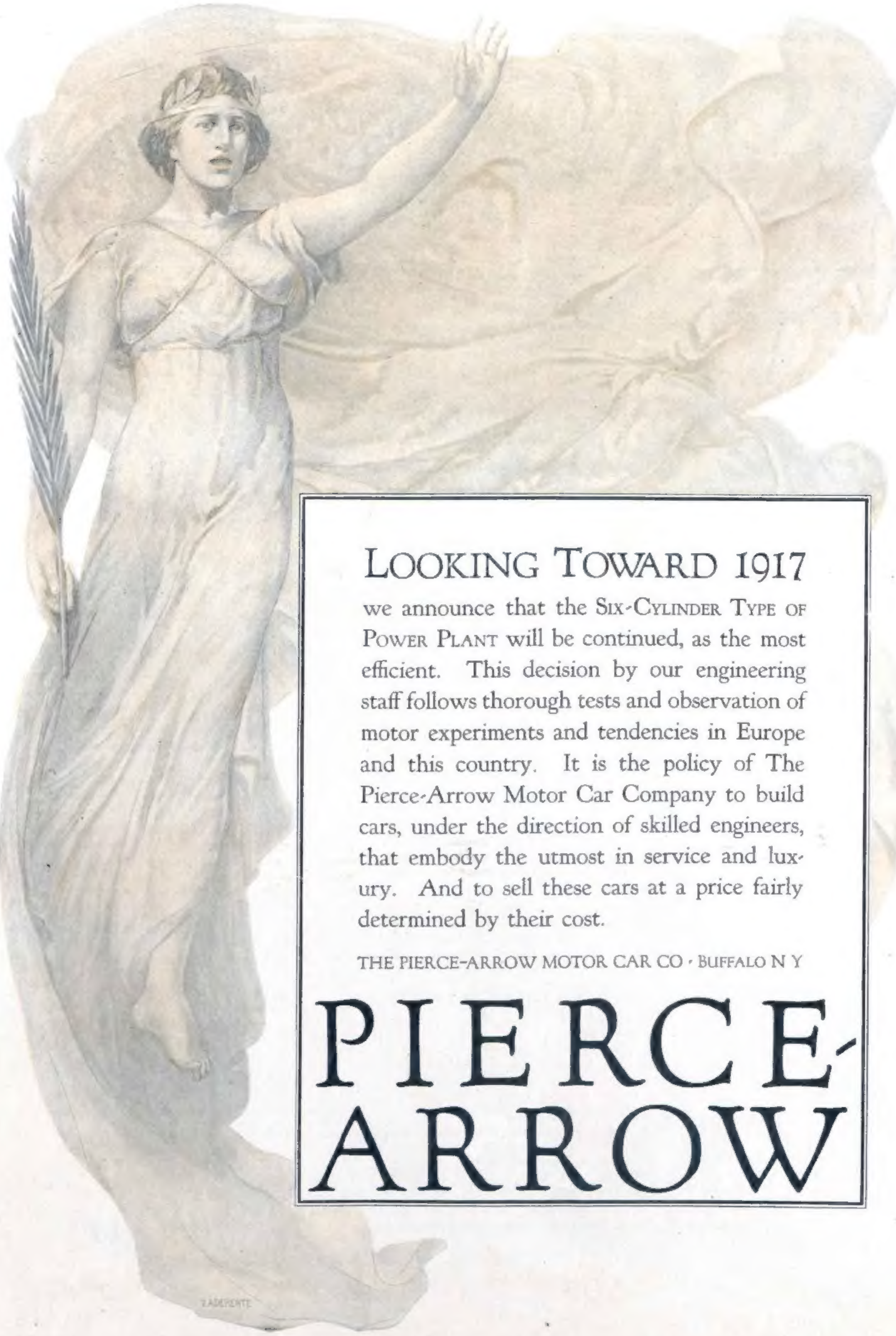
Beginning

SUDDEN JIM—By Clarence Budington Kelland

ON THE ISONZO FRONT—By Will Irwin



LOOKING TOWARD 1917

we announce that the SIX-CYLINDER TYPE OF POWER PLANT will be continued, as the most efficient. This decision by our engineering staff follows thorough tests and observation of motor experiments and tendencies in Europe and this country. It is the policy of The Pierce-Arrow Motor Car Company to build cars, under the direction of skilled engineers, that embody the utmost in service and luxury. And to sell these cars at a price fairly determined by their cost.

THE PIERCE-ARROW MOTOR CAR CO · BUFFALO N Y

PIERCE-ARROW

Before "Tarvia-X" was used on First Ave., Milwaukee, Wis.

After "Tarvia-X" was used on First Ave., Milwaukee, Wis.

Tarvia

How it saves the taxpayer's money— *see photos above*

WHAT wears out a macadam road? Not so much the weight of the traffic or the friction of the wheels carrying that weight, as the *pry* and *dig* of the motive force.

When the horse is the motive, it is the pry and dig of his iron shoes, rather than the wheels that disintegrate the macadam.

When the gasoline engine is the motive, it is the prying leverage of the driving wheels that disintegrates the macadam.

The heavier the weight, the harder the pry and dig.

The greater the traffic of the heavy cars, the more incessant is the pry and dig.

So the endless procession of automobiles and horses means constant disintegration of macadam roads, and the taxpayer's hand must go into his pocket to pay for it.

The way to correct this is to *build and treat your roads with Tarvia.* Its use slightly increases the first cost but it adds so much to the life of the highway and reduces maintenance expense so materially that *its use is a great economy.*

About Tarvia

Tarvia is a coal tar preparation, shipped in barrels or in tank cars.

It is made in three grades, to be used according to road conditions: viz.

"Tarvia-X", "Tarvia-A", "Tarvia-B".

The chief use of Tarvia is for constructing and treating macadam roads—to make them durable, smooth, resilient, dustless, mudless, waterproof.

It is also used on concrete roads, on brick pavements and even on good gravel roads—to smooth out irregularities, to arrest disintegration and for repairs.

"Tarvia-X"

"Tarvia-X" is always to be used when you are building a *new* macadam road, both as a binder and surface coating. The old way in building macadam was to use *water* as a binder.

But a water-bound macadam wears out quickly under modern traffic that loosens the surface, grinds it into clouds of dust, makes heavy mud and leaves the road full of holes.

Results and Cost of "Tarvia-X"

With "Tarvia-X" in place of water, you have a road smooth enough to dance on—resilient enough for rubber tires to grip on without skidding, or for horses to trot on without slipping, without dust in dry weather—without slime in wet weather. You have a road that *lasts.*

The first cost of making a tarvia-macadam is but little more than the old-fashioned macadam, but the saving in maintenance more than pays this difference. So Tarvia costs you practically nothing!

"Tarvia-A"

"Tarvia-A" is, practically, a thin "Tarvia-X", used for recoating the surface of a macadam road already built. It is applied hot and adds greatly to the life of the road. It keeps the road dustless, smooth and inviting to traffic, but its use is confined to certain kinds of traffic to be economical.

"Tarvia-B"

"Tarvia-B" is a much more widely used preservative. It is applied *cold.* It is thin enough to sink quickly into the road, yet strong enough to bind the surface particles together into a dustless, durable surface. "Tarvia-B" offers the lowest cost of road maintenance yet invented.

Tarvia roads invariably reduce taxes for road building and maintenance. They give a maximum of road efficiency for a minimum of cost.

Special Service Department

In order to bring the facts before taxpayers as well as road authorities, The Barrett Company has organized a Special Service Department, which keeps up to the minute on all road problems. If you will write to the nearest office regarding road conditions or problems in your vicinity, the matter will have the prompt attention of experienced engineers. This service is free for the asking.

If you want *better roads* and *lower taxes,* this Department can greatly assist you.

Illustrated booklet describing the various Tarvia treatments free on request.

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6 Pairs of Lisle for 6 Months

WHEN you see the soft, fine threads in these smart summer Holeproofs you will probably wonder how they can far outwear other hosiery. But do not hesitate—millions wear Holeproofs, and more than 90 per cent *outlast* our long-time guarantee—due to our use of long-fibre cotton yarns that endure about twice the strain that short-fibre yarns withstand.

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MEN'S, 25c PER PAIR AND UP
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Eight thousand dealers are showing the new summer Holeproofs. If any store fails to supply you, we'll ship direct, charges paid. No need to accept inferior substitutes.

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Holeproof Hosiery Company of Canada, Limited, London, Canada
Holeproof Hosiery Company, 10 Church Alley, Liverpool, England

(237)

Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company
Independence Square
Philadelphia

London: 6, Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W.C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A°D° 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

Copyright, 1916
by The Curtis Publishing Company in
the United States and Great Britain

Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office
as Second-Class Matter

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the
Post-Office Department
Ottawa, Canada

Volume 188 *PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 17, 1916* *Number 51*

SUDDEN JIM

By Clarence Budington Kelland

ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY DUNN

IT IS not a fact that clothespins are threshed out like beans or wheat. They are not a product of Nature but of art and machinery. A clear understanding of this is necessary before the story can begin to march; for if clothespins had grown in fields inclosed by rail fences, and were gathered by the aid of a self-binder, there never would have been an individual known from coast to coast as Clothespin Jimmy. This individual would not have had a son named James, nor would Clothespin Jimmy have started to build a new clothespin mill in Diversity, Michigan. So it is manifest that the fact stated in the first paragraph hereof lies at the very taproot of the whole matter.

If you studied sufficiently over the hieroglyphics appended by Clothespin Jimmy at the end of a check you discovered them to indicate the signature "James Ashe." But it required more than a passing glance. Nobody ever quarreled with the signature, because it suited the old man and was honored by the bank.

The owner of the illegible signature was sixty-five years old, was hale, hearty and ripe for adventure. Also he figured that fifty years of hard labor about completed his sentence and that he was entitled to play about.

Therefore he called home his son James, who had shown an early and marked distaste for the clothespin business, and took him into the library, where there lived in ease and idleness some ninety feet of assorted red, blue and black books. He opened the conversation:

"Son, what name do folks call you by when they speak to you?"

"Why—Jim, I guess."

"Just Jim? Nothing describin' it?"

"That's all."

"Why?"

"I haven't the least notion, father. Why should they call me anything else?"

"I Don't Have to Explain to Every Chance Stranger Why I Get Up Early in the Morning and Come Here"

"No reason in the world. That's what I'm gettin' at in my feeble way. What do folks call me?"

"Clothespin Jimmy," replied his son promptly.

"Yes, and when I die that's what's goin' onto the headstone. It means somethin'. There hain't no need for a verse of poetry and clasped hands. 'Clothespin Jimmy' tells the whole story. I don't mind sayin' I'm proud of it. Just like I was proud of the first dollar I ever handled—because I earned it. Folks calls me Clothespin Jimmy because I've done things with clothespins—things that amount to somethin'. Men don't git names like that by settin' in one spot till their pants wear thin. Now, take you—they call you Jim, and there the matter ends. That's where you end. You're jest Jim, like seven hundred thousand other Jims. You don't stick up above the herd. Hain't it about time folks was findin' reason to hitch a descriptive name onto you?"

"I'm twenty-eight. I've got a good job. I'm supporting myself and not taking a cent from you ——"

"I'm not findin' fault with what you've done, son. You ain't a gilded butterfly—that ain't what I mean. You're respectable and self-supportin', but so's twenty million other boys in this country. You're just a good average human critter. But that's not even comin' close to the subject, which is that ma and me would like to go to California."

"Good idea, dad. When do you start?"

"As things is we don't start at all."

"Why?"

"Largely because you're satisfied to have folks call you Jim without any description to it." The old gentleman took a package of folded papers from a drawer and slid the rubber band off them.

"Here's somethin'," he said. "Bonds. Fifty of 'em for a thousand dollars apiece. Net five per cent. I've milked the business to get 'em. 'Twasn't right by the business, but I done it just the same. Now, then, you never liked the clothespin business. Don't know why. So I've fixed it so you could pick and choose between two things. I'll come to that in a minute. But first, about California. I started supportin' myself when I was fifteen, and I've been hard at it ever since—fifty years. The time's come for me to git out with your ma and have a good time if we're ever a-goin' to. Short time for frolickin' left at best. But it rests with you. I figger I've earned the right to loaf, but I can't loaf without leavin' somebody to labor. There hain't nobody but you." He stopped and looked at Jim and slapped the package of bonds on the desk top three or four times.

"There ought to be somethin' to you more'n just Jim. I've waited to see it crop out. Now I'm goin' to dig for it. Here's these bonds. Yonder in Diversity is the new mill almost ready to start turnin' over. It'll be worth a quarter of a million to somebody. I can make it so in a year. What I got you in here for was to offer you your choice. You can take the mill and the business and have it till God does you part—and buckle in like I've done; or you can take this fifty thousand in bonds and go play. If you take the mill, your ma and me take the bonds and go play. There's the proposition. Take which you like—and no hard feelin's."

"But, dad, suppose I don't take either?"

The old man's face changed; his eyes grew anxious; the hand that held the bonds trembled ever so little.

"You wouldn't do that to me, son. Ever since that night twenty-eight years ago when I heard a miserable squawkin' sound upstairs and mistrusted it was you, I've been workin' and plannin' and hopin'—with you as the object of it all. I wanted to fix things for you, son—and I've done it. You don't need to take the business if you don't want to. Your ma and me can keep on like we've been goin', and have consid'able fun too. But if you was to refuse both, then I'd feel as if I'd sort of wasted my time—as if my workin' and livin' hadn't been for no good at all. You—you wouldn't do that to your dad, would you, son?"

Young Jim walked to the window and stood looking out, and as he looked out he reviewed his own plans and scheme of life, his hopes and private aspirations. Presently he turned:

"No, dad, I won't refuse both. I'll take one or the other."

Clothespin Jimmy's face showed his relief.

"Much 'bliged, son," he said, as though he were accepting a notable favor instead of giving away what folks not addicted to polo or divorces or Fifth Avenue or ocean-going yachts would consider a fortune.

Jim returned to his window; his father sat thumbing the bonds and waiting. Presently the old man spoke suddenly:

"I don't want you tradin' unsight-unseen. You're entitled to know what you're up against. In case you take the mill—I milked it for these bonds. I told you that. The business will need this money and need it bad. I've built big. The day the mill starts

runnin' you h'ist a debt of seventy thousand dollars onto your shoulder. You'll be pinched for money, and you'll have a devil of a time. But I could pull it through—and so can you if you're any good. You ain't steppin' into a snap—not by several statute miles. Furthermore, if you take her you take her for better or for worse. You git no help from me. These bonds'll be all I have, and I'll need 'em. I won't let loose of one of 'em to keep you out of bankruptcy. Understand?"

"Yes," said Jim.

"Got your mind made up?"

"I'd rather sleep on it, dad. Suppose we put it off till to-morrow."

"If you're the man to handle the job you can decide now. Puttin' off never helped matters. A man that makes up his mind right off may be wrong half the time, but he's right a whole lot more than the fellow who has to have a decision jerked out of him with an ox team. If you expect to get anywheres in this world learn to make up your mind swift and follow up with swift action. We'll finish the deal now before quittin' time."

Jim turned and looked at his father. Somehow he felt detached from himself, as if he were sitting at a distance twiddling his thumbs and watching his own wheels go round. He occupied the position of spectator very briefly, however, but popped back inside of himself and took possession again—with a noticeable change. He felt different. He did not feel like Jim Ashe as he had been acquainted with Jim Ashe, but like another individual of markedly different characteristics. This change manifested itself in his reply:

"All right. We'll decide now. Now!"

"Yes?" said Clothespin Jimmy, his fingers tightening ever so little.

"I take the mill," said Jim.

"Huh!" his father said.

That was all. He slipped the bonds into his side pocket. From another pocket he drew an envelope holding two long, many-times-folded strips of blue paper. Jim recognized them as railroad tickets.

"You'd better go to Diversity on Friday. This is Tuesday. Your ma and me leave for Californy on Friday mornin'."

Jim eyed his father suspiciously.

"Had the tickets all the time?"

"Yes."

"You were going anyhow?"

"No; not unless you took the mill." The old man chuckled.

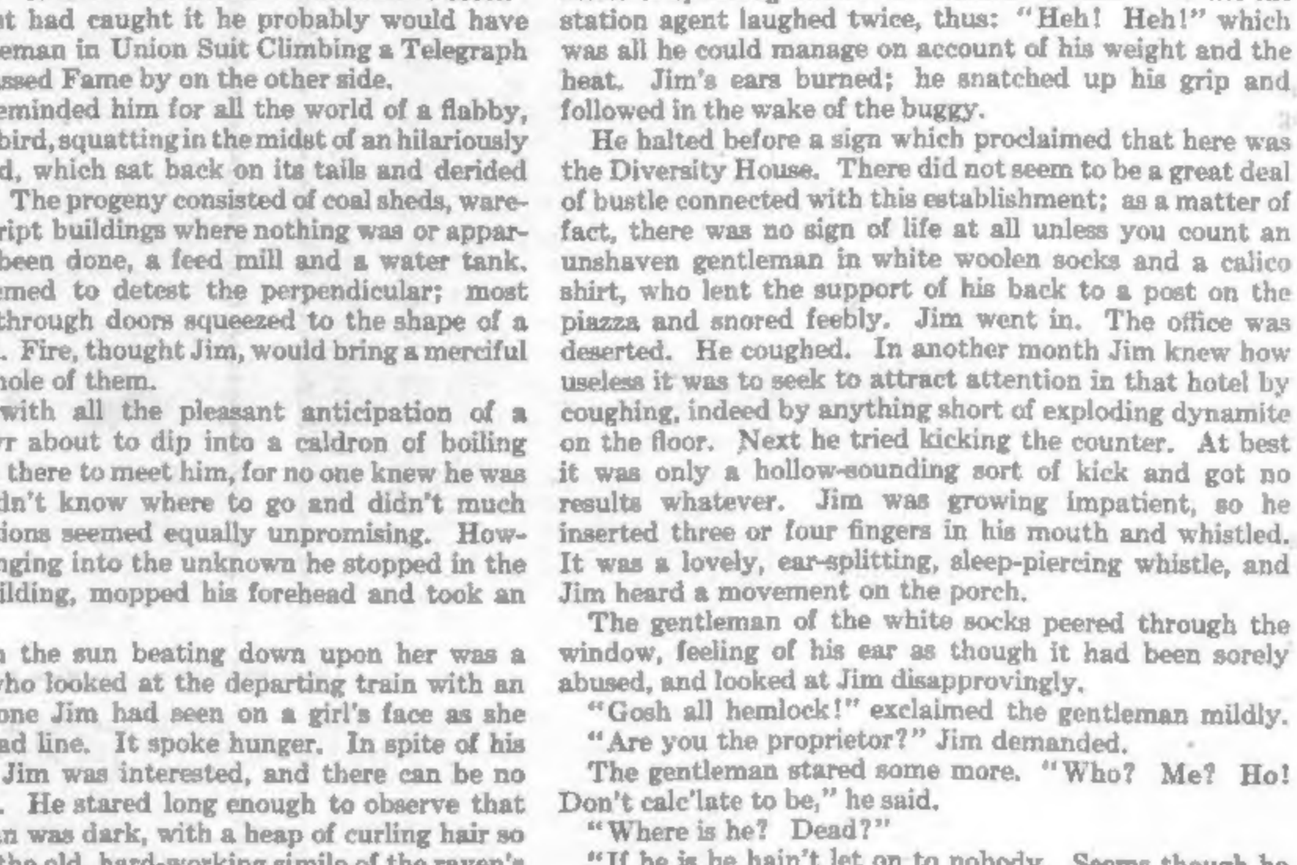
Jim snorted. "Pretty sure how I'd decide, weren't you?"

"Well, seein' as you're my son—and your ma's—I wasn't more'n a mite worried. I figgered you was sound timber, but there was always the chance that sap rot had got at you. That envelope there has the stock certificates, all indorsed over to you, inside of it. Take 'em. You're the proprietor of the Ashe Clothespin Company now. I'm through with it. Fifty years of work to earn a couple of years of play for ma and me. When we're gone write us often. We'll need to hear from you. But don't you dast to mention clothespins to me—either good or bad about 'em. I'm through. Through for good and all—and it's up to you."

"Done," said young James.

II

YOUNG Jim Ashe rode from five o'clock in the morning until two in the afternoon on a train that carried him through a stretch of the state of Michigan that not even a local poet had ventured to call lovely. It was flat as an exhausted purse—indeed it was an exhausted purse, for its wealth in straight, clean pine had long since poured from it, down its rivers to mills where it had been minted into money. With this money a second generation that did not know a wanigan from a cook shanty, cork pine from Norway, nor the difference between the Doyle and Scribner scales, was getting its names in the Sunday papers and illustrated magazines as bold and hardy owners of imported Chow dogs.



"Was You at the Depot to See the Six o'Clock Come In, Dolf?"

At the end of nine hours of travel through the sort of scenery that would make the decorations of a modern New York hotel a restful diversion, Jim thought even a game of coon can with a traveling man—which as everybody knows is the world's most futile method of passing time—would be a boon from heaven. But there was neither drummer nor cards. He was not the sort of person who could sit and think, and when tired of that omit the thinking and just sit. So he brooded. Long before he reached Diversity he was terribly sorry for himself, which, after all, is a species of mild pleasure enjoyed by many. One conclusion he did reach—namely, that Diversity must be the ultimate fag-end of desolation trimmed with a fringe of black despair. When the train stopped at Diversity's depot he looked out and felt that conclusion to be sound.

The first thing he saw was heat. He could see it rising in little wiggling waves from the blackened sand; he could see it at work raising more blisters on the paint of the station; he could see it struggling in vain to reduce the weight of the baggage master, who was also telegraph operator, station agent, porter and information bureau. The next thing he saw was a jumble of form and color that would have made immortal a cubist who could have caught it and labeled it "A Hole Raveled in Civilization's Heel." But if the cubist had caught it he probably would have called it "Gentleman in Union Suit Climbing a Telegraph Pole," and so passed Fame by on the other side.

The station reminded him for all the world of a flabby, disreputable redbird, squatting in the midst of an hilariously ragamuffin brood, which sat back on its tails and derided her scurrilously. The progeny consisted of coal sheds, warehouses, nondescript buildings where nothing was or apparently ever had been done, a feed mill and a water tank. All of them seemed to detest the perpendicular; most of them leered through doors squeezed to the shape of a clumsy diamond. Fire, thought Jim, would bring a merciful release to the whole of them.

He alighted with all the pleasant anticipation of a Christian martyr about to dip into a caldron of boiling oil. No one was there to meet him, for no one knew he was coming. He didn't know where to go and didn't much care. All directions seemed equally unpromising. However, before plunging into the unknown he stopped in the shade of the building, mopped his forehead and took an observation.

Standing with the sun beating down upon her was a young woman who looked at the departing train with an expression like one Jim had seen on a girl's face as she stood in the bread line. It spoke hunger. In spite of his own discomfort Jim was interested, and there can be no doubt he stared. He stared long enough to observe that the young woman was dark, with a heap of curling hair so black that even the old, hard-working simile of the raven's wing was not of the slightest use to him. She was small, but had one of those exquisite figures which just a little startle one.

She did not impress Jim as at all pretty, but she did impress him as a young person who might find difficulty in letting somebody else have his own way.

She continued to stare hungrily after the train, but presently she turned her eyes so they met Jim's stare. In a second she comprehended he was staring, and she flashed resentment at him. She even bit her lip with vexation. Then she turned abruptly—but very gracefully, Jim noticed—and walked across the tracks.

It Looked Very Big and Raw and Uninviting to Him

Jim flushed uncomfortably and looked about to see if anybody had noticed his bit of bad manners and its result. In a ramshackle buggy drawn up to the platform sat an old man with square white whiskers. Possibly "sat" is not the precise word to use, for the old man rested mainly on the back of his neck, allowing the rest of his body to clutter up the space intended only for his legs and feet. Jim picked up his bag and approached.

"Could you drive me to the hotel?" he asked.

The old man looked at Jim's feet, at his ankles, his knees, his belt buckle, his cravat, finally into his eyes. This took time, and the sun was hot on Jim's head.

"I could," said the old man finally. Then he wiggled the lines. "Giddap, Tiffany," he said, wholly oblivious to Jim's presence on earth. "Giddap there. Stir yourself. G'long."

Jim stood goggling after him, as nonplused as if the old fellow had suddenly developed the old-fashioned dragon habit of spouting smoke and flames. Behind Jim the fat station agent laughed twice, thus: "Heh! Heh!" which was all he could manage on account of his weight and the heat. Jim's ears burned; he snatched up his grip and followed in the wake of the buggy.

He halted before a sign which proclaimed that here was the Diversity House. There did not seem to be a great deal of bustle connected with this establishment; as a matter of fact, there was no sign of life at all unless you count an unshaven gentleman in white woolen socks and a calico shirt, who lent the support of his back to a post on the piazza and snored feebly. Jim went in. The office was deserted. He coughed. In another month Jim knew how useless it was to seek to attract attention in that hotel by coughing, indeed by anything short of exploding dynamite on the floor. Next he tried kicking the counter. At best it was only a hollow-sounding sort of kick and got no results whatever. Jim was growing impatient, so he inserted three or four fingers in his mouth and whistled. It was a lovely, ear-splitting, sleep-piercing whistle, and Jim heard a movement on the porch.

The gentleman of the white socks peered through the window, feeling of his ear as though it had been sorely abused, and looked at Jim disapprovingly.

"Gosh all hemlock!" exclaimed the gentleman mildly.

"Are you the proprietor?" Jim demanded.

The gentleman stared some more. "Who? Me? Ho! Don't calc'late to be," he said.

"Where is he? Dead?"

"If he is he hain't let on to nobody. Seems though he might be over t' the printin' office playin' cribbage."

"What do I do? Wait till he comes back before I get a room?"

"Hain't no objections, but mostly they go up and pick out the room they like."

Jim sighed impatiently and placed his bag on the counter.

"Can you tell me where the new mill is being built?"

"Down the road a piece. Keep right a-goin' and you can't miss the dum thing."

"Thank you," said Jim, and started out to inspect the plant of which he had become proprietor.

Jim walked down the street, which did not run ahead in a straight line, but meandered about aimlessly as though trying for all it was worth to keep under the shade of the fine big maples which bordered it. Nobody could blame it. In fact, Jim thought it showed extraordinary intelligence for an illiterate, unpaved, country clodhopper of a road, for the shade was the pleasantest, most friendly thing he had found in Diversity.

In five minutes he rounded a bend and came upon a flat which seemed like a huge platter on which somebody was trying to fry a number of large and small buildings. Half an eye could tell the buildings were new, indeed unfinished. Heat waves radiated from their composition roofs, and as for their corrugated iron sides, Jim fancied their ugly red was not due so much to paint as to the fact that they were red-hot. Everywhere were men hurrying about as if it were a reasonable day and they weren't in the least danger of sunstroke. Inside Jim could hear the clang of hammers, the rasp of saws, the multitude of sounds which denote the business of an army of workmen.

It looked very big and raw and uninviting to him. There was nothing homey about it at all. It didn't even look interesting, and Jim stood under a tree and wished his father had chosen some other calling than the manufacture of clothespins. He mopped his head and wrinkled his nose, and grew very gloomy at the thought that down there on that unspeakable flat lay the work of his future years. His dreams had been of something very different.

He shrugged his shoulders and walked rapidly down onto his property, acting very much like a man with a tender tooth on his way to the dentist's. As he walked along the side of the biggest building he encountered a small Italian boy with a big pail of water.

"Son," he said, "where's the office? Where's the boss?"

The big black eyes lighted; white teeth gleamed.

"You lika drink? Sure. I taka you da office."

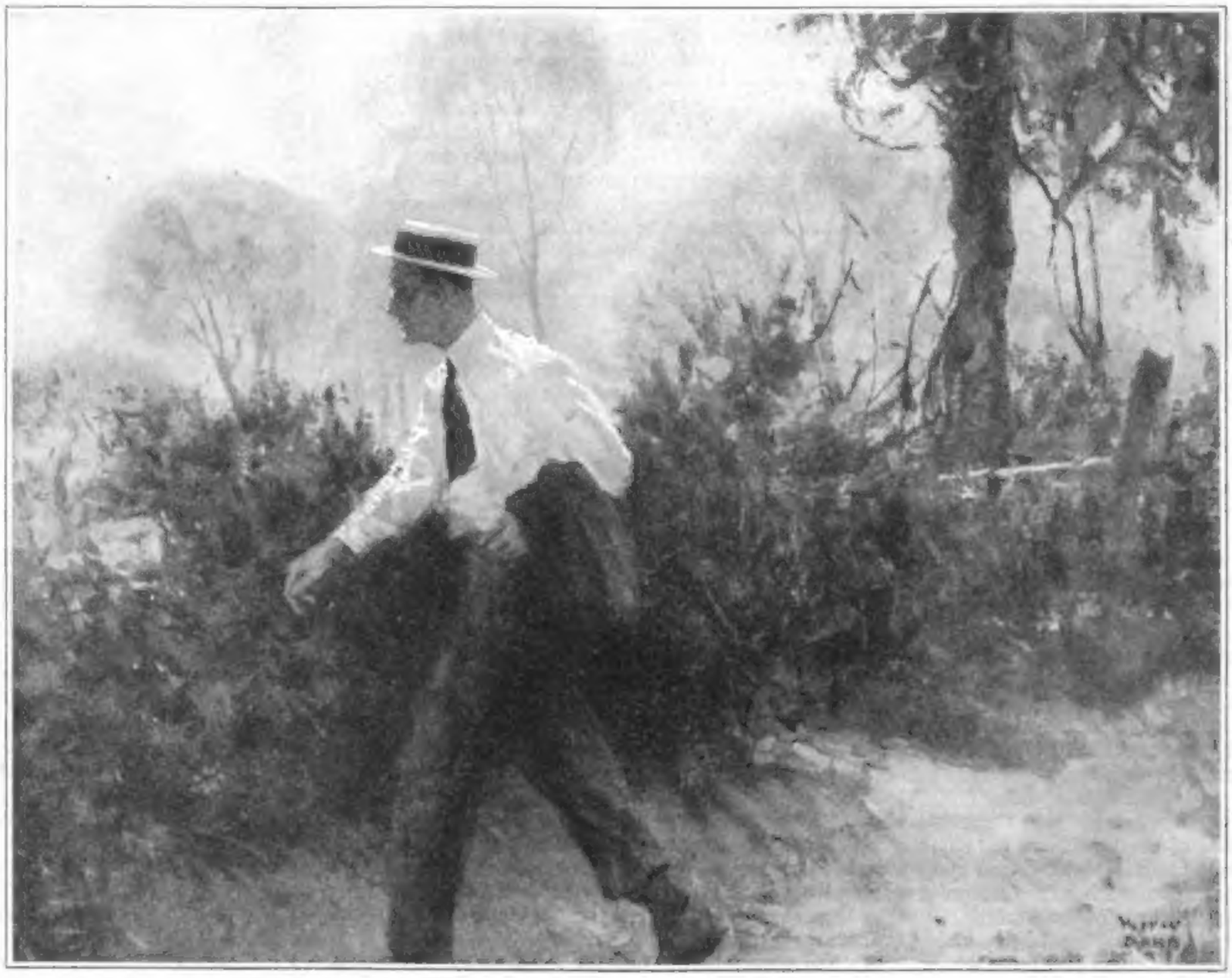
Jim drank and followed the boy, whose bare feet seemed miraculously to take no harm from the rubbish he walked over.

"Me Pete," he said, pointing to himself. "Me carry da drink." Then he pointed to a small frame shack. "Dat da office," he said.

Jim walked through the half-open door. Nobody was there. On a drafting table were drawings and blue prints; a rolltop desk was littered with papers and letters. Jim sat down in a revolving chair to wait for the return of Mr. Wattrous, the engineer in charge of construction. It was very hot and stuffy, so he removed hat and coat and made himself at home.

A man with a red face, a wilted collar and a leather document case entered presently.

"Afternoon," he said, sinking into a chair and mopping his face. "White's my name. Fireproof paint. Jenkins was sick, so I came up, but I guess you and me can fix things as well as him, eh?"



His First Half Day Had Been Good. It Had Won Him a Name

Before Jim could reply the individual continued: "Now we can't afford to pay you any fifteen per cent commission out of our own pockets. 'Tain't right we should. But here's what we will do: We'll stand seven and a half and we'll just add seven and a half to the face of the invoices. See? You'll get your fifteen all right and we won't get stung for but half of it. Neat scheme and fair to all sides, eh?"

"Does sound neat," Jim said, "but not economical."

Mr. White laughed, as at a witticism.

"You poor engineers has got to live," he said.

"True. Just out of curiosity, what price would you be making us if there weren't any commissions to pay?"

"Um, well—I guess we could figure twenty per cent off what it's going to cost you."

Jim said nothing, but scratched his head. He wondered if Wattrous had added twenty per cent to costs all the way through. If so he had not been a profitable investment.

"You'll O. K. the invoices?"

"I guess likely I will—hereafter," said Jim, and turned to observe a heavy-set man in corduroys and laced boots who entered with a roll of drawings in his hands. This person looked inquiringly from Jim to White.

"Make yourselves at home," he said ironically.

"Much obliged," said Jim, feeling now for the first time a real interest in life. Indeed he felt a sort of humorous interest. The situation was not without its ludicrous appeal. "Mr. Wattrous," he said, "allow me to present Mr. White. Mr. White sells fireproof paint."

Wattrous scowled, seemed a bit perplexed. As for White, his jaw dropped and he stared at Jim and then at Wattrous with the expression of a man who has been violently struck in the wind.

"Yes," said Jim, "Mr. White is generous. The way he hands out commissions would astonish you. Why, he's going to give you fifteen per cent just for buying paint from him."

Wattrous thrust out his jaw. "Who the devil are you?" he said.

"Ashe," said Jim; "James Ashe. I'm the fellow that owns this mill."

Mr. White made an unsuccessful attempt to rise, but fell back under Wattrous' furious glance; he tried again, more successfully, and scuttled out of the office at a speed that threatened further to wreck his already lamentably wilted collar. Jim turned sharply to Wattrous. He felt unlike himself; felt the urge of a will he had not before experienced; felt a sense of confidence; felt, indeed, a desire to do something and to do it without delay.

"You, Wattrous—of course you're fired." His voice hardened, became peremptory without his volition. It seemed to do so of its own accord, and Jim was conscious of mild surprise at it. "Get off the job, and get quick," he said, "before I decide to pitch you off."

Wattrous was of two minds. The first was to bulldoze this young man and see if he couldn't roar his way out of his unpleasant predicament; the other was to make matters worse by the application of personal violence. He would have admired to thrash Jim. Jim read his mind and pointed to the door.

"Git," he said.

Wattrous hesitated an instant, then swung on his heel and strode away muttering.

"I hope he meets up with White," Jim said to himself with a grin. "Nobody'll get hurt who doesn't deserve it." Then he leaned back in his chair and gazed at the ceiling, reviewing the last few minutes. He had made a new acquaintance—the acquaintance of Jim Ashe functioning in an emergency—and it was a surprise to him.

"Is that the kind of man I am?" he asked himself.

Well, here he was. He was on the job, in the very midst of it, a quite different beginning from what he anticipated. He had expected to merge quietly into the affairs of his new property, but he had not merged into it unless one can say that a hammer thrown through a glass window merges into it. He had expected to enter his work with repugnance; now he looked forward to his next official act with a tingle of pleasant anticipation. After all, there might be more to business than he suspected.

"What next?" he asked himself. He had, so to speak, cut off the hand that directed, the head that planned. They must be replaced, and Jim himself had not the technical knowledge to fill the lack. He went to the door and looked out; there, grinning up at him, was little Pete, pail in hand.

"Hello, Misser Boss," said the boy.

"I take it you've been here right along," said Jim good-naturedly.

"All da time. I hear you fire Misser Wattrous. Whee!"

"I take it I have your approval."

"Uh-huh," said Pete, clearly not at all understanding what approval was. "I tell Italian mans. Dey laugh. You real boss. Speaka queek—bang! Italian mans lika dat."

"Fine. Now, Pete, who's the next boss—who else beside Mr. Wattrous."

"Oh, Misser Nelson. He boss. Work wit' da hammer and saw too."

"Nelson, to be sure." Nelson, Jim remembered, was the head millwright in the old plant. "Where is he, Pete?"

"I show. You come."

Pete led the way.

As they neared the main building a young man not older than Jim emerged from the door. His overalls were covered with grease and sawdust, a rule protruded from a narrow pocket; quite evidently he was of the carpentering clan.

"Dat Misser Nelson," yelled Pete.

"Oh, Nelson," called Jim.

The young man paused and turned a handsome, sharply cut face toward Jim. It was a dependable face, a likable face, a face, if the steel-blue eyes were to be believed, which belonged to a man whose action would follow swiftly his words, or even precede them. He did not reply to Jim's hail, but stood waiting.

"Nelson," said Jim, "my name is Ashe. My father has gone to California and I am in charge here."

He paused briefly and Nelson extended his hand with a suddenly brightening smile.

"Glad to know you, Mr. Ashe."

"I've just fired Wattrous. Somebody's got to take charge in his place. Can you take hold and make this mill run?"

"Yes."

"Good. You're boss. What are we paying you?"

"Fourdollarsaday."

"Wages. Your salary will be thirty-five dollars a week. When can we begin to turn over?"

"Mr. Wattrous figured four weeks."

"We'll start to manufacture in three. Put on more men if necessary. Now let's see where we're at."

Nelson showed Jim through the mill, explaining what must be done here, what was lacking there, why this machine sat so, why another machine must be driven from counter shafting. He told him about the conveyer system, about everything, for mills and machinery were alike strange and mysterious to Jim.

"Is the general plan good?"

"Yes. But if it were my mill I would ——"

"It is your mill. Make it run and make it run right. I'm going back to the office to have a look-see at the books and files."

As he sat in the revolving chair he felt again a wave of astonishment at himself. Was this Jim Ashe—the same Jim Ashe who got off the train at Diversity an hour ago? Most certainly it was, and yet how little that Jim Ashe knew about himself.

"I guess I'm due for a personal inventory," he said to himself.

He was aroused from his investigations by the whistle of the hoisting engine. It was six o'clock. He put on his coat and walked toward the road, and as he went workmen nodded and smiled to him.

"The old man's son," he heard as he passed.

"Nelson says he's hell on wheels," was another scrap of comment; but the one that pleased him most, because it was unexpected, because it would have pleased most his father, was spoken from the opposite side of the fence out of his view:

"I heard him talkin' to Nelson. He'll make things hum."

"Who will?" asked another voice, apparently joining the group.

"Why, Sudden Jim—Clothespin Jimmy's boy."

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ON THE ISONZO FRONT

By Will Irwin

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Inside View of Concealed Battery

IN TELLING about that crowded thirty hours, I had best start, I suppose, with the music. For that day's work began with human music, and that night's rest was to begin, most strangely, with a divine music of another sort. But, first, I must tell what Italy is fighting for, as I learned it up there on the Isonzo front; for as we approached the music it lay diagramed before us, plain for anyone to see.

If you were a well-educated American schoolchild your teacher told you, when you came to study Italy, that the peninsula looks just like a gigantic jack boot kicking that football which is Sicily. Get out the map of Italy and note the resemblance. Note, further, that in the great flap at the knee of the boot there is a notch of considerable size. That notch is the Trentino.

Notice that this old-fashioned jack boot lacks the customary bootstrap at the back of the leg. Now imagine that it has such a strap, a large one, falling backward and downward over the calf. That is Italia Irredenta, or unredeemed Italy, the region about the head of the Adriatic.

Now imagine that the boot is repaired, the missing notch filled out, the bootstrap supplied. There you have what Italy wants to do to repair the boot.

This is merely a geographical fancy. The reasons of militant Italy are stronger than that. Trentino and Italia Irredenta, the notch and the bootstrap, are inhabited by a population mainly, in spite of long Austrian domination, thoroughly Italian in language and sentiment. I was to learn that from first-hand observation before the day was over. Everywhere we went in that strip of territory, already snatched by Italy from the Austrian, the names on the signboards, the designations on the public buildings, were in Italian; the churches bore Italian campanili; the inhabitants spoke the dialect of Venice.

Bismarck's Trick

THE patchwork Empire of Austria, trying to run on Germanic ideas a mixture of Teutons, Slavs, Czechs and Hungarians, has been trying these many years to warp this Italian population into a system that does not suit the Latin. So there were conspiracies and arrests and discriminations; as in Alsace-Lorraine, there was hymn singing behind closed doors, a current of national life running under the surface. Italy fights, as one object, to rescue these people and to restore what she believes to be her own.

There is another object; and this—to the military clan, at least—is the most important of all. As, bound for the Isonzo front at the edge of Italia Irredenta, we crossed the old frontier which divided Italy and Austria before last summer, we were running over a country as flat as Flanders. But all round us, like the edge of a bowl, ran the Alps, mountains more precipitous and lacy than any we know in our continent. On the right, where lay the Isonzo front, they began to heave up in great foothills. They rose up and up. Far to the left was a tangle of peaks, crowned with eternal snow. But that old frontier ran along the plain country. I cannot go into the history of the Italian "resurrection" here, except to say that the last stage of the struggle, military and diplomatic, which made United Italy, came in 1870.

In 1866 by withholding her hand from Austria during the Austro-Prussian War, Italy gained the last of her northern provinces. But Bismarck tricked her. He assigned to Austria the passes and strongholds of the Alps; to Italy the plain. The rival nation, once the persecutor of Italy, always a potential enemy, had power to sweep down and crush her. Hence the present struggle, the mountaineering under fire, in the barren Alps, uncultivable and useless except for the uses of beauty and of national defense. And that all lay before us like a diagram as we came within sound of the music.

It proceeded from a military band stationed before a set of newly made whitewashed sheds, thrown together from boards, corrugated sheet iron and black building paper; and it was playing the boys home to the rest station—a regiment just back from ten days in the trenches. They came on with the loose, easy route step of veterans. Their working overalls, once smart uniforms, had been rolled and rumpled in the dirt of the Isonzo until the original dark olive-gray had changed to an invisible color, which was just dirt. They were of the swarthy South; little, sturdy men, built like wrestlers. If you wish to know how they appeared, think of a gang of those Italian laborers who dig our reservoirs and railroads and delight our souls at home. Make their overalls all alike, range them in ranks, give them guns instead of shovels—and you have them. All but the expression. There is a look of the trenches, a pinched appearance. Such a look I have seen on the faces of women who have watched too long beside sick beds. So their faces appeared until they caught the sound of the music—a gay, Southern march. Their shoulders, a little bent, straightened up; their faces lightened; they began really to march again, and here and there one of these sprightly boys whistled with the music.

We had passed them; and for miles we ran through a new-green spring landscape, wherein reigned that curious quiet which marks the middle courses of an army zone. And not alone the quiet revealed it for what it was. There were visible signs. Here and there a great military balloon hung immobile in the sky, looking, with its water-gray coloring, like some fat sluggish marine creature which had wandered out of its element. Supplies and forage were going forward. It was the baggage train of a Southern regiment, and these were Sicilian carts, their bodies painted in primary colors with legends of the saints and of old Sicilian knights. Next was a convoy, drawn by sober, plodding oxen, dirty white or pale cream in color, armed with horns that made those of a Texas steer look slight and delicate. Our military chauffeur slowed his breakneck speed a little as we passed through one or two little towns. The children, skipping out of our way, regarded us soberly from the doors and alleys. The carters neither cracked their whips nor sang, nor dozed on the seats as is the usual fashion of the Italian carter. The whole world seemed quiet and alert. Now we were nearing the hills; and at their foot flowed the river.

"The Isonzo," said the lieutenant; and there was the same pride in his voice as there had been an hour before when he said: "The old frontier."

PHOTO. BY PAUL THOMPSON, NEW YORK CITY

A Trench in the Mountains

By the Milky Turquoise River

IT WAS a gracious river, of a milky turquoise blue, like the sea about Bermuda. The hills beyond glanced brick-red through the light green of their spring forest. Just across the bridge that spanned the river lay a small town, and —— "Look!" said the lieutenant.

We had heard no sound of guns, for the wind sat in the wrong quarter. But up on a slope near the town a smoke was rising, a pillar of dust, which blew itself away into a mist like the morning mist of the hills. As we looked, another pillar burst into being on the hillside with a spurt of angry red flame at its core. They were falling shells—and big ones.

The chauffeur let out his last notch of speed. We shot across the bridge; and I was aware that the little town stood empty, that its windows were gaping, that smoke streamed from what had been a roof. We shot into a square, its pavement littered with the dusted plaster that had been walls. Amid the ruins and half ruins soldiers were laboring with military works, and a reserve squad was basking in the sunlight. Here, for the first time, our appearance attracted attention; we were beyond the civilian world. I heard, in expressive Italian exclamative, the word *Borghesi!*—Civilians! The lieutenant stopped to ask some directions; and while he stopped another puff spurted up on the hill. We spoke in our native tongue.

"Hello! I speak English!" came from the lolling soldiers.

We made ourselves known. Another rose, and another, and came over to us.

PHOTO. BY THE INTERNATIONAL FILM SERVICE, NEW YORK CITY

Italian Mountain Battery, About to Fire

"I work four years in America," said one.

"I worked for the General Electric, in Schenectady," said another.

"It's a long way from Broadway!" I replied.

"Sure!" they answered in chorus, and flashed their white teeth at me.

The machine shot forward just then. It was, indeed, a long, long way to Broadway and the flat in Stuyvesant Square and the corner of my club—and a cannon does not stop to inspect the passports of its target.

We were in a gentle and gracious hill wood now, a wood of slender oaks and elms, all in the new green of April, shot with the darker green of pines. That did not last long; for as we rounded a turn it became a goblin wood of strange, grotesque activities. There were heaps of iron stakes riveted to square plates—supports for barbed-wire entanglements. There were rolls of barbed wire. There were corded piles of timber. There were sandbags arranged like masonry, in place or awaiting arrangement. There were trenches and barricades, and holes—just holes. Everywhere men in French helmets or gray soldier caps and incredibly dusty uniforms toiled at the heaviest kind of heavy labor. We pulled up at a set of steps leading to a château.

I suppose I had better not describe too narrowly what has happened to this château, lest I dire[illegible] Austrian fire. It was a wreck of a thing which had once been pretentious and beautiful. It had been painted outside in high-colored frescoes, after the fashion of Northern Italy, and a painted nymph or grapevine border standing here and there on a sliver of remaining wall merely pointed the desolation. Outbuildings, once of very pretty and tasteful architecture, looked like the palaces of the Cæsars. War had not left it even the dignity of ruin. It was packed with sandbag barricades, with military structures of wood and iron.

We turned away from this; and now we had reached a dugout in a hillside, just a little room like the cabin of a small yacht. The roof sloped overhead like the peak of a cap and it was made of sandbags. A tall, lean old gentleman in the uniform of a high officer stood at the door and addressed us, upon introduction, in perfect English.

They had just finished luncheon; had he known we were coming, he would have provided for us; but wouldn't we have some bread and cheese and coffee? There are always little home touches about these dugouts. This one, for example, had a hatrack on the wall, a pile of English illustrated newspapers on the shelf, and a few potted plants.

Under Artillery Fire

ON THE delicate subject of our going to his advanced trenches this officer was far from reassuring. And that was the subject on which my mind was very busy while my lips spoke of trifles.

"It is quiet now," said the chief, "but one never knows when it may begin. You may go; but it is on your conscience, lieutenant, if anything happens."

There was a pause. Honestly, I wished that the lieutenant might refuse. He stood a moment undetermined; then suddenly he saluted:

"Very well," he said; "I accept it. Shall we go?"

The chief's adjutant, a man whose deeds of bravery will shine in the annals of this war when the whole story comes to be written, went along with us. There was a kind of brooding care in their attitude, as toward children—we inexpert civilians, who wouldn't know enough to save our own lives. We breathed deeply. With a "*Buona fortuna!*" from the dugout, we were off.

Let me hurry, as our party did, over the intervening terrain. He who holds that Italy is marking time in this war should see that hillcrest with its dilapidated old trenches, its ruined barbed-wire entanglements, and its graves, over which we passed. For that, together with the ruined village where first we saw the shells burst, the goblin wood and the château, had been wrested foot by foot, impossible position by impossible position, from the enemy. And the trenches to which we were going made a fortress of earth on the hillcrest now.

Another long breath—for we were ducking into a communication trench, a sunken path protected at the top by sandbags.

"We are tall for the trenches, you and I," said the lieutenant; "we must walk low."

He took off his Robin Hood hat of the Alpine infantry, lest its gay cock's plume betray us. So we walked bent from the hips. Once the adjutant stopped and pointed, through the sandbags, at graves his men had made under fire—neat little graves with wooden crosses at the head, and stone crosses, made from the rock of the hillside, traced out on the mound. Now and then he would whisper "*Presto!*"—"Fast!"—and we would break into a run.

A cannon went off. With a kind of thick emotion I realized that we had delayed in the dugout too long, for another report followed. Somewhere a rifle whipped and a bullet sang. "*Presto!*" said the adjutant again. We ran; we rounded a curve and—there was a sharp, a dazzlingly sharp, explosion above us. I jumped and wheeled. Forty yards or so on one side a shrapnel shell had exploded in the air. It hung there, the smoke of that explosion, a puff of white from which dropped another puff of greenish yellow, a thing as beautiful to see as any Fourth of July rocket.

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An Italian 75 Gun Mounted in a Strategic Position Above the Clouds in the Alps

English in the Trenches

I WAS afraid. And this I have noticed about that combination of fear and excitement which comes in great crises of danger—it kills memory. I cannot tell what happened next, but I must have been running close on the footsteps of my guide; for now we were in a deep basin of the hills. Over there was a bombproof. An officer stood at the entrance, and about him soldiers were rising and peering out—soldiers with the sharp expression of the trenches, exaggerated by the imminent danger. We shot into the bombproof. Outside, the explosions kept on. And we were formally introduced! The moment the officer's back was turned one soldier and another, as by formula, said proudly:

"I speak English!"

And as by formula I replied:

"You've been to America, then?"

"Au-ah!" they replied; one had worked in Cleveland and one in New York. And ——

"To the tunnel, gentlemen," said the officer, in French. "You will be safer there!"

"*Presto!*" said the adjutant.

And we ran for it. Now, in a little eternity, we had rushed into a dark hole.

"Give me your hand!" said the lieutenant, in the darkness. We were stumbling over something. Was it the feet of men? I put out my hand and felt legs. On both sides the tunnel was lined with standing troops. Then we saw light, and stopped. And more soft voices assured me that they had worked in America.

We waited a little. There were no more explosions. We pushed on, therefore, to the light and to a trench. It was just a wall in appearance, fronting a ditch dug neatly in the gray granite rock of the hillside. There were loopholes in the wall. I glanced at them nervously. They were plugged with rocks.

The lieutenant pulled out a piece of rock and took a look. No one fired.

"Those are our front trenches there—a hundred yards away," he said. "And the Austrians are just beyond—we are almost locked here."

Shall I call them sleeping serpents, or just ditches? Merely two lines of rocks and sandbags, very near, with a blasted terrain between. Under the earth in those ditches men waited to die, but they made no sign. From far, from near, I was to see line after line of trenches in the next twenty-four hours, and the thought was always the same: So quiet, so innocent in appearance, those brown stripes

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An Italian Alpine Battery

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Mountain Troops Crossing a Snow Field

A Major-League Mother-in-Law

By BOZEMAN BULGER

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

RIGHT after that World's Series in Boston, when I was cooking up my little baseball and comedy act, one of the vaudeville sharps told me to put in a good mother-in-law gag and it would knock 'em off their seats. All kinds of jokes had been tried, he said; but the only ones that ever stood up against the old acid were mothers-in-law, whiskers and cheap automobiles. It didn't matter about age. They were always sure-fire and, coming from a ball player, would go better than ever.

I stood for the whiskers gag and the one about the flivver car slipping out of the man's hand while he was cranking it and lighting in a treetop; but when it came to making fun of mothers-in-law I declared myself.

To my way of thinking, the two biggest bunks in the world are that mothers-in-law are not liked and that Englishmen have no sense of humor. If you think that an Englishman can't be funny you ought to see the act that went on ahead of me when I had my first tryout before the footlights. But that isn't important. What I am getting at is that all the mothers-in-law I ever saw were sweet, kind-hearted old ladies. They are good sports too. Just think it over now and pick out one at random. I bet you'll find that she's done lots more to protect her son-in-law from getting in Dutch round the old fireside than she ever did to start something.

No, sir; there was no gag about a mother-in-law going in my act, and I had mighty good reasons for making that decision.

That Afternoon the Players Got Round and Kidded Me Into Thinking I Was a Bear Cat

As I start to tell this I have right in front of me a telegram that came to me in Boston on the day of that heart-breaking game between the New York Grays and the Boston Bluelegs, and there is a whole lot of inside stuff behind it. Of course, if you are a fan you know there are no such big-league teams; but I've got to call them that in this story to keep from tipping my mitt.

Here's the telegram:

RUBE VICKS, care New York Grays,
Boston, Massachusetts:

All the papers have made you hero. Take no chances on losing and spoiling the rep. Stay out of game to-day and I can guarantee you ten weeks on the big time at one thousand. Contracts ready. Answer.

BERT HARDY, Booking Office Building.

It may not sound important and I doubt if you can see any connection between that telegram and a mother-in-law. But there is—make no mistake about that. The time of the delivery of that message was the big turning point in the life of R. Vicks; and—take it from an old-timer—then is when I got the real dope on what a mother-in-law can mean to a young husband—even a left-hander. You can't knock 'em to me.

The Bert Hardy who signed that telegram is the husband of my wife's best friend—I reckon I should say the husband of a young woman who was my wife's best friend. There's been a shift.

Hardy is a vaudeville booking agent, and it was through his Reta that my wife got me interested in the show business. You see, my Mary was at one time a stenographer in the vaudeville exchange; and she was a pippin too. Mary had known Reta Hardy long before that little woman quit the stage to marry Bert.

Being show people, though, the Hardys were interested in me outside of the fact that they knew Mary. Nobody takes more to hero worship than actors and theatrical managers. I never saw one yet that wasn't a baseball bug. They never can understand why a ball player, getting all the newspaper notice that he does, shouldn't draw salary accordingly. If we are good at all they think us underpaid. And they can cause a lot of trouble by putting notions like that into a fellow's head.

When I got going on my first good season with the Grays Reta Hardy fed my wife on that line of stuff until she almost got us both dissatisfied with my job. These women couldn't tumble to the fact that the ball club had carried me for two years when I wasn't able to do a thing but draw salary and eat my three squares a day on the road. All they could think of was that I had begun to win games.

And I'm not boosting myself too much when I tell you that there never was a better left arm than I showed that spring. As hot weather came along the old soup bone got better and better. I didn't have an ache in it all summer. For several weeks it looked to me as if all I had to do was to toss my glove in the diamond and make 'em quit. It's mighty easy to beat a club, you know, when they start in by thinking you've got 'em licked.

The way I was going made a great hit with the Hardys, because their friends, knowing that Bert and Reta were our friends, were constantly asking them just what kind of a fellow "this Rube Vicks" was at home. There are a lot of fellows who make a big fuss over their personal acquaintance with ball players, and Bert and his wife were no exceptions. In a way they shared our notoriety or fame, whichever you want to call it.

With those two bad years behind me, it wasn't exactly in the cards for R. Vicks to be making much money; but it didn't bother me until I began to hear so much noise about it round home. When the Hardys discovered that my contract called for only $3500 I thought they'd throw a fit—pulled some of that temperament stuff.

"Why, Bert tells me," Reta Hardy confided to my wife one day, "that one of the other clubs would be glad to give Rube ten thousand dollars if he could only get away from New York. I think it a shame to keep him tied up like a slave!"

That got my wife going, and every night or so she'd come in with a lot of stuff about other big offers—figured out by the Hardys mostly. Of course I knew most of this to be just plain fan gossip. It was all bunk, for the simple reason that I had no chance of breaking my contract.

Certainly I wanted the money, but how could I do anything until some other club bought me? Even then the new owners wouldn't have to give me the increase in salary unless they wanted to. The only thing a fellow can do in a case like that is to hold out—that is, refuse to be transferred unless he gets a big slice of the dough. I knew that my contract was worth a lot of money and that one or two clubs would give as much as twenty thousand dollars for me; but what did it matter so long as the New York Club had me tied down and stringhalted? They were now getting the benefit of the money spent on me when I wasn't worth a nickel to them, and they knew it.

While our club was on the first Western trip I happened to run into the manager of the St. Louis Club in the hotel lobby one night. He bulled me along about how good I was going and intimated that St. Louis would be glad of the chance to give up a salary of ten thousand dollars to a man like me.

A lot of managers pull that stuff on ball players when they know they can't get them; but, anyway, it was worth using on the New York owners as a bluff, and I tried it. The best I got was the promise of a bonus of one thousand dollars at the end of the season if I won a certain number of games. I didn't tell them who made the offer, of course. That would have got the St. Louis manager in Dutch for trying to dicker with a player under contract to another club. That's one thing they won't stand for in organized baseball; and, even if I am a player, I can see the justice of it. I told my wife about the St. Louis stuff as soon as I got home and she went straight up in the air. While I was away she had invited her mother, Mrs. Davis, to spend the time with her; and, having heard so much of that money talk from the womenfolk, the old lady was also getting pretty well worked up.

My mother-in-law lived in a little country town upstate. She was not crazy about New York—she's got too much sense for that—but she was glad of a chance to be with her daughter. Mrs. Davis also liked me, and—take it from an old-timer—I got to think more of her than anybody I ever knew outside of my wife and my own mother, who died when I was a small boy. She was what I call a regular fellow.

Mary's mother was one of those plain old ladies who sit round and do a lot of listening, and then, when the conversation has died down for a minute or so, cut in with some remark that carries a punch. Did you ever notice how straight those old country ladies can think and how they can see through a thing in a minute that has bothered you for a week?

Well, that was Mother Davis. She had listened to Reta Hardy and Mary for two or three weeks, and was just beginning to get a line on the whys and wherefores of the baseball business when I blew in from the Western trip.

The old lady took it all in when I told Mary about the St. Louis manager, but she didn't open her face. Occasionally she would look at Mary, as if reading her mind, and shake her head, puzzled.

"Well, son"—she always called me "son"—Mrs. Davis said, by way of breaking up the conversation, "I brought some of that jam you like so well, and also some of that green tomato and cabbage pickle. We'll have it to-night. If you like the sample I've got several jars that I can send you when I get back."

"Get back?" I replied. "Why, mother, I've just about decided that you're not going back if I can persuade you to stay down here all summer."

She shook her old gray head and laughed.

"You see," I went on, "you've got nobody up there to bother about, and I think, as I will be away half the time, it would be a mighty good idea for you to stay right here and keep Mary from getting lonesome."

My idea was to protect Mary as much as I could from all this gossip that was making life miserable for her, and I think the old lady understood. She promised to think

it over—there was no reason in the world for her going back home—and at the end of a week she finally agreed to make the visit last all summer.

That work of getting my mother-in-law to live with us was about the best thing I ever pulled and I am still proud of it.

We had so much fun at dinner, eating the pickles and jam and joking with the old lady, that I forgot about the St. Louis business for a while; but it didn't act that way on Mary. She headed for the Hardys, as straight as an Indian can throw, the minute I got out of the house to shake hands with some of the gang up at the cigar store. Two days later I got the answer

"Richard"—Mary always insisted on calling me by my right name, instead of Rube—"Reta Hardy and her husband are terribly interested about that St. Louis offer."

"You didn't tell them what I told you?" I asked in surprise, also dismay.

"Why, certainly I did. You didn't tell me it was a secret."

"A person shouldn't have to tell you that a personal matter like that is a secret," Mrs. Davis, a quiet listener up to that time, advised her daughter. "I'm afraid you are too fond of gossip, dear."

"Don't you realize," I said to Mary, "that when the Hardys get hold of that piece of gossip, and shake it good, the story will be all over town? If it gets to headquarters the St. Louis Club will be in bad."

I Stepped Into the Box With Forty Thousand People Looking On

"I wasn't thinking of the St. Louis Club or the League," she answered, flaring up. "I was thinking of you and our future. It may interest you to know that Bert Hardy has told Reta of a plan by which you may get traded to St. Louis and be able to earn that big salary."

"He has, has he?"

I turned in surprise. That got me interested, even though I was sore about Mary's talking too much. I wanted that money and I happened to know that Bert Hardy was quite friendly with the St. Louis manager and knew some inside stuff. Several years before, when the manager was a player, Bert had got him a few weeks in vaudeville.

"There's no reason why you should be giving your best years in baseball to the New York Club," Mary argued, "when you are getting no more money for it than if you were a failure."

I could see Bert Hardy all through that remark. He was a born plotter and loved what the writers call intrigue.

"And," Mary went on, "they wouldn't keep you very long if you got a bad arm or something, and couldn't pitch, would they?"

I admitted that to be true, and I also began to get a line on what she was driving at.

"You mean," I asked, "that if I should fall down the club would be willing to trade me?" She nodded. "In other words you think I ought not to try my best?"

"That's it exactly," she said. "Reta tells me that Bert knows of several players who have done that."

"I don't think he knows anything of the kind," I retorted.

"Well, you do know that the ball club is not doing anything for you, don't you? You also know that you haven't got many years in which to make money and that now is the time, don't you? You also know that they are not going to bother about you when you are through, don't you? Look at the Evanses! He's all through and about to be sent back to the minors; and, even so, he's getting twice as much salary as you, and his family lives three times as good as we do."

It was a pretty strong argument, all right, and I began to think it over. I remembered quite well about a fine they had put on me the year before because they thought I wasn't in condition. Honestly, I was wabbling, and it wouldn't have taken much to turn me one way or the other. But just that much bobbed up.

"I'm afraid this is none of my business," Mrs. Davis suddenly spoke up; "but I must tell you, son, that my daughter has been led into a wrong way of thinking."

Mary gave her mother a cutting look, but didn't stop her. "I have lived a long time," the old lady went on, "and I have seen many boys grow into successful men and girls into fine women; but I never yet have seen anybody succeed at anything without giving their best effort to the work they had undertaken."

"But, mother, you don't understand baseball," Mary suggested.

"No, I do not, Mary," she said; "but I understand human nature. I know that a clean mind and a comfortable conscience mean more to a young man than money. The man who puts his whole mind and heart into his work will never be worried about money. It comes to him before he knows it.

"My advice to you, son"—she turned to me—"is to work as hard as you can every day this summer and give your employers the very best there is in you. Don't be tempted by money that comes easy. Unless a man feels right in his mind there isn't much joy in living. It's worth a whole lot to be able to look everybody straight in the eye.

"As I said before, I don't know much about this ball business of yours," she added, turning to Mary; "but a man is a man, whether he lives on a farm or works in the city. I would much rather for Richard to be a man like your father, Mary. Would you like to think that your father ever did a thing like what has been suggested for your husband to do?"

"But that's different," Mary replied. "Father never played baseball."

"No; there's not a bit of difference," I chipped in. "Mother, you've got the right dope."

"The right what, son?" She didn't get it.

"You've got the right idea and I'm going to string along with you. I may not get the money, but nobody's ever going to tell you that the guy your daughter married wasn't a regular fellow. I'll stick."

The old lady patted me on the shoulder as we got up to go to the dining room. She tried to apologize for having butted into our affairs and thought maybe she'd better go back to her own home; but I wouldn't stand for it and Mary wouldn't, either, after she had had her cry.

Fellows, I want to tell you that talk by the little old lady put more pep in my arm that summer than it had ever shown in my whole life. For the rest of the season I was a real bear cat, and I'm not boosting myself when I say it. I started in winning and for two months nobody could stop me. I won eighteen straight games; and as I got toward the end of the string every sporting editor in the United States was talking about me. My photographs were all over the country.

"Your mind is right, son," the old lady would say to me when I came home after winning a game; "and that's all you need." She was getting to be a real fan by that time.

Then suddenly I realized that the money was coming to me, just as she had said. When September came round the New York Grays were far ahead in the race and it looked like a sure pennant. There was no question about it. The other clubs couldn't even make it close.

It was right after the idea got into my head that we'd win the flag that the money end of it dawned on me.

"Mother," I said to the old lady as she and Mary were setting the table one night for dinner, "you had it right. We are going to win this pennant and get into the World's Series. Do you know what that means?"

She confessed she did not.

"It means that each player will get a share of the receipts; and, even if we lose, why, each of us will pull down at least two thousand five hundred dollars."

"And there may be more, my boy," she said with a smile all over her face. "You just keep on trying and the money will take care of itself."

If there ever was a case of second sight, that old lady had it. She had no way of knowing about that other money, but she had called the turn, all right.

The very next day one of the newspapers offered me fifteen hundred dollars to "cover" the games in case we got into the World's Series—that is, they were to use my name and get some regular writer to put my ideas in shape for print.

When I finally won the eighteenth game I was boosted everywhere as the greatest left-hander that ever lived. When I pitched the last ball and hung up that record the fans ran out on the field and carried me to the clubhouse on their shoulders. I was a hero.

That night Bert Hardy came rushing round to the house, as he explained, to head off competitors.

"Rube, don't sign up with anybody for vaudeville until I give the word," he urged. "I'm close to some of the biggest men in the show business. It's a sure thing to nick them for seven hundred and fifty dollars and a ten-weeks' contract when the season is over. All I ask is that you give me authority for ten days to negotiate."

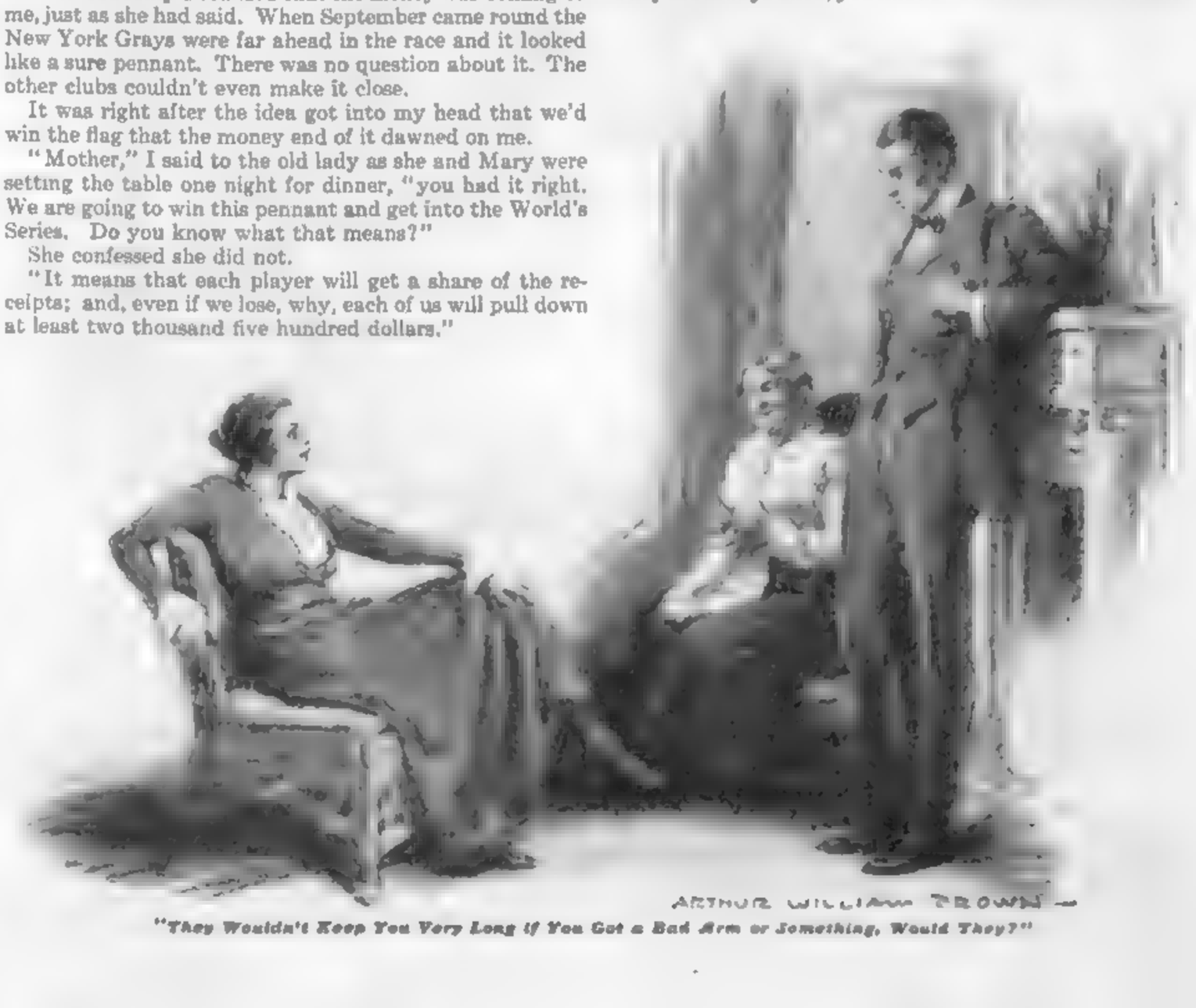
I couldn't see where I had any kick coming on that; so I told him to go to it. Hardy was a good theatrical man, even if he was a little off in his head about baseball; and I knew it. This was also a chance to straighten out the little feeling that had come up between the two families over that St. Louis business. If there's anything I do love, it's peace—at home.

With Mary and my mother-in-law looking on, I signed the little paper that Bert handed me. And—my!—you ought to have seen that old lady stick her chest out! Mary was all excited about it, but nothing to compare with her ma. Mrs. Davis was so proud that she sent a rush order upstate to get me four more jars of pickles.

No worry ever crossed my mind about getting by on the stage. It didn't matter. All I would have to do was appear in my baseball uniform, show how the different curves are thrown, and the rest of that old bunk. Of course if I could make the act entertaining, so much the better. But the thing for me right then was to get that vaudeville business out of my head and put the bean to work on winning those ball games. And I did.

In the other League the Boston Bluelegs were away out in front, and newspaper experts already were beginning to print comparisons of the New York and Boston players. In all the papers my pitching was figured as New York's most valuable asset. And I guess that made me sore! Yes, it did—not! Sounded pretty rotten for theatrical purposes, didn't it?

The players had conferences nearly every morning, figuring out a system to cop that series. To each of them winning or losing meant a difference of about fifteen hundred dollars, as near as we could figure out the attendance in advance. It looked a cinch that this would be the best paying of all the World's Series games, because of the big seating capacity of the New York and Boston stands. They are always filled, you know. The attendance at these



"They Wouldn't Keep You Very Long if You Got a Bad Arm or Something, Would They?"

games is simply a question of room. With the public, it is always a two-weeks fight to buy tickets. And the players want to get them all there for the first four games. After that, you know, the demon athletes don't figure in the dough, except in the difference between the winning and losing percentage.

You may not know it, but that rule allowing the players to share in the receipts of the first four games only—was put in to prevent a crowd of fellows getting together and purposely dragging out the series to seven or eight games and thereby get more money. The rule makers needn't have worried. There never was a player yet who wouldn't work his eyeballs out to cop one of those games, once he got in. You understand, the winners get sixty per cent of the prize money and the losers forty.

Well, the big doings finally came off. Boston and New York were hooked up for the world's championship; and during the preliminary dope talk the headlines were saying every day or so that New York's chances depended on the good left arm of R. Vicks—same being me. As I said before, it made me plumb sore!

Bert Hardy was running round in the booking office like a flying jenny, with his chest stuck out a foot and a half. He pestered me to death just when I wanted to keep my mind on the game.

"Don't make a bit of difference how the series comes out," he told me; "you can draw in vaudeville on your record of eighteen straight. Still"—and he threw a kiss at the ceiling—"if you can cop that championship—oh, peaches and cream!"

I think I am as modest as the average left-hander, but I'm no boob. We had two good right-handers in great shape, but I knew the manager would put the main job up to me. And I want to tell you it's no comfortable feeling to know that the rest of the players are depending on one fellow to cop the big end of the purse, especially if you are that guy.

I sat up late at nights doping out a system for handling those Boston batters; and the more I figured, the more nervous I got. If I fell down it was a cinch that every one of the gang would think I had knocked him out of fifteen hundred dollars. Already some of our fellows were figuring on using that extra dough for the first payments on little homes, automobiles, or something. They bulled me along every day, telling me how good I was; but I was on.

When everything was ready I thought it all right to let Mary see the games, but I insisted on her taking Mother Davis with her. The old lady was mighty nervous about so much traveling and excitement, but when I showed her how lucky she had been for me she agreed to take a chance.

I succeeded in getting a front-row box for the whole series and fixed it so the women-folk could travel between the two cities on the special train made up for the players. Reta Hardy also went along, but Bert had to stick in New York and attend to his show business.

The afternoon before we were to start the manager came up to the house—a thing he had never done before in his life—and took me out for a walk. I could see that he felt nervous about me.

"It's a question in my mind, Rube," he said, "whether you ought to pitch the first or second game. . . . How do you feel?"

"The old soup bone is great!" I told him.

"If you can work three games," he pointed out, "I think we can win. By starting you off we could easily get in the three games, provided the series lasted six or seven days."

Maybe I had better explain to those who are not fans that when one team wins four games the series is over.

It was asking a lot of me to pitch three games, though, and I hesitated a little. He noticed it. I was figuring that if I strained myself I might make a bust of it and ruin the big reputation I had made during the season.

"Well," he finally suggested, "it may be better to use Maybury the first game; and if he gets by, that will put us in soft and I may not have to work you so hard. You could pitch the second, and with two victories under our belt I don't believe Boston would have a chance."

That plan was decided upon.

On the toss of the coin to select the ground for the opening Boston won; and this made it fine for me, as I would get to pitch the second before the home crowd in New York. They alternate every other day, you know, for six games, and then toss the coin again to decide in which city the seventh shall be played.

The first fight was a tough one. Maybury got away to a good start and almost worked his head off, but finally tossed it in the last inning by a wild pitch with a man on third. That gave the Bluelegs the edge on us, and it was a gloomy crowd that came back on the special that night—the New York special. The only cheerful face I saw was that of my mother-in-law, who rode in a chair car just back of the one occupied by the players.

"Never mind, my boy," she said. "Your chance is coming, and we all know what you can do."

Mary was too worried to talk. The possibility of us losing that extra fifteen hundred dollars had her going. She had her mind set on getting a little car that we had picked out for the fall. Reta Hardy, who sat with my wife, was also silent. Her thoughts were on how a defeat would affect the vaudeville engagement. That was a cinch.

When I stepped into the box the next afternoon, with forty thousand people looking on, the first thing I saw was Mary and Mother Davis in their front seats. They gave me the glad hand and my arm felt as strong as a horse.

Fellows, I never pitched a better game in my life. I had those Boston batters figured to a dot and not once did they get me in danger. We got away with a two-run lead and held it right up to the finish. It was like picking cherries.

The next morning all the papers announced me as the greatest pitcher in the world. I had an idea that they were going to do this, so I fooled everybody in the article I was supposed to be writing. I telephoned the reporter who fixed up my stuff to give all the credit to the batters who had won the game, and say that they won the game—not me. This was a pretty foxy move, because it made me look more like a hero than ever. As I told you, I'm no boob. That modesty stuff always makes a sure-fire hit with the fans.

Well, Jackson, our right-hander, went all to pieces and, after losing the third game, had to be taken out. But I came right back and won another, making everything even. After that, war or anything else couldn't keep me off the front pages.

Unless you've been in one of those big series you can't understand that flighty, light-headed feeling that goes with it. Every minute a fellow feels as if a volcano was working beneath him and likely to blow up at any time. A player gets so he's afraid to talk, especially to an outsider.

"If You Can Cop That Championship—Oh, Peaches and Cream!"

And what do you know about this: I had become such a hero that I had to be protected from the crowds! Can't beat that much, can you?

At the little exit gate of the clubhouse a crowd of two or three thousand men and boys would be waiting every day after the game. The minute I stuck my head out they'd make a rush to grab my hand. Policemen had to escort me to a closed taxicab. Big stuff, eh!

I'm not going to try and kid you by saying that I didn't like it. When the fans wanted me to talk with them that was a real bother; but—believe me!—it was a lot of fun and satisfaction to be sneaked away and guarded as if I were a king. I couldn't go out at nights for fear of being recognized and surrounded by a crowd of baseball bugs. That part of it was really mighty embarrassing, especially if I had my wife with me.

To get down to cases, the old series rocked along until each team had won three games and was tied up hard and tight. In picking the grounds for the seventh game Boston again won the toss, and that should have been a hunch to us; but it wasn't.

There was a day of rain, making a game impossible, which gave me a day of rest and all of us a chance to escape that every-night ride between New York and Boston. I felt a little ache in the muscles of my left shoulder as I took the afternoon train, but that was probably due to dampness. It didn't bother me much, anyway, as I had not figured on pitching again. The players had been bulling me along, saying that I could win three; but I hadn't fallen for that yet. My reputation was pretty good as it stood and I was willing to stand pat.

You can imagine my surprise, then, when I woke in Boston on the morning of that last game and found every New York paper practically demanding that I go in and save the day. Even the Boston papers picked me as the probable pitcher for the Grays. Against me they said Robins would work; and—take it from me!—he's a tough bird.

There was a sinking feeling inside of me as I looked over those papers, despite the many boosts. Something kept telling me to stay out and keep my rep., and it sounded like a good argument. Already I had done my part by winning two games—more than any other pitcher in the series had done. Why should I have to shoulder the whole responsibility of winning that money for my team mates? Would they blame me if I didn't? Of course they would!

"Well, then," I argued to myself, "why not let one of the others take the chance?"

I knew Bert Hardy was in a fever heat in New York and I thought it funny that I did not hear from him. After each of my victories he had wired congratulations, and in his last message had said that the booking office would make it fifteen weeks instead of ten. If nothing happened to me, he said in a letter, it was a cinch to get the dough.

Early in the morning the manager called me on the phone and asked how I felt. He never did that during the regular season and it gave me a lot of satisfaction to know that he had to come to me now.

While I was dressing Mary had ordered breakfast in the sitting-room of our suite, and she and her mother were ready and waiting when I came in. Pretty soft for a ball player to have a private suite and meals served in the sitting-room, isn't it? Maybe you think it didn't swell me up to think I had to dine privately so as to keep the public from staring at me!

When we sat down to breakfast Mary and the old lady both noticed that I was wavering about trying to pitch the last game—the one that was to decide the championship. It was the first time I had ever seen Mother Davis nervous.

"Do you feel all right, son?" she asked. "Do you feel strong, I mean?"

"My arm feels fine," I said. "There was a little pain in my shoulder yesterday, but that's gone now. Of course I don't know anything about my control yet."

"Has the manager asked you to pitch?" Mary asked.

"He hasn't done so yet, but I know he's going to; he called me up a while ago."

"What are you going to do about it?"

"I don't know," I confessed; "but I don't think he has any license to call on me to carry the whole club on my shoulders. Suppose I lose—what then?"

"But you are not going to lose, son," suggested the old lady; but she said it as if she were not so certain. To me it looked like false pep. Mother Davis was worried about something.

Just then the manager called on the phone and said it was up to me; that I could pitch or not, just as I liked. He wouldn't ask me to do it, because he knew I had done enough already. But, he explained, the players all wanted me to go in. He hung up the phone, leaving the matter entirely in my hands.

That was an awful hole to put a fellow in and I didn't fail to say so when I went back to the table.

"Son," said the old lady after a long silence, "there's a time in everybody's life when they have to take an important step. I don't want you to let me influence you unduly, but the chance very seldom comes to a man to sacrifice his own future for the benefit of those who are depending upon him."

"Yes; but if I lose," I argued, "those birds will forget all about me sacrificing myself for them. They'll blame me for the rest of their lives."

"Something tells me that they won't," she said. "They are fair-minded boys and they are probably worrying more than you are about having asked you to do this. Just think—if you could win for them—what it would mean for us all!"

(Concluded on Page 78)

THE STUFFED SHIRT

By CAMERON MACKENZIE

NOT without a gleam of malicious satisfaction, Stephen Chesworthy, looking about him, saw that everything was pretty much as he had expected. He had come to witness what to him was a grand farce, a worship of nothingness, a staging of "bunk," the concrete presentation of a triumphant career and of blundering luck; and he had found it. From the inconspicuous seat in the rear of the hall into which, unheralded, he had slipped, he could observe all that was needful. There were the young men of the graduating class, boys who still accepted the coin of fame at its stamped value. They filled three-quarters of the center aisle.

Flanking them in the side aisles were proud and perspiring mothers and fathers, for the most part stupid souls, thought Chesworthy, but the very persons who made that ridiculous thing, public opinion. Their immobile, half-expectant faces were turned toward the platform. Upon the platform, seated on camp chairs which seemed none too trustworthy, was the row of heavy dignitaries—mummies of solemnity and reputation—who invariably graced the commencement exercises at Clearwater College; and conspicuously in the middle, more heavy, more solemn than all, was the orator of the occasion, the Hon. Ephraim Sprague.

Chesworthy straightened and craned back his head for a better view of that eminent personage. There he was, dressed as he had been dressed for ten years, in a long frock coat and hard-boiled shirt. His big hairy hands rested flat upon his knees; his shaggy head, fringed ever so little with gray, was held rigidly erect; his countenance was grave and stern as if to remind the world of what the struggle upward had cost him. As for his eyes, they were expressionless, motionless, patient. He looked, thought Chesworthy, exactly as the public expected him to look—conscious of power, of importance, of place, conscious of all the pregnant universe and of the responsibility of merely being alive.

"Success and How to Attain It"

STEPHEN dropped back, and as he waited, stroking his mouth to hide his grin, he observed to himself what an odd, modern phenomenon that ostentatious figure up there was. He knew the man through and through, had been his lawyer for years, and had seen one kink after another put into his career. To a fractional degree Chesworthy believed he had measured what was beneath that frock coat, and he was sure there was nothing save sawdust; that that funereal attire was not dignity; that that ponderous seriousness was not deep deliberation, nor yet the badge of ability; that that slow and pompous mien cloaked an individuality as devoid of subtlety, of keenness, of agility of thought or action, as a steam roller. Oh, it was amazing, Wellesville's estimate of Sprague and Sprague's estimate of himself, and the manner in which these equally fatuous estimates, working back and forth, acting and reacting, had evolved from a lucky incompetent that perfect specimen of honored leading citizen who was now about to rise and, with a hash of old proverbs, exhort and admonish the young! And then the president of the college was advancing to the edge of the platform and introducing Ephraim Sprague.

It was the old story, and Chesworthy gave small heed. The Sprague legend was to the lawyer only another aspect of the whole monstrous absurdity, and thoroughly in keeping with the comedy of Ephraim's wealth, his position, his reputation, thoroughly in keeping with Ephraim himself. The narrative flowed on fulsomely with its record of relentless toil, of undaunted perseverance, of difficulties surmounted, of clear and farsighted vision. Stephen glanced at Sprague, who had turned a blandly complacent, acquiescent eye ceilingward while the eulogy went on. The lawyer wondered: Was it humanly possible for that man to escape forever some private hour when he would see himself as the child of the maddest kind of chance, of silly vainglory, of egregiously mistaken opinion?

"I am Sometimes Afraid, Stephen, That Our Good Friend Rambeau is Somewhat Lacking in Public Spirit"

"But, young gentlemen," the president was concluding, "the speaker upon this auspicious occasion needs no introduction to you," and with a flourish he bowed Ephraim to the center of the stage.

Chesworthy in the rear seat settled himself for his treat that was almost an ordeal. It was no mean honor, as local honors went, that had been conferred upon his long-time client. The orator at these graduation exercises was always a person of note, often summoned from a great distance to make the commencement address. In selecting Ephraim that year the college had, in effect, said to the community that it had as distinguished a man as any right in its midst. For Sprague the invitation marked another apex: it was added public recognition of success and of worth as a man. It meant, too, as Chesworthy reflected, that if Ephraim took himself seriously others took him more than seriously. The speaker was stertorously clearing his throat and buttoning his coat statesmanwise. Stephen squirmed a little. Sprague straightened his chunky shoulders and in a loud voice brought forth:

"Young men—young men who are standing at the threshold of life"; and then he raised the manuscript in his hand and began in a modified tone to read: "I have chosen for this occasion a subject in which I am sure you are all interested"—he paused, he beamed, he swept the room in a courageous pause—"Success and How to Attain It," Ephraim Sprague pronounced not only confidently but complacently.

Chesworthy writhed. "The nerve of him!" he muttered to himself. "Success—ouch! That stuffed shirt!"

The career of Ephraim Sprague goes way back; lives were young, careers were in the making and Sprague was thirty years of age. He was then a big, bumptious, curly-headed fellow who was not exactly a town joke but was a popular diversion. No one took him or anything he did seriously. If he tried to be a stern parent with his boy of five his wife smiled; if he tried to borrow money for his business Henry Colfax, the president of the bank, smiled, and so did all the clerks as Ephraim passed out after one of his monthly visits; if he went up after church service to shake the clergyman's hand the congregation, looking round, smiled.

But if Wellesville smiled at Ephraim he smiled twice at himself, and in a fashion which seemed to say that it was all really a better joke than others knew. This probably resulted from an instinct in Sprague—at least so Chesworthy argued—for saving his face. But, whatever the cause, it was a quality which gave the young man charm, and contributed to the sense he imparted that a tragedy to be any tragedy at all to him had to be a very real one indeed. He seemed then to laugh a gay and nearly irresponsible way along, exuding a refreshing kind of happy-go-lucky cheerfulness. Workaday worries seemed of small moment in his existence, and nothing apparently was of more immediate importance than that he should be able to get out two or three afternoons a week to the ball grounds where, sitting in his shirt sleeves, he munched peanuts and shouted admonitions to the players. Likable as all this made Ephraim, it did not tend, in the lawyer's mind, to give particular promise to Sprague's future, and he was not in the least surprised when one day the engaging young man walked into his office and, lifting his feet to Chesworthy's desk, began upon a tale of woe.

The sum of the matter was that Ephraim desired to make an economic surrender. Three years earlier he had inherited from his father a business in the manufacture of tools. The enterprise had not been much when he got it and had become even less under his direction; and Sprague declared that about all he now did was to sit in his coop of an office, at one end of the plant, and watch his means of livelihood dwindle. His theory was, as he explained it to Chesworthy, that his junklike equipment, on the one hand, and his debts, on the other, would just about wash out to balance him as an economic equation, and that he did not want the risk of a lifetime of debt. Accordingly he asked Stephen, who was scratching round for any odd or end of practice, to draw assignment papers for him.

Enters a Pert Young Man With a Red Necktie

"WHY, what's the use?" Ephraim asked, knocking ashes from his pipe upon the lawyer's floor. "I ain't cut out for it."

"Well, what are you cut out for?"

"Oh, nothing much!" laughed Ephraim.

"You've a bunch of friends."

"Yep—and I guess some of 'em will always give me a job. But, for heaven's sake, let me get this rotten old shop closed up. Not an order for a month!"

Chesworthy set about his task with vague regret. Deep waters, he felt, were ahead for Ephraim, and he was sorry for him. That job at the hands of some kindly disposed individual was not going to be the simple matter the other supposed. All of Wellesville was glad of Ephraim as a friend, but, offhand, Stephen could think of no one who would be particularly keen about him as an employee. Certainly he would not be snatched up.

There were several rather conspicuous drawbacks to Ephraim. Anyone could talk him into anything—that was one; there were others, and, besides, after the assignment he would be rated as a man who had had his chance and missed. It seemed to the taciturn, sallow little lawyer that his client was much safer in the tool business even if he were able barely to keep afloat. The tool business, however, was in fact steadily drifting into more of a mess, and so it might be that, after all, Sprague was right. But it was too bad, thought Chesworthy! And then along came one Joseph Rambeau.

"You see," Chesworthy had frequently observed to his wife, "it was really out of Ephraim's own incompetence and lack of ambition that he got his success. If he had had an atom of ability the business wouldn't have run down as it did. If he had had even a little get-up-and-go he'd have done something long before to stop it from sliding. But no,

not Eph! He didn't raise a finger to save himself, and consequently every scrap of his old machinery was standing there idle and ready when Rambeau appeared with that crazy-looking scheme of his. No man with any kind of real work on the boards would have for a moment even considered touching it, let alone being able to do so. But Eph's very shiftlessness was part of his luck. Oh, it's all too absurd!"

Rambeau went originally to Chesworthy. At the first encounter the lawyer did not think the stranger, who had come with a card of introduction from a friend in Chicago, a particularly agreeable person with whom to have traffic. He was a small, pert young man, who wore a red necktie and patent-leather shoes and had a razor-edge crease to his trousers. His mission was to get a picture hook made. He had tried half a dozen shops in Chicago, but their proprietors had told him he was insane and, not having any money, was in no position to indulge his insanity. It was a weird device that he had, an affair with two pointed, turned-in fangs at one end. The Never-slip, Double-fang Picture Hook, Rambeau had called it, with the assertion that, once upon the market, the art of picture hanging the country over would be revolutionized. The difficulty was in getting the hooks made. Was there anyone in Wellesville who would take a chance and wait for payment until he could collect from his first sales? And it was at that question that Ephraim and his plight popped into Stephen's mind.

There was a chance—a long one, but a chance. Liking Ephraim and being convinced that he was in for a distressingly difficult time ahead, Chesworthy shoved the stray opportunity at him, and paused in his drawing of the assignment papers long enough to direct Rambeau to his client's shop. It was a very nearly unconsidered act on the lawyer's part. Within five minutes after Rambeau, his brown derby on the side of his head and whistling through his teeth, had departed, that which he had done had dropped to inconsequence in Chesworthy's mind.

And Some Have Greatness Thrust Upon Them

"LUCK! Sprague's everlasting luck!" he has remarked. "Why, I didn't believe in Rambeau or his scheme. Sending him to Eph was only a vagary of mine, the veriest incident of a day. Maybe it was quite as much to get Rambeau out of my office as it was to help my dub client. I don't know. But, anyway, see what happened! I plunked squarely into Eph's lap the richest bonanza this town's ever seen. Suppose I hadn't thought of Sprague and his idle plant! Suppose Rambeau had been any one of eight million other people! Well, Ephraim Sprague might have developed mental acumen enough to be scorekeeper for the town nine!"

But these observations of Stephen Chesworthy came later. Meanwhile, the day following his offhand act he encountered Ephraim. Sprague, spinning his hat deftly to a peg on the wall, hoisted himself upon a stool beside the lawyer at a lunch counter and by way of a preliminary reached for a toothpick.

"See that fellow I sent round to you yesterday?" inquired Chesworthy.

"Yep," returned Ephraim.

"Nasty little rat, but smart."

"Is he?"

"I thought so. Didn't you?"

"Didn't think anything about it."

"What did you tell him?"

"Told him to come round in a couple of days."

"What for?"

"Oh, I'll be closed out then and he'll quit arguing. Talked me deaf."

"Could you make his hook for him?"

"Oh, I suppose."

"Well, why don't you? There's a chance."

"A chance of what?"

"Pulling out," said Chesworthy.

"Oh, shucks, what's the use?" And then suddenly, with a sheepish grin, Ephraim pursued: "You see, Steve, I've got it all figured out. I don't know much, I can't do much, I ain't much. All the sense I've got is about enough to keep me out of trouble and let me have some fun. Picture hooks? What's picture hooks to me?"

Word upon word this conversation remained treasured in Chesworthy's memory. Many a time he has called it to mind afresh when the world has trumpeted concerning Ephraim Sprague's "clear and farsighted vision."

"When Opportunity knocked at his door, what did he do?" he has scoffed to himself. "Why, he tried to dodge. He was actually eager to quit, to become a nobody. He had definitely selected failure and mediocrity as his portion in life. But would the Fates let him? Not a bit of it!" And what next developed has been equally amazing to Chesworthy.

He met Ephraim by accident and learned the events of the afternoon following their conversation at lunch. The long and short of the matter was that Rambeau had not waited a couple of days but was in Sprague's office to resume his onslaught when Ephraim had returned at about two o'clock. As far as the lawyer could make out he had simply hammered Sprague, by dint of several hours' arguing, into agreeing to make five thousand double-fang picture hooks for him. Ephraim was sketchy about the terms of payment and very apathetic about the undertaking; but the model for the hook was on his desk, and in the morning he was going to get an extra man or two, he said, and go to work.

"Why Rambeau literally hounded him into it," Chesworthy declared. "If Eph hadn't been as soft as putty he'd never have given in. But perfectly pliable, he lets a complete stranger talk him into something he doesn't want to do and, hocus-pocus, becomes a great man."

Such, then, was the actual start of Ephraim Sprague's career, as Chesworthy knew it. Luck, incompetence, weak-mindedness intervened, in the lawyer's view, to halt the assignment to creditors, and very presently the miracle began to manifest itself. No mistake about it, Rambeau had something! His double-fang picture hook on the first order sold rapidly. That enterprising young man settled his account with Sprague and, taking his profits, traveled assiduously to place larger supplies. When his money was gone he returned to Wellesville and asked Ephraim to take a chance again. Sprague yielded, still apathetically. The second output sold more rapidly than the first. Rambeau set out upon a third expedition, and then Chesworthy, as Ephraim's lawyer, began to take notice.

"Wake up, Eph, and get busy!" he exhorted impatiently.

"How?" asked Sprague, scratching his head.

"Tie up with Rambeau. There's money in those hooks!"

"Think so?"

"I do—lots. You've a plant. Rambeau's an idea. See?"

"No, I don't see. What'll I do?" inquired Sprague.

"Do? Well, I'll do it for you. The first thing you know that clever little party will have worked you for all he needs, and then he'll be on his way and you'll be where you were before, practically busted."

"I suppose," mused Sprague. "Maybe, now that you speak of it, you had better fix something up."

That which Chesworthy fixed up is now the widely known concern of "E. Sprague & Co., Inc.," manufacturers of the Never-slip, Double-fang Picture Hook—"the hook that hooks." Its assets are rated in the millions; its plant upon the outskirts of Wellesville covers acres; its pay roll includes more than two thousand employees; its president, Ephraim Sprague, bulks hugely in the public eye. It is the solid base upon which rests the noble monument of the Sprague fame and reputation.

In the erection of this monument the community at large has played a generous part. With an amazing facility most of those who ever knew who was the actual inventor of the double-fang hook have forgotten the fact; and those who remember want to know what Rambeau would have made of it if it had not been for Sprague! It is referred to as the Sprague hook, and the majority of the world assumes that the man sitting at the head of the enterprise bearing his name must have worked out the device. Others less swift in their conclusions declare that it is an immaterial question; that as much credit is due Sprague for his far-visioned imagination in seeing the hook's possibilities as if he himself had developed the contrivance. Any way you look at it, they say, Ephraim proved his acumen. But that monument was not built in a day, nor was that formidable business unit of "E. Sprague & Co., Inc." brought into being without pangs and palaver. Joseph Rambeau was no one's fool; neither, for that matter, was Stephen Chesworthy.

"And So You Decided to Offer Your Conspicuous Abilities to Wellesville?"

Half a Business for a Whole One

RAMBEAU had returned from his third trip. His ready money was gone, but he had orders for twice as many hooks as had been manufactured altogether before. It was a turning point and Sprague's chance to strike. Rambeau needed Ephraim, or at least Ephraim's plant, if he were to get his hooks out on time, and accordingly Chesworthy assembled a conclave. The meeting was held in the lawyer's office. Joseph Rambeau, fresh, alert, suspicious, arrived first, and with interest Stephen observed him get his back to the window. They talked commonplaces until Sprague, smiling and mopping his forehead, came bumping into the door.

"Well, what's this all about?" demanded Rambeau crisply and tartly.

"Search me," answered Ephraim, and Chesworthy leveled him with a glance of disgust.

"It's about picture hooks," the lawyer replied. "You own the patent."

"I do."

"And Sprague owns the plant."

"He or his creditors, I'm not sure which."

Ephraim laughed, but no one else did, and Chesworthy said that they would not go into that. Joseph Rambeau whistled through his teeth and waited.

"The matter comes to this," finally began Stephen: "Mr. Sprague feels very naturally that in view of the financial risks he is assuming on your behalf some more equitable arrangement should exist between you than at present exists."

Joseph, who had been tipping back in his chair, now brought all its four legs to the floor with a small bang and turned a very sharp, half-closed eye upon Chesworthy.

"Like hell he does!" he said.

"The case is as I've stated it," returned Stephen briefly, and they searched each other through a tense pause during which Chesworthy was conscious of Sprague's uneasy stirrings. And then there came into Rambeau's face a sly, knowing, hinting look which the lawyer was readily able to read and which prompted him to say: "Don't forget I'm Mr. Sprague's attorney."

"Well, I won't remind you of it," flashed back Rambeau. "You get me?"

"I get you, Mr. Rambeau, but you're on the wrong trail." Chesworthy was letting that soak in when up spoke Ephraim:

"What you mean, Steve—the wrong trail?"

"Never mind now, Eph," admonished the lawyer, and again he and Rambeau fell to their deadly measuring of each other. At length, tossing up his hands and with an unhappy laugh, Rambeau broke the scrutiny. "Oh, well," he said with bitterness, "gouge away. I know when I'm caught."

"Excellent," remarked Chesworthy. "That simplifies matters," and he proceeded. When he had finished it had been arranged that Rambeau should sell and assign the double-fang patent to a new corporation to be known as E. Sprague & Co., Inc., of which Ephraim was president and treasurer and to which he turned over his dilapidated plant. Rambeau was

vice president and secretary. Sprague got fifty-one per cent of the stock, Rambeau thirty-three per cent, and Stephen, thinking he had earned the rest, took it. Ephraim, who had spoken scarcely a word during the talk, lingered a moment after Rambeau, spitting fire, had departed.

"Gee, Rambeau got a heap of that stock, didn't he?" Sprague yawned, stretching himself.

"Very little—considering," replied Chesworthy coolly.

"Well, a little bit ago I owned a business," said Ephraim, "and now I only own half. I don't know what my poor dead father would say"; which simple observation of Ephraim's has commonly arisen in Chesworthy's memory when he has heard Mr. Sprague lauded for his exceeding great generosity to his chief assistant, Joseph Rambeau.

Followed now a little time during which the new enterprise prospered surprisingly. The agile, tireless Rambeau traveled farther and farther afield for orders, and fetched them back in astonishing volume. Sprague, remaining in Wellesville, sat in his office, and three or four times a day walked out to ask his foreman how things were getting on. He saw anyone who called and listened patiently to what each one had to say. "I never know what to tell 'em," he once confessed in naïve bewilderment to Chesworthy. "Whatever I tell 'em Joe, when he gets back, says is wrong and then kicks up a row."

"What do you tell 'em?"

"Well, I tell 'em that I'll think it over; and then maybe they forget and don't come again, or I hear from Joe, or something happens."

This was an interesting manifestation of Ephraim's character, but less so to Chesworthy than the public's reaction from it. One day he encountered Henry Colfax, and the president of the First National made comment upon the seeming activity of the Sprague plant.

Something Solid About Him

"I WONDER," he pursued with a serious shake of the head, "haven't we been underestimating our friend Sprague? There's something solid about him, I judge."

"Oh, there is," retorted Stephen, keeping irony from his tone. "Something very solid indeed. But what have you in mind?"

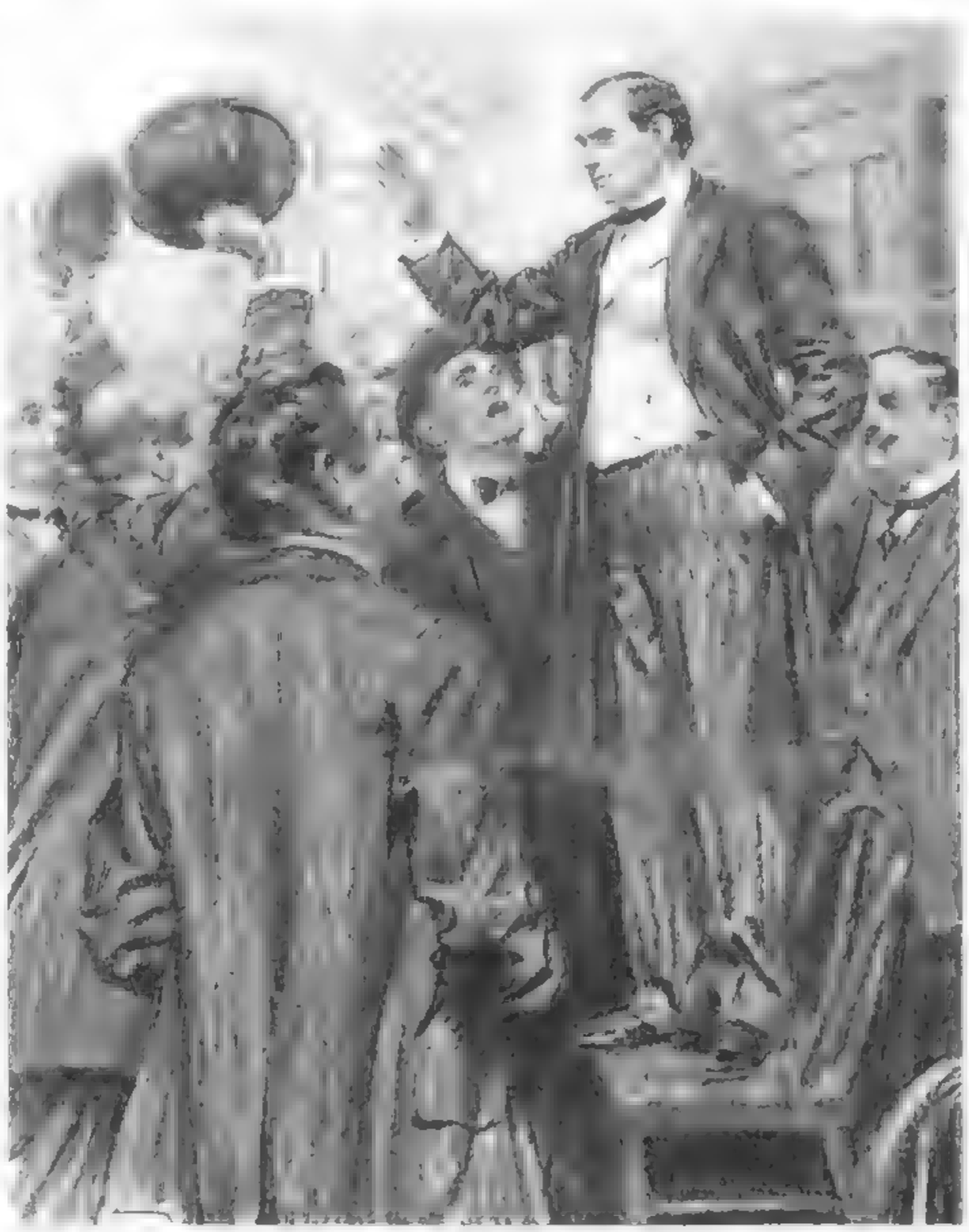
"I'm told," went on Colfax, "by people who've had occasion to drop in there lately, that he really is a very cautious, conservative man. Never makes a slapdash decision. None of that flying off the handle that young fellows in business are liable to, and that's dangerous—dangerous, Chesworthy; I say, dangerous. A man in my line, any banker, likes to hear that a man's careful—takes his time. Gives confidence, you know. Sprague'll bear watching. I didn't know he had so much stuff in him."

This conversation fazed Stephen somewhat. Stupidity parading as caution! Having nothing to say passing muster as conservatism! But, as he soon began to feel, Colfax's altering attitude was only an indicative straw. A time was soon upon the lawyer when he perceived unmistakable evidence that all of Wellesville was revising its estimate of Ephraim. Word of the thriving condition of the young concern of which Sprague was titular head had got about. Rambeau, always traveling, was a nebulous figure. The lawyer soon was hearing more and more of Sprague and less and less of "Eph" or "Ephie." He observed that people were saluting his client in a new manner, and were beginning to say that they would never have guessed that Ephraim had it in him to build up his old ramshackle enterprise. "Sure enough, he's a smart fellow" was a comment which fell upon the lawyer's ears.

"The public! The public!" Stephen cried to his wife in an agony of sardonic emotion. "Tell me—tell me, how can it be such a blithering fool?" From her he got no answer, but later supplied one for himself, and it was to the general purport that the community, being uninformed, invariably confused a man with his office. The explanation came to about this: Ephraim Sprague was president of the Sprague company; the Sprague company was a growing concern; ability was needed to make a concern grow; and then, because most of the world lives by a hop-skip-and-jump logic, Ephraim Sprague was an able man. Others having arrived at that point, the rest, it seemed to Stephen, was easy for them. Sprague's desk was always empty and clean; the lawyer realized that that was because he had nothing to do; but others would exclaim: "Ah, a truly industrious man who really and vigorously has dispatched for the day his business in hand!"

Sprague's manner and expression were frequently grave; Chesworthy understood that sprang from bewilderment and perplexity more often than from any other cause, but Ephraim's callers did not. "Weighted down with thought and responsibility," they said.

"Reputation!" Stephen would exclaim. "It's the greatest joker of all time and eternity."



"Citizens and Fellow Townsmen, I Thank You"

But if the community was revising its estimate of Ephraim Sprague, something else was occurring, more amazing, more puzzling, and, to Chesworthy, infinitely more farcical still. Ephraim Sprague was apparently revising his estimate of himself. The lawyer had been away for a summer's vacation. Returning, he arrived in town early one Saturday afternoon, and for want of a more engrossing pursuit he boarded a trolley and rode out to the ball park. Making his way to a seat he observed Ephraim. Was he in his shirt sleeves? He was not! Was he munching peanuts? He was not! Was he shouting approbation or reprobation to the men on the diamond? Not a syllable! But sitting erect in a dark sack suit, his low-crowned slouch hat replaced by a high and dignified felt, he observed from an attitude of placid repose the progress of the game, making the while *sotto-voce* comments to Jim Sykles, cashier of the bank. But that was not all. The ninth inning over, the spectators filing out, Chesworthy with malicious purpose trailed his client. In vain he spied ahead to see Ephraim's big arm go up for a friendly slap upon some other man's shoulder. In vain he hearkened for Sprague's heavy bass voice to sing "Ah, there, you old scout!" to someone at a distance. Sprague made his exit from the grand stand and the grounds with a demeanor that bespoke a different man.

"Oh, it's all right," Stephen reflected. "He needed to buck up; but what—what does it signify? It can't mean—it's simply, howlingly impossible that it should mean—that he's taking himself seriously. He's stupid, but he's not stupid enough for that!"

But daily this seemed a poorer conjecture. A solemn something had passed over the spirit of Ephraim Sprague, and if he did not consider himself very much of a worth-while person, he gave all external evidences to the contrary. Not long after Chesworthy's return he presented himself in the lawyer's office. He was attired in his new and careful sack suit, and looked at the attorney without wink or twinkle or smile. Before he spoke he cleared his throat.

"Stephen," he began.

"Steve," you mean.

"As you please," and he raised his brows and lifted an acquiescent hand before he went on with his errand.

A letter complaining of the condition of the streets appeared in the Wellesville Courier, signed Ephraim Sprague. He hired a pew well forward in the Grove Avenue Church, and thither, with his wife and child, repaired regularly on Sunday mornings, where, sitting at the end by the aisle, he was to an iota a picture of the thoroughgoing *paterfamilias*. The lunch counter which he formerly patronized he now eschewed. Nor did he run for trolley cars or smoke his pipe save within his own home. A slow-moving, deliberate dignity marked the one-time bumptious, happy-go-lucky young man.

The Frock Coat and Hard Shirt

THIS new exterior of Ephraim's chafed the lawyer into a state of exasperation. If in the street he passed Sprague, walking erect, his eyes straight ahead, and his client raised his arm in a restrained and courteous salute, saying ponderously: "Good day, Stephen," the lawyer invariably called: "Hello, Eph." He felt that if there were one man in Wellesville who had no decent right to take himself with pompous solemnity or incite others to accept him seriously, that man was Sprague. Evidently he was reacting, argued the lawyer, from his new reputation, exactly as he had reacted in the old days from his reputation then. When people had laughed at him he had laughed at himself; when people now kotowed to him he was kotowing to himself. The lawyer could forgive the public, but he could not forgive Ephraim. The public did not know, but Ephraim did; and how that "boob of luck," as he privately thought of his client, could bring himself to look Wellesville in the face and not burst into a roar of ridicule at the world, at Fate, at everything in a topsy-turvy universe, including most especially Ephraim Sprague, was far beyond Chesworthy's comprehension. The only explanation he had was that Sprague was at heart more of a fool than he had thought him, and silly and vainglorious into the bargain.

But soon the lawyer realized that there was even more to the case than this. For every dignity which Sprague assumed, no matter how fatuously, others responded in kind. The more he strutted, the more the community believed he had a right to strut; it encouraged his strutting and then he strutted again. One year he hired a conspicuous church pew; the next year he was chosen superintendent of the Sunday school, and so on. The thing multiplied and grew until finally there came a second great epoch in Ephraim's career.

This epoch might be termed Ephraim's flowering. He ceased being a man to be watched and became a man to be honored. Everything happened coincidentally—that is, coincidentally from the point of view of a career—and when all was over Sprague was disclosed to Chesworthy standing coldly forth upon an eminence that excited further his disgusted jeers. The lawyer found himself suddenly gazing upon his client in the rôle of leading citizen with all the attitudes thereof. Ephraim had become a director of the First National, an elder of the Grove Avenue Church, a trustee of Clearwater College; he had builded himself a house on Merridew Avenue facing the house of Henry Colfax and, most significantly, he had definitely joined the frock-coat and hard-boiled-shirt brigade.

"When I saw him going to business with those duds on I knew for certain that the jackass was full-grown," remarked Stephen Chesworthy, his thoughts reverting to the occasion when the era of funereal clothes and high dignity, as he was pleased to think of it, began.

But there was mighty little high dignity then; quite the contrary. The entire proceeding for Ephraim smacked of

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AN ASSISTED FRANKENSTEIN

By Charles E. Van Loan

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

"Follansbee, on the Square, Is This a True Lie or a Plain Lie?"

SOME men become newspaper reporters from choice; others are sidetracked into journalism; a very few are derailed into it, as was Amiel J. Follansbee.

He started out in life with his eye fixed on the Supreme Bench, studied law, passed a triumphant examination, gave every promise of becoming a distinguished pleader at the bar—and woke up after the smash to find himself covering hotels and railroads by day and banquets by night for the Morning Oracle.

Follansbee, the newspaper man, had two specialties: one was writing hotel interviews and the other was reporting speeches. Any clever youngster can pluck a brilliant feather or two from a bird of passage, provided the bird has that sort of plumage; but when it comes to handling an oration an artist is needed.

Follansbee could listen to a rambling and discursive "talk" without head, tail or body and transform it into a sledge-hammer argument or a witty and clever address, as occasion required. He knew how to interpret the confused mind of the speaker, putting his thoughts, if any, into clear, concise sentences; and if the orator had no thoughts Follansbee would lend him some. He could follow the coldest trail ever left by a fugitive theme and track it at last to the peroration—in short, he knew how to put into a speech all the bright things that occur to an orator after he sits down. Quite frequently the prominent citizen who felt he had made a hopeless ass of himself the night before picked up the Morning Oracle at the breakfast table and, after glancing over his speech, gave himself credit for a masterly effort.

Follansbee derived a melancholy satisfaction from writing able speeches, for it had been his failure to deliver one that had wrecked his career at the bar and made him a reporter.

Once, and only once, had Amiel J. appeared before twelve good men and true, to say nothing of a judge and a courtroom full of spectators. The maiden address had been prepared with infinite care. Amiel knew exactly what he wanted to say and how he wanted to say it, but, as he rose to his feet and thrust one hand under the tails of his new frock coat, the polished periods slipped away from him into that limbo of forgotten things about which we hear so much. Doubtless if that limbo is ever searched Amiel's speech will be found there, complete, not a syllable missing. He was left, still reaching for his blue-bordered silk handkerchief, tongue-tied, gasping, incoherent, and finally driveling—a sight for angels and men, at which even a sympathetic judge grinned behind his hand.

The sense of shame and public humiliation abode with Follansbee and burned within him every time he listened to oratory. It was some small satisfaction to tinker with and improve the clumsy efforts of the local spellbinders, for thus Follansbee proved to himself that he knew what a speech should be like, even though admitting that he could not deliver one.

"If I could only get on my feet and spiel it off the way I can think it," he used to wail, "I wouldn't stay in the newspaper business ten minutes! I'd be practicing law."

Not many speeches are made in the daytime, however, and Follansbee faced the weary grind of hotels and railroads—very dry picking for a young man with an active brain and the God-given gift of imagination. Eventually he found a way to relieve the monotony of the hotel detail—rather a dangerous way, too, in view of the fact that Achilles K. Munn, owner of the Oracle, had an old-fashioned and holy horror of a printed untruth. The penalty for being caught in the perpetration of a "news fake" was instant dismissal from the staff; and Follansbee knew this—and provided against such a contingency—when he turned in the thrilling tale of the race round half the world, in which two scientific expeditions were presented as contestants, the prize being one thighbone, two teeth and a portion of the skull of that mythical creature known as the Pithecanthropus erectus.

Dave Holland, city editor of the Oracle, knitted his brows over the story of the rival expeditions and the reasons adduced for their extreme haste. Then he crooked a forefinger at Follansbee and summoned him to the desk.

"This is right, is it?" demanded the city editor, tapping the sheets of copy paper with his pencil.

"Certainly it's right!" answered the reporter. "You see, Dave, this Doctor Eugene Dubois who found the fossilized remains is still in Java, and nobody has been able to get those bones away from him; they're his personal property. Now he has set up the claim that these bone fragments prove the existence at some remote period of an animal half ape and half man—the famous missing link—and for that reason these bones are of vast scientific importance. They ——"

"Yes, yes," interrupted Holland; "I know all about the missing link, but what about this race?"

"Oh, the race!" said Follansbee. "That's very simple. These bones are important, as I said before. Yale wants 'em to put in a museum and Harvard wants 'em too. A couple of millionaires, one a Yale man and the other a Harvard man, both interested in science, are behind these rival expeditions. Harvard got the jump on Yale and sailed for Java via the Mediterranean and the Suez Canal. The Yale bunch couldn't afford to wait ten days for another steamer, so they're beating it West, to sail from San Francisco. Java is about halfway round the world from New York and the race ought to be close. The party that reaches Doctor Dubois first will win—that is, if he wants to sell. He may not, you know; and in that case there will be a bidding contest—the sky the limit on both sides. I believe I mentioned that possibility in the story."

"You did," said Holland dryly. "And you're quite sure those Yale men were at the Cambridge Hotel for an hour to-day between trains?"

"See here, are you trying to insinuate that this is a fake?"

"Not at all; but it's a dandy story—an unusual story. I merely wanted to be sure that you got it at first hand."

"If that's all that's ailing you," said Follansbee with a superior smile, "why don't you ring up the Cambridge Hotel and find out?"

"I'll call that bluff!" thought the city editor as he picked up the telephone; but the desk clerk at the Cambridge answered glibly that the four scientific gentlemen from New Haven had been there and gone.

"They caught the three o'clock train for the Coast," was the message that came over the wire.

"Good work!" chuckled Holland to himself. "If it's a fake Follansbee has covered it up two ways. There can't be any local comeback on it—and it's a dandy story!"

This was the beginning of Follansbee's fiction contributions to the news columns of the Oracle. Dave Holland regarded them with something stronger than suspicion, but a certain amount of confidence in the owner of a trained legal mind caused him to hold his peace. The stuff made good reading and he felt that he could trust Follansbee to prepare his rebuttal evidence in advance of publication. On the day when that young man turned in the sensational story dealing with the South American "Republic of Acre," a very daring combination of fact and fiction, the city editor could not refrain from remark.

"You say this special envoy of the Republic of What's-its-name is at the International Hotel?"

"I say he was there. He may be gone by now."

"Very likely. . . . Follansbee, on the square, is this a true lie or a plain lie?"

"Well, it's founded on fact."

"Yes," said Holland soberly; "there is an International Hotel in town. That's a fact."

Follansbee's method of protecting himself against flarebacks was as simple as it was effective. It required only the faithful cooperation of a room clerk alive to the advantage of keeping the name of the hotel in the news columns. Almost any room clerk is this much alive.

Having decided on a story, Follansbee would next invent a name and an address as pegs upon which to hang the figment of his fancy. He would then register this name and address at the hotel of his choice, not forgetting to wink at the clerk as he did so. The clerk would then solemnly assign an empty room to the imaginary guest, being careful to tell all who might inquire—and particularly rival reporters—that the gentleman was "out"; or, better still, that he had just left town and wouldn't be back. It worked like a charm; so much so that Follansbee grew careless and gave his imagination free rein—yes, worse than that: he threw the reins over the dashboard and plied the whip. One morning there appeared among the news items in the Oracle a startler beginning like this:

"Colonel Riley Van Hoose, of Yokohama, a guest at the Manchester, en route to Holland, tells a remarkable story of an eruption of icebergs from the extinct volcano of Fuji-san ——"

"Ow-o-o-o!" howled Dave Holland, and straightway requested an audience with his hotel reporter.

"Want to see me?" asked Follansbee carelessly.

"I want to see you mend your ways!" exclaimed Dave. "What are you trying to do to this paper—hey? An eruption of icebergs from an extinct volcano! Where do you get that stuff?"

"Colonel Riley Van Hoose told me that he saw ——"

"No doubt he did!" cried Holland, waving his hands over his head. "No doubt Colonel Riley Van Hoose was also registered at the Manchester; but if I had your job, Follansbee, and I wanted to keep it, I believe I'd try not to meet so many gifted and phenomenal liars round these hotels. I have a very strong presentiment that the next stranger who fills you up with fossilized bones or erupted icebergs is liable to get you fired. You sabe the burro, my young friend?"

Follansbee comprehended the burro, as the saying goes, and thereafter the picturesque quality of his news stories fell off amazingly and the creative germ languished. He was not the man, however, to endure monotony forever. When the sameness of his daily round became unendurable he met a Mr. Curtiss Lloyd Hemmingway, of Mount Vernon, New York, upon the register of the Cambridge Hotel.

Mr. Hemmingway had no wild tale to tell; he was simply a reformer, and the organizer of the Volunteer Mothers' Vigilance Committee of America. The mildest little Frankenstein creation that was ever invented to fill half a column, Mr. Curtiss Lloyd Hemmingway slipped unsuspected under the watchful eye of Dave Holland.

The most interesting thing about Mr. Hemmingway was his plan for saving the young. It consisted of the formation of endless-chain detective associations among the women of the land, each Volunteer Mother to secure five other Volunteer Mothers. It was the duty of a Volunteer Mother to mother some motherless one, preferably a boy, and by reasoning with the waif save him from a life of crime.

Mr. Hemmingway mentioned, in closing, that he had come West because his shattered nerves demanded a complete rest; but he hinted for the story needed the local twist that when he felt stronger he might permit himself the pleasure of organizing a Western branch of the Volunteer Mothers' Vigilance Committee, with headquarters in the city. Follansbee was carefully indefinite on this point, however.

Old Daubenspeck, the news editor, knew that Mr. and Mrs. Achilles K. Munn were deeply interested in reforms and reformers of all sorts—knew, also, that the owner and his wife read the Oracle religiously at the breakfast table; so he played up the Hemmingway story on the first page under a large and attractive heading, and Follansbee's Frankenstein creation found breath in its nostrils and began to show signs of life.

And the next day, alas, was Follansbee's day off!

II

ON THAT next day Dave Holland sat at his desk, making out his assignment cards. The telephone rang at his elbow; it was Mrs. Munn, breathless with enthusiasm.

"Such an interesting story on the front page this morning, Mr. Holland! . . . Yes; the one about the Volunteer Mothers. . . . Mr. Munn thinks we should start a crusade at once—something to rouse interest in this new movement. . . .

"We must have a branch organization in this city, by all means! . . . Really, you have no idea how badly it is needed—the dear little boys, you know!"

"I'll get after it right away, Mrs. Munn," promised Dave.

"Yes, do! We must awaken the public conscience. We must save these children. Mr. Munn thinks ——"

Dave Holland replaced the receiver and looked round the office.

"Where's Follansbee?" he asked.

"Off to-day," answered Johnson, the political reporter.

"Then tell Jimmy Taylor I want to see him."

Now Jimmy Taylor had the "swing run"—that is to say, he substituted throughout the week for all the routine men on their days off—a sporting writer on Monday, a courthouse reporter on Tuesday, and so on. It takes a very clever man to run the swing, and tradition demands that he shall make every effort to show up the absent brother, stopping only at telling tales to the city editor. Taylor loafed over to Holland's desk, where he was handed an assignment card with the Hemmingway story pasted on it.

"Drop everything else, Jimmy, and get after this hard!" were his orders. "Mrs. Munn has busted loose again; she wants us to start a crusade on this Volunteer Mother movement. Get a big follow-up story from this fellow—a column anyway."

"Sure!" said Taylor, and departed, reading as he went.

Mr. Munn Passed Through the City Room Like a Thundercloud

The clerk at the Cambridge Hotel gravely assured Jimmy that Mr. Curtiss Lloyd Hemmingway had been there, but had left that morning.

"See? I got him checked out," said the clerk.

"Uh-huh!" said Taylor, glancing at the register. "Where did he go?"

The clerk was not sure about it, but he thought it might have been to Carson Park, a small town in the hills, much frequented by tourists with jangling nerves.

The reporter continued to glance over the register, and there he discovered a Mr. Henry W. Curtiss, a Mr. Joseph Lloyd, and also the town of Mount Vernon, New York—Follansbee had been so sure of this inconspicuous piece of Frankenstein work and so careless of his appearance that he had sent him forth in borrowed attire! Of course Jimmy Taylor knew at once where Mr. Hemmingway had gone, but he could not resist the temptation to have a little fun with Follansbee's accomplice in crime.

"There's a big story in Hemmingway," said Jimmy, "and I've got to get hold of him somehow. In case he went to Carson Park do you think he'd put up at the hotel there?"

"Why, no; I—I think not," stuttered the clerk. "Seems to me he said something about not wanting to be disturbed and stopping with friends a private family."

"Ah! I'll bet he's stopping with Mrs. Harris. Ever heard of her?"

"Harris? Mrs. Harris? . . . No: I think not."

"Oh, you know! Mrs. Gamp's friend—old Sairey Gamp!" prompted Taylor.

"I don't believe I know her either," said the clerk.

"You've missed something, then. You should read more. Try Charles Dickens—I think you'd enjoy him. Martin Chuzzlewit, for instance. Well, so long, Alibi Ike; and the next time a reformer ducks out get his address, will you?"

Now Jimmy Taylor might have returned to the office with the announcement that Mr. Curtiss Lloyd Hemmingway was a myth; but that would have been contrary to all the rules of the game and it might have cost Follansbee his job. That would never do. And the boss wanted a big follow-up story. Mrs. Munn's crusading soul was set on one. . . . Jimmy Taylor rolled a brown-paper cigarette and read the Hemmingway interview again. After deep thought he held up two fingers on his right hand and one on his left.

"You lose!" said he, apostrophizing the lone finger. "You're only a reporter, while, on the other hand, we have a city editor and an owner's wife. They outhold you. . . . And the moral is, Follansbee, Never invent a reformer! We've got enough of 'em already. Well, onward, Christian soldier!"

Jimmy's first advancing step was taken in the direction of a Mr. Cuthbert C. Feagler, a fussy little soul whose pink whiskers waved ever in the van of any movement for the moral uplift of the community. Every city has its Feaglers. What is nobody's business is their business, and they present petitions to city fathers, demanding that the early-rising rooster be suppressed and the tobacco chewer barred from the street cars. There was, also, a Mrs. Feagler, a fat, mustached grenadier of the commonweal, with an itch for social prominence. All things considered, Jimmy could not have done better in a week's search. He found Mr. Feagler in his office.

"I have called," said the crafty James, "to interest you in the Oracle's Volunteer Mother campaign. My card, sir."

"Ah, yes; I believe I read something about it in the paper this morning," twittered Mr. Feagler, considerably agitated by the promise of publicity as foreshadowed by the presence of a real live reporter. "Do you—er—that is—am I to be quoted—eh?"

"More than that, sir," answered Jimmy boldly. "We want your consent to serve at the head of the first committee organized in the West." At this point Mr. Feagler began to comb his pink whiskers with ever-increasing speed. "It will be a signal honor, I assure you," continued Jimmy smoothly; "for the committee will be formed of prominent citizens—people of standing in the community. . . . You know Mr. Hemmingway, of course?"

"Only—ahem!—by reputation," coughed Mr. Feagler, who could not tell a lie without clearing his throat for its passage. "I have been intensely interested in his work—ahem!—his work—elsewhere."

"Everything is Ready. . . . This Way, if You Please"

"That's likely the reason he mentioned your name," said Jimmy. "When the question of a local leader came up Hemmingway said it would have to be Feagler."

"Did he, indeed?" chirped the delighted little man. "And so he has heard of me in my little corner, and my—ahem!—my humble services to humanity? Well, well! It's a small world, isn't it?"

"He was hoping that you would consent to hold this first meeting at your own home—for the sake of the social tone, you know."

Mr. Feagler rose clear out of the water after that gaudy fly. He began to babble so incoherently that Jimmy had to stop him.

"The only reason Mr. Hemmingway has not called on you," he explained, "is because he is out of town at present. His nerves are in pretty bad shape—the New York campaign was a very trying one, as you know ——"

"I—ahem!—heard so," coughed Mr. Feagler.

"And Mr. Hemmingway is taking a short rest," concluded Jimmy. "On his return to town he is anxious to address a meeting of prominent citizens who might be interested in this movement."

"In that case," said Mr. Feagler, "would he communicate his wishes through you, or direct—eh?"

"By golly!" said the reporter. "That wouldn't be a bad idea at all! . . . Tell you what I'll do, Mr. Feagler: I'll get in touch with him on the long-distance and ask him to ring you up."

"Splendid!" warbled Mr. Feagler. "And now, about this meeting—is it your opinion that we should invite the general public, or ——"

Taylor shook his head decidedly.

"Make it by card," said he. "By card—to meet Mr. Hemmingway. . . . And now, if you will give me a few expressions that I can use to-morrow morning—perhaps a little commendation of the Oracle for taking up this crusade ——"

"Certainly!" piped Mr. Feagler, rummaging his whiskers with both hands. "Certainly! What—where do you think I should begin?"

"Oh, say something about the newsboys and what this will mean to them," suggested Jimmy; "and don't be afraid to make it strong."

It cost Taylor thirty cents of his own money to ring up a dependable friend residing near Carson Park; and immediately thereafter Mr. Cuthbert C. Feagler had the great pleasure of listening to the voice of greatness over the long-distance telephone.

Mr. Hemmingway regretted that the state of his nerves forced him to deny himself to callers; it was even necessary that he should keep his whereabouts a profound secret—and here he trusted Mr. Feagler absolutely, but did not give him his telephone number. He expressed his gratitude for Mr. Feagler's invaluable assistance, and concluded with the statement that he would be delighted to address a

gathering of prominent citizens at the Feagler mansion on the next Monday evening.

The follow-up story was all that Mrs. Munn expected. It consumed a column and a half on the front page, and included a second interview with Mr. Hemmingway, who said he was delighted that such a powerful organ as the Oracle had interested itself in the worthy cause. There was, also, an interview with Mr. Feagler, and a picture of that gentleman, modestly hiding behind his pink whiskers. Daubenspeck contributed a two-column "box," in which was displayed the announcement of the first meeting of the Western Branch of the Volunteer Mothers' Vigilance Committee of America.

And the next day a somewhat wilted young man drifted into the Oracle office and listened, without enthusiasm, while the city editor praised him.

"Well, Follansbee, you've started a big thing!" said Dave Holland warmly.

"And well I know it!" mumbled the wilted young man.

"Yes," continued Holland; "a big thing. The old man and his wife are nuts over this Volunteer Mother proposition and they want us to whoop it up. Now you see what can be done when you stop faking and go after real stories, don't you? . . . Here's your assignment slip; hop to it for all you're worth."

Follansbee's assignment slip bore these words:

"Railroads and hotels. Follow up Volunteer Mothers."

Follansbee glanced at it listlessly.

"Where is that big stiff, Jimmy Taylor?" he asked. "I want to see him"

"He's gone," answered Dave; "but he left a note in the box for you. Something about the crusade, I guess."

There was small satisfaction in that note; it consisted of a two-line quotation from Sir Walter Scott:

Oh what a tangled web we weave,
When first we practice to deceive!

"It was a pretty nice little web when I got through with it," muttered Follansbee; "but now it's suffering from over-collaboration. Jimmy—confound him!—has reënforced it with barbed wire. I started out as the spider, but Jimmy has cast me for the fly—yes, and chucked me bang into the middle of the web too! . . . If he only hadn't ribbed up that fool meeting!"

The next few days were cruel ones, marked by an astounding growth of the Frankenstein creation. Fortunately for the creator of Mr. Hemmingway, the other papers refused to have anything to do with the Volunteer Mother movement. The band wagon had started without them, and they refused to climb to a modest seat and play the oom-pah, oom-pah parts while the Morning Oracle shrilled the solo. They characterized the Western Branch of the Volunteer Mothers' Vigilance Committee of America as a Munn affair pure and simple, and let it strictly alone. This was the only sweet drop in a bitter cup.

The Cuthbert Feaglers, however, displayed activity enough and to spare, and their zeal almost drove poor Follansbee wild. Hourly he was summoned to the telephone to confer with them about the "arrangements." Would Mr. Hemmingway like this? Would he object to that? The unfortunate young man grew to hate the name of Hemmingway with a deep and consuming hatred, and to loathe all reformers, male and female. Daily he was driven to write follow-up stories, extolling the virtue of the Volunteer Mother movement; daily he invented fresh particulars and machinery for the inner workings of the V. M. V. C.; and daily the arrangements for that fatal meeting went on—the meeting which was to disclose Mr. Curtiss Lloyd Hemmingway in the flesh!

At first Follansbee thought he saw an easy way out of his predicament. He planned a serious nervous collapse which would prevent Mr. Hemmingway's appearance; in fact, he was on the point of receiving word to that effect, when out of a clear sky Mr. Hemmingway again telephoned Mr. Feagler with the glad news that his health was greatly improved. Jimmy Taylor's dependable Carson Park friend was evidently a man who could be trusted to lend a crutch to a limping Frankenstein monster. And, of course, the effervescing Feagler at once telephoned the good news to the Oracle office; whereupon Follansbee tore his hair and cursed Jimmy Taylor, hip and thigh.

"You oughtn't to kick," said the swing man, grinning. "Did you ever hear what happened to Frankenstein? Kind of an interesting tale—with a moral."

"Spring it!" said Follansbee briefly.

"Well," said Taylor, "Frankenstein was a student and he built something that looked like a man out of odds and ends—scraps that he picked up in graveyards and dissecting rooms—an arm here and a leg there. When he got enough parts he assembled 'em—all same cheap automobile. The joke of it was that the darned thing came to life!"

"Lovely little story!" commented Follansbee. "Well?"

"Oh, nothing; but the creature didn't have any name, and so the name of Frankenstein has been wished on it. Now whenever a man starts something he can't stop they say he has a Frankenstein creature on his hands. . . . Get me?"

"I will some day and you can bet on it!" was the grim response. "My Frankenstein was as dead as a mackerel, and would have stayed that way but for you. Now look at him! He's come to life and you've framed up a meeting of longhairs for him to address! That was a rotten trick to play on a friend!"

"The moral is, Never start anything," said Taylor cheerfully. "Frankenstein found that out. The thing he created got him into all kinds of trouble. Think it over, son." And the swing man went out of the office.

"Gee! I wish I could kill this reformer!" sighed Follansbee. "But if I do everybody will want to go to his funeral. If he vanishes into thin air, or fails to show up on Monday night, there'll be an investigation and I will get the well-known ax in the well-known neck. . . . Somebody has simply got to address that meeting! But who?"

It was while contemplating the needle-pointed horns of this dilemma that Follansbee blundered into the thought that the Cuthbert Feaglers were strangers to him, and he a stranger to them. He had conversed with them over the telephone, but that was all. . . . Follansbee reflected on this situation while he rolled and smoked four cigarettes. Pitching away the fourth stub, he rose and went to the telephone, where he called up the Feagler residence.

"Well, So Long, Alibi Ike! the Next Time a Reformer Ducks Out Get His Address, Will You?"

"Hello! . . . This Mrs. Feagler? . . . Follansbee speaking. If it's not too much trouble would you mind reading over to me a list of the people you have invited? . . . Yes; I'll hold the wire."

Ten minutes later he clicked the receiver on its hook with a deep sigh of relief, and that evening he purchased a vest-pocket cake of pumice stone, than which there is nothing better for removing yellowish stains from the finger-tips. He also sent his frock coat to the tailor for pressing.

III

ON MONDAY afternoon Follansbee received word that Mr. Achilles K. Munn desired to see him. The owner of the Oracle was a fat and pompous gentleman, who believed that the best way to endear himself to his hired men was to summon them into the presence and favor them with a dreary lecture, larded with oily platitudes. Follansbee entered the private office in fear and trembling.

"Ah, young man," rumbled Mr. Munn, "glad to see you! You have—uh—been handling this Volunteer Mother question, eh?"

Follansbee pleaded guilty as charged.

"A very excellent work, sir," continued the owner. "I have been—uh—deeply interested. Mrs. Munn has been deeply interested. Mr. Holland tells me you are to—uh—write up the meeting to-night."

"Yes, sir," said Follansbee meekly.

"Do your best on it," rumbled Mr. Munn heavily. "The Oracle is—uh—committed to just such work as this: the saving of the young and the—uh—welfare of the race. I shall read your report with a great deal of pleasure, young man. See that it is a good one."

"I'll do my best."

Mr. Munn smiled a fat smile.

"Angels can do no more; in fact, I think angels would make—uh—poor reporters. Too flighty. They wouldn't get the—uh—human viewpoint. Always keep the human viewpoint, my boy. It's essential. Good day!"

"What did the old windbag want?" asked the city editor curiously.

"No more than he ever does," was Follansbee's sullen reply. "He has to burble just so much or he'll bust starts out with calling you 'sir,' and winds up at the 'my-boy' stage! There was something in his system about that Hemmingway meeting to-night and he had to get it out."

"Yes," said Holland; "he fed it to me too. Wants the fullest kind of an account. You can throw yourself regardless on that speech."

"I'm going to, Dave," was the sober answer.

At seven-thirty a cab stopped in front of the Feagler residence and a tall young man ascended the steps. He was quite pale; there was a hunted expression in his eyes and the skirts of his frock coat flapped about his thin shanks. All things considered, he might, without a make-up, have passed for a nervous wreck, for in truth he was one at that moment. Mr. Feagler had been watching from a window and he hastened to open the door.

"I am Mr. Hemmingway," said the young man in low, hoarse accents. "Mr. Feagler, I presume?"

"Your presumption is entirely correct!" twittered the host. "I was almost beginning to be nervous about you. Delighted to greet you, sir—delighted, I do assure you! My humble roof is honored by your presence—honored indeed! Mrs. Feagler will be down in just a moment. She has been so anxious to discuss all our plans—so anxious to know you. Ah, yes, your hat! . . . There! . . . And now, if you would care to look over the rooms —— There may be a few changes you might wish to suggest."

Above everything else, Mr. Hemmingway desired to look over the rooms. Mr. Feagler, skipping and hopping in the excess of his emotions, led the way. The portières between parlor and sitting room had been taken down, most of the furniture moved out, and the space thus secured filled with small folding chairs, kindly furnished by Mr. Feagler's brother-in-law, in the undertaking business. Mr. Feagler conducted the honored guest between the rows of funebrial equipage and faced about in front of the sitting-room fireplace.

"We thought best that you should stand here instead of in the parlor," said he. "In case there are late comers they will not disturb you. There are other chairs, which we will place in the front hall as soon as these are filled. . . . Mrs. Feagler thought we should preserve as much of the home atmosphere as possible."

"So I see," remarked Mr. Hemmingway, gloomily regarding the rows of empty chairs. "A very pretty idea."

"Mrs. Feagler's—entirely," said the little man. "Now if there is anything you can suggest ——"

"The lights," said Mr. Hemmingway, blinking his eyes; "the lights distress me. . . . Perhaps, if you turned a few of them out ——"

"Yes, of course!" cried Mr. Feagler. "Of course! There, and there!" The electric switches snapped as he spoke; the glare faded into a dim religious light. "That's better, isn't it, Mr. Hemmingway?"

"Much better. And, if I may suggest another thing, there must be no reception—before or after the address. I fear I am hardly up to the task of meeting people. My doctor made me promise to speak and come away immediately; in fact, I am here against his earnest advice. He insists ——"

At this juncture Mrs. Feagler trundled into the room with a great rustling of silks, and was formally presented to the lion of the evening.

Continued on Page 29

The Bells of Saint Clemens

By Eugene Manlove Rhodes

ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY DUNN

VII

"YOU may say what you like," said Billy firmly, "but I'll never marry a girl that won't speak to me. No, sir! I'd as soon marry you—or Judith. Don't say Hilda to me!"

"What's the matter with us?" demanded Violet Armstrong tartly, from the porch steps.

"While I am no hardened moralist," said Pierre in a shocked voice, "both of you, you know—really, Vi'let! It's—it's unusual—very unusual!"

"Oh, bother! Why shouldn't you marry one of us, William?"

"Cousins," said Billy briefly.

"Nonsense! I'm not your cousin," said Judith.

"Vi is my cousin and you're Vi's cousin. Same thing," said Billy heartlessly. "Sorry, and all that. But you see how it is."

"Billy Armstrong, you're horrid!" declared Violet. "Of all the stuck-up smarties I ever saw, you're the worst. Charming Billy! William the Conqueror! Yah!"

"Hell hath no fury like a woman—quotation marks," said Pierre. "You've hurt their feelings, Billy."

A Little Man With a Six-Shooter Came From Behind the Old House, Driving a Taller Man Before Him

"Vain Miss Violet!" mocked Billy, and lifted his voice in song:

"Vain Miss Violet, there she goes,
All dressed up in her Sunday clothes!"

"That's a pretty little thing, Armstrong. Why don't you have it set to music?"

"That's right, Mr. Dowlin. You stick up for us," purred Violet. "You're not my cousin, are you?"

"If you weren't my cousin, Ju," said Billy dreamily, "I might consider you. You're not so bad looking, you know."

"Yes, I know. And I don't have to depend altogether on my looks, either. There is always the Elliott Plow Works. It is one of my greatest charms.

"What care I how black I be,
Forty pound shall marry me!
If forty won't, then fifty shall,
For I'm my daddy's bouncin' gal!"

"I'll tell you who'd be a good match for Judy," said Billy contemplatively. "The only man I know who might—possibly—manage her when she goes on these little tantrums, is that chap that called the plug-uglies last night."

"What was that, Billy?" asked Vi. "No trouble with the miners, I hope?"

"Nerviest thing I ever saw—and the silliest," said Pierre. "Heroic defense of the Welsh by a student of language and literature—man that never saw a harpoon. Disinterested devotion, I call it. Should be reported to Andrew Carnegie, the great medaler."

"But what's the story? We're all in the dark."

"Billy'll tell you. He talked to the Champion of Cymry all the rest of the evenin'. Thicker'n Damon and Charybdis, they were."

So Billy told the story, interrupted by many "Oh's!" and "Ah's!" "What was the chap's name, Hines?" he finished.

"I've forgotten."

"Rainboldt," said Ed Dowlin. "Dick Rainboldt."

"Gee!" said Judith. Her eyes grew big and round; her face burned.

"Another!" groaned Billy in great disgust. "Lordy, look at her blushin'!"

"Where'd you meet him, Ju?" demanded Violet.

"Oh, I'm such a fool—such an unfortunate little fool!"

"Sounds interestin'," said Hines. "Make good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever. Tell it to us."

"The day my horse got away, I—I met him on the trail and we came—— Oh, I can't! I'm ashamed!" said Judith through her fingers.

"I see," said Pierre.

"'O stay,' the maiden said, 'and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast!'
Suspicion filmed the stranger's eye,
And to the maid he made reply,
'Excelsior!'"

"Beast! Pierre Hines, you're just horrid, so there! I won't tell you—I won't! It was awful—worse than anything I've ever done."

"It must have been awful," said Miss Violet. "Now, you've got to tell us."

"I—I ——" began Judith wretchedly. "I ——"

"Yes, you, you, certainly. Go on!" encouraged Billy. "Spare us the preliminaries. We've been through them—eh, Dowlin?"

"She makes dimples," said Dowlin dismally. "She looks down—up at the hills—and sideways, to get the range, and then she gives you a broadside all at once. It's fierce! Tell us, Judith; you might as well. Just give us the outlines. We can fill them in."

Judith buried her burning face in her arms; half sobbing, half laughing, she blurted out the outlines of the shameful story.

"Gabriel's trump, and it doubled!" said Pierre.

"Rather!" said Dowlin, and whistled in his teeth.

Billy groaned.

"I told you all the time how it would be," he said in a weary and discouraged voice. "The cow has eaten the grindstone at last!"

There was a heavy silence. Judith peeped out timidly from her shelter. Miss Armstrong stared at her in unassumed horror. Billy supported his chin with both hands, with hopeless, unseeing eyes upon the far peaks of Fantasia Mountain. Pierre clung blindly to the corner post of the piazza, wrestling with some great emotion. She turned to Ed Dowlin, to find his honest blue eyes filled with a pity so obviously sincere that she abandoned half-measures and wept openly.

"You inhuman idiot!" said Miss Armstrong. "Howl, you miserable creature, howl! Serves you right!"

"'So kind of you, Sir Walter,'" observed Billy in a mincing voice. "'Here's a quarter for you. Ruilleh, Mr. Du Guesclin. I find I have forgotten my purse.' Oh, Lord!"

Judith began to wail afresh.

"Oh, I'm sorry! I'm so ashamed! I—I never knew any working men. I didn't kno-ow!"

"Rot!" said Billy brutally. "Come off that stuff! Your dad was a working man—is yet.

"If he could have had his way you'd have been brought up as an American girl. Aunt Jen always tried to be snobby. Snivel now, do! You've jolly well got a good right to. Go to it!"

"Come, Miss Elliott, it isn't so bad as all that," said Dowlin. "You can make it right with him, you know. Cheer up!"

"Oh, do you think so?" Judith put out a hand to him. "I'll apologize, of course, if that will do any good."

"Apologize? You want to crawl!" said Violet. "You want to grovel!"

"Offer to do his washing," advised Billy. "That is the only thing I can think of that will square you properly."

"Or his mending," supplemented Pierre in a choking voice.

"That might well be called ——"

"Pierre Hines!" Judith sprang to her feet with flashing eyes. "If you dare perpetrate any of your vile, execrable puns while I'm in such tr-trouble, I'll never speak to you again! I'm going to grovel! I know where Mr. Rainboldt lives—just over the divide, at the James ranch. I'll go now. I'll bring him back with me. Billy, you saddle Tippytoes for me while I change."

"I say, don't wash off the tearstains, Ju. That'll fetch him. You look rippin'!" said Billy.

"Imbecile!" said Judith, and disappeared.

"I haven't laughed so much since Uncle Jim died," declared Pierre.

"Well, she got hers! Did you ever hear the like of that caper?" demanded Miss Violet inelegantly. "We certainly punished that young lady for fair. All her mother's fault too. Hope we didn't rumple her precious feelings too much. I'll run upstairs and smooth her down a little before she goes."

"Women," said Billy in great disgust, "are all alike. Vi has gone to help Judith get her war paint on. Poor Rainboldt!"

Judith flashed through the gate a little later, waving a gay farewell to Violet and the three young men. Sabbath chimes pealed mellow from the towers of San Clemente church as she clattered up the stony road.

"The Bells of Saint Clemens!" said Pierre soberly. "You 'member what I said at the tennis match, Dowlin? She's makin' her choice right now—little Judy!

'Que t'as de belles filles,
L'Amour les comptera!'

"I'm a seventh son of a calamity howler, and I want to put my prophecy on record—little Judy is a goner!"

Charming Billy watched until Judith was a speck in the distance. He put out one hand to Dowlin and one to Violet.

The Shot Was Followed by a Dozen More, the Steady Pumping of a Repeater

"She isn't my cousin," he said in a wretched little whimper. "I want my little black Toodles!"

VIII

MR. DICK RAINBOLDT, being minded to teach to the Stargazer bronco the beginnings of his duty, found a bunch of cattle upon a stony hillside, with an unbranded calf of their number, a "short yearling," appertaining to Emil James. He hustled the bunch down to a sandy draw, where no harm might befall calf or horse; and there he closed in with a whirling loop, scattering the bellowing tailenders. The calf was swift, but studious Stargazer was swifter; there was a skillful cast of the loop, and the long-ear pitched and bawled at the rope's end. At his end of the rope Stargazer did a few spectacular bounds on his own account; but Rainboldt soothed him with voice and hand, and mysteriously contrived to avoid entanglement in the rope.

The bunch swept on. The yearling came to a momentary halt. Dick touched Stargazer with the spur, and, as the horse darted forward, he twitched the slack so that the yearling crossed it. At the same moment he reined Stargazer to his haunches; the long-ear executed a creditable somersault. Dick jumped off; he knotted the bridle rein deftly to the rope; he raced swiftly to the calf, tugging at the tie-string round his waist as he ran.

The yearling rose before Dick was halfway down the rope; he gave a heart-chilling battle cry, and made straight for his persecutor. Dick leaped aside. Stargazer tried to run. Horse and long-ear crossed the rope in opposite directions and both were thrown to the ground. As the yearling fell, the cowboy pounced upon him, gathered the frenzy-beating feet together with a swoop of legs and arms, made a few quick passes and rose. The captive was hog-tied. Dick threw off the choking neck-rope.

Stargazer scrambled to his feet, terrified; he decided to go away, but the bridle reins were tied fast and Dick was at the other end of the rope, with his heels plowing in the sand. Stargazer came to a halt, snorting; calling softly as he drew near, Dick came up the rope, coiling it as he came. He untied the reins, patted Stargazer's quivering muzzle, and put foot to stirrup.

It was time. The long-ear, madly threshing his head, bawled frantic terror and indignation. Down the draw, at this piteous outcry, a furious cow reappeared, prompted by maternal affection. She was too near for comfort. Stargazer whirled, plunging. Rainboldt slid into the saddle; he whirled his rope and shouted. The cow charged in a fine frenzy, head down, tail up, vociferous. Rainboldt strove vainly to turn her with shout and onsweep. Her blood was up; she held the right of way. Slipping aside, Dick fell in behind her and drew up close beside. The circling rope poised rhythmically; it swooped down over her shoulders in exact time with her plunging feet, whirling over, forward and downward, as it came; the uplifted hand drew the noose tight, the pony swerved; "forefooted," the luckless avenger turned in air and lit on her side with a resounding thump. Stargazer, swinging awkwardly, was near to following her example, but managed to keep his feet. The cow rose pluckily, gasping but undaunted. Bellowing defiance, she lowered her head for the onset; but the rope tightened with a cruel jerk, and she went down again. This time she took the count. When she got to her legs Dick allowed the loop to go slack; it dropped from her feet. When Rainboldt and the horse made a pass at her she turned tail and made off, defeated and grumbling.

Dick rode leisurely back to his calf. He gathered brush for a tiny fire. Stargazer, bridle tied to rope-end, watched with excited interest every fresh move of this unaccountable master. He began to think he would like the cow business.

Dick took the little running-iron from his saddle and shoved it in the fire. He sat cross-legged in the sand and permitted himself the luxury of a cigarette. The calf blatted dismally.

"*Please*, Mr. Rainboldt!"

Mr. Rainboldt started as if he had really heard the words. He blinked, and put up a hand to brush away the illusion. But the illusion persisted faintly.

"I'm so sorry."

"This is getting to be a habit," said Mr. Rainboldt calmly. He held up one hand and checked off the fingers of it with the thumb. "Three—three and a beer—twelve hours ago at that. This is serious."

"Won't you please forgive me?"

Dick turned his head; he leaped to his feet, scattering the branding fire. Judith Elliott was close behind him. She sprang down. Tippytoes whinnied to Stargazer politely. Dick took one glad step forward and checked, stiffening; the girl came on to meet him.

"Mr. Rainboldt, I'm dreadfully ashamed of myself," said Judith in a small, meek voice, "and I humbly beg your pardon."

The unfortunate calf rolled imploring and hopeful eyes at her as she came. Not Dick; the yearling.

"Here, you mustn't feel that way," said Dick stiffly. "Forget it! No bones are broken, that I know of."

"You must remember that I'm only a very ignorant and silly girl," said Judith feverishly, "and then you'll forgive me—won't you?"

"Great Scott, you mustn't feel like that. I don't bear any grudge."

"That don't sound very cordial, Mr. Rainboldt."

Dick pushed back his tawny mane.

"Cordial?" He waved his hand hospitably. "Sit down—make yourself at home. Is that what you want me to say, Jud—Miss Elliott?"

"No, it isn't. I hurt you shamefully, and I want you to say 'Jud—Miss Elliott, I forgive you'—just like that. Those very words. Mr. Rainboldt, I walked home every step; I wouldn't get in the stage. My heels were blistered and my tongue was too. Yes, it was. I said 'Jud – Miss Elliott, walk, expression, walk!' Now you'll forgive me, won't you—Dick?"

She held out both hands and Dick took them with marked unresistance.

"It sounds intolerably silly, but if it will make you feel any better, Miss Elliott ——"

"Jud—Miss Elliott," corrected the lady. She swept a swift glance at him from beneath her dark lashes.

"Jud—Miss Elliott, then—if you feel that way about it, you may consider yourself forgiven—but unforgotten."

Then a strange thing took place. Her warm, dusky face was near him, her eyes were shining. Dick tried honorably to free his hands and withdraw; Judith, for her part, did the same, as honorably; and both failed dismally. It happens that way sometimes. Indeed, it is hard to say what might not next have chanced had it not entered Stargazer's head, quite providentially, to go back to the high hills and liberty. That broke the spell.. Dick was standing on the rope; he grabbed it just in time. When he had brought the runaway to his senses the girl had fled to her own horse and was regarding him across the saddle, grave and bright-eyed.

"That was a narrow escape," said she.

"It was," agreed Dick, and looked his gratitude at Stargazer.

"I wish he had gotten clear away from you," mused Judith, her cheek on the saddle.

"Oh, was that what you were talking about?"

"It was. I wish he had. Then you might have ridden my horse, while I walked and—and evened it all up." Her face reddened with shame. "That was such a dreadful thing I did!"

"Young woman," said Dick firmly, "listen to me. Never speak of that fortunate affair again, do you hear? No references to allusions either. Mind, now! And get on your horse, please. I'm going to turn this calf loose in a moment."

"Aren't you going to brand him?"

"I am not. Ugly business, branding—not pleasant for you to see, when there's no need of it. I was just teaching my horse about ropin', anyhow. James can get his calf any day. I don't care if he never gets it."

"I know what you are going to say next."

"What is it, then?"

"You're going to say, Jud—Miss Elliott, and may you see me home?"

"I am," said Dick. "Correct! And what am I thinking now?" He swung into the saddle.

"If I tell you," said Judith reflectively, "you won't take advantage?"

"I'd scorn to do so," said Dick virtuously.

"Cross your heart and hope to die?"

Dick performed the required rite.

"You are thinking that I am going to fish for a compliment. You're wrong. I'm going to make a confession—of which you are to take no advantage. I told you a whopping big wrong story just now, Mr. Rainboldt."

Mr. Rainboldt made a swift review of recent events.

"Oh, that!" he said scornfully. "The narrow escape, you mean? You didn't mean the pony; you meant us?"

"Yes. We mustn't let it happen again." She pursed her lips to a prim line; but there were little struggling wiggles and wriggles.

"We will not; let me reassure you. It wouldn't have happened this time, only for this infernal horse."

Judith's eyes brimmed with mirth.

"Silly!" she said.

"Yes, wasn't it?" said Dick cheerfully. "And you call that a wrong story—that feeble attempt? Better let me give you some lessons if you want to learn to be a liar. Why, you poor, innocent child, that wasn't even a falsehood, much less a good round lie. That was timidity."

"You are quick-witted," acknowledged Judith. "The boys said so. They're waiting for you, you know. I promised to bring you back with me if you'd come."

"The boys?"

"You met them—Billy Armstrong & Co.—last night."

"Oh!" said Dick doubtfully.

"They'll want to talk to you. You quite won their hearts, Mr. Rainboldt. So let's gallop up. It's getting late."

"Wait a minute, please. Did you mean for always, or only not now?"

"I don't understand you."

"I wasn't to take advantage of your confession, you said. Does that mean never—or not now?"

Judith looked at Fantasia Mountain; she looked down; she peeped under her long lashes at Mr. Rainboldt, a swift, sidelong glance. Then the lashes drooped upon her flaming cheeks.

"Not now," said Judith faintly.

IX

"DO YOU mean to tell me," demanded Dick, "that you're all three of you stockholders?"

"Just Pierre and I," said Billy. "Dowlin has a mine of his own, such as it is."

It was Monday afternoon. Dinner was over. Dinner is the midday meal in San Clemente. Rainboldt sat once more on the Armstrong porch—with the stockholders named and the independent mine owner this time.

Having been specially requested by these three young gentlemen to take an hour's nap, to visit a neighbor—to clear out, at all events—the two young ladies had decided for the nap, and had flounced indoors in no very good humor, leaving the young gentlemen in triumphant and undisputed possession of young Mr. Rainboldt.

"Since my advice is not asked for, I'll give it," said Dick. "You sit here and tell me you're in sympathy with the strikers. Then you spring it on me that you're stockholders. Queer stunt, I call it. Operators and workers—now there are two words which mean exactly the same thing; but do they? Nay, brethering! The whole history of what we have agreed to call civilization is in those two words. A mine worker is one who works mines; a mine operator is one who works men."

"Fascinatin' subject, word study. But about geology now?"

"The study of operators has a direct bearing on geology, you'll find, Mr. Armstrong. Here are owners and miners in full sympathy, and a strike comes just the same. What's the answer? As an innocent bystander, I say, look for the operator."

"I don't get you," said Billy.

"You have to play deep for these fast ones," said Pierre.

Dick grinned. "The worst thing about education," he said, "is that it fosters a brutal prejudice against guessing The right guess is good thinking; I call it thinking across lots."

"I don't know what he means," said Pierre, "but then, neither does he."

"I do too," said Dick. "There are two ways of thinkin' and shootin' revolvers. Just two. One is hand-to-hip, click-click-bang! You don't aim nor nothin', but your bullet or your thought goes home as easy and certain as a carrier pigeon. And you can't tell anybody how to do it. Either you can or you can't, that's all there is about it.

"The other way is slower and mebbe surer. You look at the thermometer, get the distance by triangulation, allow for windage, altitude and the number of drinks under your belt, hold your breath, take a long sight and let go.

That's the army style of shooting—the logical style of thinking. It is mighty good. I've seen some dead center bull's-eyes done that way. Me, I like snap-shootin'."

"Show us. Produce."

"Listen, then. We will assume that you fellows represent the average Torpedo stockholder. You don't want a strike; the miners didn't want a strike; your uncle, one of the largest owners of Torpedo stock, was surprised at the strike. Virtuously indignant, also, I gather. But the point is, for my purposes, that the strike took him by surprise. Also, and vastly pertinent, the strike took the strikers by surprise. It seems to have been wished on them by a thoroughly competent wisher. Who and why is the merry little surpriser who surprises so many widely different poor kinds of people?"

The stockholders stared at each other.

"Spencer?"

"Mendenhall," said Pierre. "Billy, Spencer wouldn't dare do a thing like that on his own hook."

"But," said Billy, "my uncle assures me that Mendenhall sticks up for the strikers at every turn, and is greatly distressed by the whole affair."

"Was that like Mendenhall?" asked Dick.

Dowlin removed the cigar from his mouth. "It was not. Mendenhall is a highly adjustable phrase on wheels by birth, inclination and training," he said.

"Such eloquence from Dowlin is worth a volume from any other man, Mr. Rainboldt," said Pierre. "There you have Mr. Mendenhall's biography in full. Dowlin is not usually given to poetic licentiousness."

"And the superintendent?"

"You know where they keep things here, Billy. Get the hammers."

"Exhaustive and painful researches," said Billy, "have incontrovertibly shown that Spencer is more objectionable in more different ways than any other man west of any place east of a given point and hence on a line drawn due south or vice versa, as the case may be. Makes me think of Mr. Carker, all teeth and smile and white hands. The man's a bounder."

"'Eave 'arf a brick at 'im," said Pierre.

Dick nodded sagely.

"Thought so. The miners have been talkin' to me—telling me things they didn't know themselves. They bear you out in every respect. Old Pat Breen stayed with us last night, too, and I found out a heap from the things he didn't say.

"This strike was forced like a forced card in a conjurer's trick. The miners got treatment no self-respecting man would bear—a reversal of all Torpedo traditions, even of the policy Spencer had followed since he came. The timber supply was cut short suddenly, without reason, and where it was needed most. At exactly the same time the ugly treatment began—dockin' wages, arbitrary discharge of men for no cause given, hard words, unspoken slights."

"But what motive could there be in all this?"

"The love of unearned money is the root of all evil. When did this begin? I asked 'em.—Three weeks ago.—Where were they workin' at the time?—All over; lots of places.—But where was the work bein' pushed?—At such a place. Another man, old Malcolm Jedroe, remembered that the ore had struck him as unusually promising just before the hazing of the men began. Where was that?—At such a place—the last gallery on the six-hundred-foot level, if you want to know."

"It occurs to me," said Billy ruefully, "that, as stockholders, it might well have been our place to have made these investigations ourselves, instead of waiting for a man with brains to happen along."

"Correct," said Dick, "except about the brains. You chaps have got brains. What you need is a little piece of new equipment, a self-starter."

"Right-o!" said Pierre. "I knew Billy had to be cranked up to get him in action. But I hadn't noticed it on myself. Thanks to you. Proceed. Press the button. Turn on the juice. Go easy round the corners."

"All right. This A. M. old Pat Breen volunteered some information—volunteers it, remember; a suspicious circumstance in itself. He remarked, quite casually, in reference to nothing at all, that Spencer had made some new borings just before the trouble began. Where? 'Just beyond the end of the six-hundred-foot level, as I figure it,' says Breen. 'Between there and the end of the South Tunnel.'"

The two stockholders brought their chairs to a level and looked at each other with a wild surmise.

"My heart is God's little garden," quoth Pierre, "and this is a plant. Billy, it's a freeze-out. Was any report made of these borings, do you know?"

"I do. There wasn't."

"Has Mendenhall the cash to buy Torpedo stock if it goes down?" asked Dick.

"I think not. Clem Gray has, though—his nephew."

"It's face up, then," said Dick. "They've struck rich ore; they're keeping it mum and playing Beggar-my-neighbor with the mine to beat down the price of stock. How about it, Dowlin?"

"Face up," said Ed.

"I wish, Mr. Rainboldt," said Billy, "that you'd come with us and talk with Uncle Jim. Maybe you can make him see it."

"Not to-day. I gather that your uncle is, shall we say, a very firm old gentleman? And we haven't got, one iota—whatever that is—of real proof. Not a thing but the right guess. What you want is samples from the six-hundred-foot galleries or the South Tunnel—samples gathered in the dark of the moon."

"But even after we get the samples—and that won't be easy to do without rousing Mendenhall's suspicions—the assayer is Mendenhall's man," objected Billy. "We'll have to send away for an assay before we can be sure. That will take time, and time is just what we haven't got to spare. If another batch of strike breakers comes we're apt to have a fair imitation of merry hell here. You'd better come along and talk Uncle J. C. over, Rainboldt. You could sell a merry-go-round to an undertaker."

"I'd rather not. Not to-day, anyhow. I'm apt to get out of patience when people are firm, that way. And I always like to keep a little patience on hand for emergencies."

"Besides," hazarded Pierre, "you have problems of your own?"

"Here the girls come now," said Billy.

Rainboldt went home early, declining an invitation to supper. Miss Violet had been kind, but Miss Judith had been inexplicably civil. The experienced man was hurt and grieved. His experience had been gained in dealings with other men. It is held by many that certain emotions affect the judgment adversely.

He passed the incoming stage; he climbed the steeps of San Clemente Pass at sundown; he turned at the summit for a red glimpse of the high western plain, a shimmering wedge between the foothills.

A stone rolled clattering; Rainboldt turned his head. A man rode down the high trail from the south. Rainboldt waited for him.

"Mr. Rainboldt, I believe?" said the newcomer, and flashed a double row of gleaming teeth.

"Your belief is well founded," said Dick. He knew the man by description; there could be no brother to that false, toothy smile, not in San Clemente. "And you are Mr. Spencer?" Dick held the other with his eyes; he slipped the silver watch from his pocket to his bootleg. The thing was done ostentatiously, a palpable insult. It brought no abatement of the white and even teeth.

"I wish to speak with you, Mr. Rainboldt, on a matter of some importance. I have been waiting for you."

"I listen."

"I am, as you know, the manager of the Torpedo. Mr. Connor has given me golden opinions of you. He assures me that you are the very man for my purpose."

"Considering your informant," said Dick slowly, "considering yourself, and me—I begin to have opinions about your purpose."

The teeth expressed no resentment.

"Connor tells me that you are brave to a fault; reckless. You are young, high-spirited, foot-loose. You have the world before you to choose from; you can go where you will. You are out of work; it is thought that you are not indifferent to money. May I rely on your discretion?"

"You mean, am I for sale? I am—for cash. Stop beating about the bush. I get the idea, and the words we can save for other things. Let's have it. Never mind the sugar-coating. I'm not squeamish."

This plain speaking was not at all to Spencer's mind. He had thought to gloss his purpose with half words. He drew back, disconcerted.

"Can I trust you?"

"You can trust me to do exactly what you pay me for—no more, no less," said Rainboldt bluntly.

"But if you do not accept my offer?"

Dick reflected.

"Short of burning an orphan asylum or running a newspaper

The Neighbor Stars Bent Low to Kiss the Hills

contest for the most popular young lady, I'm your man. If I don't play I'll keep mum. Give it a name. No, stop a little. Maybe you won't need to tell me. Why don't you set Connor at it? If it is too strong for his stomach you'd better keep still."

"No, no; it's not that at all," said Spencer eagerly. "It's this way. Connor and his gang must not have any part in the play. And the chief reason for selecting you is that your row with Connor the other night has identified you with the strikers. No suspicion will fall on you."

"It is to discredit the strikers, then?"

"Exactly. The strike breakers must be above suspicion. The play must be pulled off when Connor's crowd are in evidence elsewhere, so no blame can possibly attach to them. Do it at night. They'll all be at the saloon."

"Do what at night? What do you want to Fletcherize your talk for? You can't make any deal with me unless you speak out of your mouth. What is it you want me to do?"

Spencer lowered his voice to a whisper. "You know how to use dynamite, of course? Yes? Well, I want you to blow up a tunnel—an adit."

"In the Torpedo?"

"Yes. I'll show you which one. We're running it in to drain the mine so we can stop the expense of pumping."

"And you don't want it stopped?"

"It will give the union a black eye," faltered Spencer, disconcerted again.

"Go Back, You Fool, Before That Fellow Shoots You"

"And you don't want that expense stopped?" repeated Rainboldt. "I need the information to fix my price by. Come through."

"Well—no," admitted Spencer.

"I'll do it," said Dick. "That will be cheap. I thought, from the way you went on, you had a dirtier job to do. Twenty-five hundred, cash "

"I'll give you two thousand."

"Good night to you," said Dick, and put his horse to the trail.

"Come back! Come back, Rainboldt. I'll give you your price."

"You sure will, if you do business with me," said Dick, riding back.

"But I can't pay you in advance. You might keep the money and laugh at me."

"And if I do your dirty work before I'm paid you could keep the money and have a little laugh yourself," rejoined Dick tartly. "I will tell you what I will do with you. I'll draw straws to see which one trusts the other. Or I'll play you the first game of seven-up, and not count any turned-up jacks."

"How would it suit you if I paid you half in advance and half after you do the job."

"Suits me. Fair enough. Get your dynamite and the cash and I'll turn the trick to-morrow night, after the moon goes down."

"I can't have the money to-morrow. I have to wait for—for a certain person to come back and draw the money from the bank. Come Wednesday morning. Wait in the post office casually. It won't do for us to be seen together. I'll drop in and hand you the money when no one is by. The other half I'll give you the same way—afterward. Don't let anyone suspect that you know me."

"Make yourself easy. I indulge in few social distinctions," said Dick, "but I have a limit. How about the dynamite?"

"Get a room at the hotel," said Spencer. "Register, go downtown and leave your door unlocked. The stuff will

(Continued on Page 73)

LOOT

By ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE

ILLUSTRATED BY M. LEONE BRACKER

XIV

PROPPED against the sugar bowl was a morning paper; Tryon read it gloomily. Opposite him Pelham read his paper on this, the second morning after the crime. He turned the leaves and noticed Tryon's face.

"What's new?" demanded Pelham. "I waited up for you until two last night, but you hadn't come in then. Any developments? Is the French waiter any better?"

"A little worse, if anything," grunted Tryon.

"Well, what did you do yesterday?"

"Do? What could I do? I mulled over the proposition. I did the usual obvious things—the routine things. A hundred men from the force, and I guess as many more private detectives, are running round the city. Lord, I had to do something! But it won't amount to anything. I know that much. As if routine work would land the Gray Ghost! Land him, who planned every move like an expert chess player!"

He gulped some coffee.

"You see, Mr. Pelham, every act of his was planned; planned way ahead. If I could lay my finger on *some one* thing that he didn't plan ahead—but where is it? Jacques, who could have tipped me off, is practically dead, so far as helping me is concerned. The woman who phoned me twice and who wrote me the notes—there was the weak spot, Mr. Pelham. It lay in the happenings before the crime was committed, in treachery. But—he must have tumbled to it. Of course he did. And the crime itself, and the escape—nothing there for me. If I could only find someone who had seen Williams—someone who knew him outside of Arabin's before the crime! But I can't, and no one has come forward to volunteer the information. Yet Williams must have conferred—if not with the Ghost himself, with some high agent of his. If I could trace Williams—some apparently innocent conversation before the crime—some little meeting—but I can't."

"What about the assault on Jacques?" asked Pelham. "Who was the woman that gave those notes to him?"

Tryon snorted disgustedly.

"As if I hadn't wondered that a hundred times!"

"Wondered it—yes. But Jacques had told you that you'd spoil everything if you attempted to find out who she was.

"You took his word for it; you didn't try. And since Thursday you've forgotten about her. At least you've not thought of trying to find her have you?"

"The Gray Ghost must have tumbled to her; that's why Jacques was laid out," replied Tryon. "He's taken care of her. If she's not dead he's got her hidden away. Instead of wasting time trying to find her, I've been busy thinking of him. Jacques had no intimates at all. No one seemed to know of any woman friends he had. He was never known to call on any women or to take one out anywhere. That's according to his landlady and the waiters at Bishop's. But, anyway, if I know anything of handwriting, the woman who wrote those notes was a lady. Ladies don't pal round with waiters. They only come into contact with waiters at restaurants. Therefore, it's a pretty safe bet that she handed the notes to Jacques at Bishop's. That's where she'd see him.

"Of course she might have mailed them; but Jacques' landlady said that, so far as she could remember, Jacques had never received a letter at his lodgings. And at Bishop's they mentioned, as proving they knew little about his personal affairs, that he never received any letters there. She must have handed them to him. And I'd never have thought of it but for you. . . . Well, let's not congratulate each other too soon. Care to come along with me to Bishop's?"

"Rather!" exclaimed Pelham.

Bishop's did not do much of a breakfast business; at least those who breakfasted there did so at an hour that approximated the majority's lunchtime, and the manager was free.

He received Tryon and his companion at once and evinced every willingness to aid the detective. At Tryon's request he summoned several head waiters and captains to his private office. One by one Tryon questioned them, and when the last of them had departed he had a list of eleven names on paper.

They were the names of women who had shown a decided partiality for Jacques, who had insisted that he personally look after their orders, had invited from him suggestions as to their orders. Having cautioned the manager to keep quiet and told him to repeat the order to his employees, Tryon led the way from the restaurant and in the lobby of a near-by hotel sat down and looked at the list studyingly.

"We can cross off these four," he said, indicating them.

"Why?"

"Well, three of them are the wives of well-known gamblers. The other is rather notorious."

"Just the sort of women who ——"

"Think harder," counseled Tryon dryly. "Would the Gray Ghost choose, for any of his gang, notorious people; people in the bad books of the police; people who create suspicion wherever they're seen; who cause their companions to be suspected as not quite the right sort? And especially women of that type? Hardly! We needn't bother with these four. That leaves seven. Well, there's Mrs. Billy Crapaud. Cross her off. Her husband's got four million dollars his father left him, and they're a silly couple who love to think they're Bohemiana. Neither she nor he is in this deal. And this Mrs. Ellington—her husband is the dentist with the big Broadway practice. She's all right. Silly little woman with peroxide hair. I know them both. Count her out. That leaves five. And about these five—well, come on with me while I have a little talk with four of them."

"Do you expect them to own right up?" inquired Pelham mischievously.

"Whoever slipped those notes to Jacques intended to tip me to the whole game," said Tryon with certainty. "She stopped, let's say, because she was afraid to go any farther. Why was she afraid to go any farther? Because Jacques had had it handed to him. Now then, if she wasn't afraid to slip me the rest of the works, it was because she couldn't—because the Gray Ghost has silenced her. And the woman who was game enough to take the risk of double-crossing him could be silenced in only two ways—by kidnaping or death. I don't take much stock in the afraid theory.

"And you'll notice that I said I'd talk with four of them? If the fifth is missing —— Well, we can do some thinking then—that is, if this dope we're following is the right stuff. Come on!"

He used a simple formula. He introduced himself under his own name and said that he understood the lady on whom he was calling had wished to see him. From four houses and apartments he dismissed himself with apologies for his mistake and a promise to make it unpleasant for the person who had sent him on a wild-goose chase. At the fifth stop it was not necessary to make apologies; for Morn Light, the actress, whose name had been last upon the list of those who had shown a preference for Jacques' services when dining at Bishop's, had gone away, said the bell boy of the Glenworth.

No; she had not given up her apartment. He understood that she was sick. No; he had not been on duty when Miss Light went away. He hadn't seen her since Monday afternoon, when she went out, presumably on her way to dine and thence to the theater. This hallboy went off duty at six o'clock. Maybe the night hallboy knew something about the time when Miss Light had gone away. Yes; he knew the night hallboy's address—that is, the old one's; the one who had left on Monday morning and never come back. He wasn't intimate with the boy who had come to work on Tuesday and didn't know his address.

Tryon asked for the superintendent of the apartment. That worthy knew nothing about Miss Light's present whereabouts. He simply knew that her maid had told him that Miss Light had left The Sunlight Girl Company owing to a nervous indisposition, of which a sprained ankle had been the capping climax, and was going out of town to rest.

This was on Tuesday morning. Did not the hallboy remember seeing Miss Light leave on Tuesday? Well, the boy might have gone outside to sneak a smoke; such things happened. It was hardly probable that Miss Light had left while the night boy was on duty, at before six in the morning. The day boy simply didn't want to admit that

anything could have occurred of which he was ignorant. The apartment? Certainly he'd show the gentleman from headquarters through it.

But there was nothing in Miss Light's apartment to give any proof of her connection with the mystery; and, as the superintendent protested, it was natural that she should go away without giving much notice. Why not? She rented the apartment by the year; she could do as she wished stay or go away on a vacation. What was the trouble anyway?

But Tryon returned an evasive answer to this, and shortly he and Pelham left the Glenworth. The young millionaire was excited.

"Doesn't it look as though she's the one?" he asked.

Tryon shrugged his shoulders.

"Not yet. It's perfectly natural that she shouldn't make a fuss about going away—that is, if she's really sick. Actresses don't quit playing the star parts in successful shows like The Sunlight Girl unless they are sick—or in love; or unless she were mixed up in something like this Arabin affair. And that doesn't seem likely. Still, it's plausible enough that one of the women on this list slipped the notes to Jacques, and I'm satisfied it was none of the others. And Jacques was knocked out shortly after midnight on Monday. Miss Light—if the hallboy tells the truth—must have left her apartment before six on Tuesday morning. Some connection there, eh?

"Still, her maid saw the superintendent during Tuesday forenoon, which makes it look as though the hallboy was mistaken and that Miss Light left during the forenoon. The boy may have gone out for a smoke, as the superintendent suggests. However, if Miss Light did leave before six A. M., and her maid later stalled the superintendent so he'd not think anything funny of such an early departure—if the maid remained behind to make things look natural—well, the night boy who quit his job on Tuesday morning and has not yet returned for his pay might know something, eh? We'll look him up."

But the ex-hallboy of the Glenworth was not at the address given. His colored landlady said that he had come to his room on Tuesday morning and packed up his things, announcing that he had won a large sum in a lottery and was leaving town. No; she had no idea where he'd gone.

"Looks funny, doesn't it?" said Pelham as they left the Hell's Kitchen neighborhood, where the missing hallboy had lived.

"There still are lotteries running, you know," said Tryon warily, "and the negroes play them a lot. I don't know; but—let's go to the Vandergelt Theater."

But ten minutes' conversation with the box-office man convinced Tryon that he had found a mare's nest. Doctor Lawrence, well known to the theatrical world—Dr. Adams W. Lawrence—had sent a note to the managers of the theater on Tuesday afternoon saying that Miss Light was suffering from nervous breakdown brought on by overwork and helped to its crisis by her ankle injury of Monday night. He had forbidden her to continue with her performance, he wrote, and had ordered her to go from the city. "Just as the advertisements say," ended the box-office man.

"Well, what do you think?" asked Pelham when they were in the street again.

Tryon grunted.

"I hate to think that your idea—ours, then"—and he chuckled—"is all to the bad. It looked all to the good. Still, the hallboy may have been telling the truth about that lottery business. It doesn't necessarily follow that he took a large piece of money for keeping his mouth shut. It doesn't seem to me that the Gray Ghost would take chances with an ignorant negro knowing his plans."

"You want to remember that evidently this was one of the impulsive things, the things not planned—the sort of thing you were looking for. He'd have to take chances then. Besides, the hallboy may not have seen anything that would naturally make him connect the later stunt at Arabin's with Miss Light. A little rough-house, maybe, and he was told to keep his mouth shut, and bribed, and told to leave town."

"Huh! Maybe," said Tryon. "Anyway, let's call on Doctor Lawrence."

They did so; and when they left him their hopes that they were on the right scent had risen again, for, under Tryon's aggressive questioning, the physician yielded some information that might be important. He said smirkingly that he always liked to oblige the ladies. Miss Light's maid—Celia, he thought her name was—had called on him Tuesday morning.

She had said that her mistress was going to elope with a young man whose father was a multi-millionaire.

They wanted to keep the story out of the papers, because the prospective groom's father might be very angry. They wanted to break it to him gently later on. Also, the young couple did not wish to wait any longer. But Miss Light had her contract with the theatrical company. Only sickness would permit her to break that. If she tried to break it for any other reason there might be newspaper talk leading to the discovery of her marriage. Would Doctor Lawrence write a certificate stating that Miss Light was too ill to act and must go away for a rest? And the physician had done so. He hoped that the detective—Tryon had mentioned his profession—would not find it necessary to confer undesirable publicity upon a man who had erred merely because of his desire to help a most estimable young woman achieve happiness. It was a fishy yarn.

Tryon merely grunted a disgusted response to his plea and departed with Pelham.

"How about it now?" demanded Pelham.

"I think enough of it," replied the detective, "to have a search instituted for that hallboy. If we could find him and—well, even though he has four days' start, it ought not to be difficult to locate a bow-legged negro youth whose face is pitted by smallpox and who has a permanently twisted neck. Cinch, eh?"

It was too.

No sooner had Tryon finished describing, over the telephone to a headquarters detective, the details that he wanted wired to every police chief in the country than the answer came:

"Why, you needn't look any farther than the morgue, Lieutenant Tryon. You've been away from the department and wouldn't be likely to know; but a negro who exactly answers that description was found floating in the East River on Wednesday with his head caved in."

Tryon repeated the news to Pelham.

"That," said the detective, awed, "is how the Gray Ghost cures the weak spots."

"Yes," rejoined Pelham excitedly; "but it's proved one thing, hasn't it?—that Miss Morn Light is the woman we want?"

"Yes," said Tryon; "and all we have to do is find her. All Peary had to do was find the North Pole, you know. Very soft!"

"But her friends ——"

When that morning had merged into afternoon, and afternoon had rolled into evening, and evening had become late night, Tryon had learned one certain fact—Morn Light had not a single known intimate in the city. Acquaintances, fellow actresses who occasionally lunched or dined with her; but no one else. It was true there were people who had called on her at the Glenworth—men; but who were these men? Their names were Smith, Jones, Brown, Robinson, Clarke, and the like—commonplace names. At least, such were the names her callers had given to the day hallboy at the Glenworth. And who could pick the right Smith, Jones, Brown, Robinson or Clarke from the many in the city who bore those names, even assuming—what probably was not the fact—that those visitors gave their right names?

In Morn Light lay the solution of the Gray Ghost's identity. Of that Tryon was now certain. But those people of the theatrical world who knew her could give him no real information, themselves possessed none, being patently innocent of any connection with the Gray Ghost. And her mysterious men callers, who never dined out with her, so far as Tryon could learn—and a hundred men had been working for hours on this new angle of the case—not one of them was known to Morn's theatrical friends.

Weary, baffled, at about eleven o'clock Tryon went down to headquarters to give his personal scrutiny to what new data had come in. But there was only one thing that stood out as really important. This was a cablegram that had been sent to Arabin and had been turned over to the police. It was from Brenner Carlow in London, and voiced his extreme anxiety. It read:

Just read of robbery. Did Hildreth get necklace? Answer.

Tryon knew the necklace to which Carlow referred, of course. He called for a cable blank and wrote:

Who is Hildreth? Wire full details at once. Necklace lost.

He signed Brainerd's name to the message; then, leaving orders that any reply to it should be telephoned to him the moment it arrived, he went disconsolately home to Pelham's house—and so, as Mr. Pepys would say, to bed.

XV

A SERVANT interrupted a silent breakfast on Sunday morning to tell Tryon that he was wanted on the telephone. The instrument was in the hall outside the dining room, and from it in a moment Tryon called for pencil and paper. Pelham leaped from his chair and provided his guest with the requested writing materials. Then he returned to his breakfast and the Sunday newspapers. He heard Tryon order whoever spoke to him to repeat something slowly, and heard the detective's pencil move across the paper.

"'Signed Carlow,'" said the detective finally. Then: "Get busy, Rafter! I want a report on this Hildreth in one hour—no less. If he's registered at any hotel in New York you should find it out in that time. I'll be here waiting for your report."

He rang off and reëntered the dining room.

"Well?" said Pelham.

Tryon placed before him the paper on which he had taken down the telephone message. Pelham read it eagerly:

Brainerd, Police, New York: Wade Hildreth, London solicitor connected with firm handles my affairs here sailed Lucantia due last Monday intended return St. Louis Thursday held my proxy for stockholders' meeting New York & Middle Western also two million check payable Arabin for necklace mailed pictures of him same time so no hitch about identification or right to receive necklace shade under six feet light hair blue eyes smooth-shaved good color straight nose large mouth cleft chin high forehead muscular weight about one seventy keep quiet about proxy matter as understand meeting postponed and will request New York attorneys to handle matter if Hildreth is missing spare no expense offer reward any reasonable amount for his discovery fear foul play as absolutely honest keep me informed. Signed Carlow.

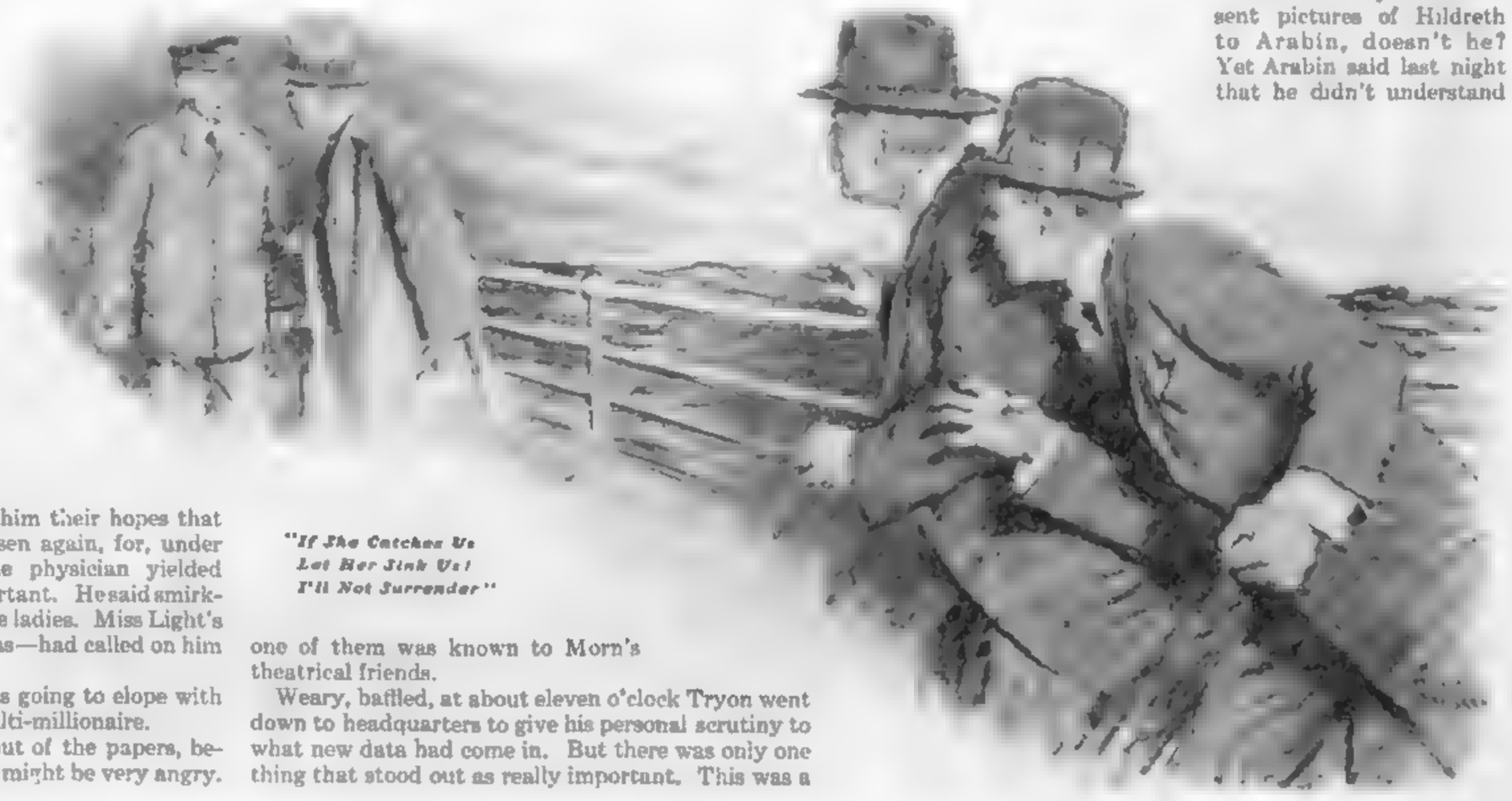
"What do you make of it?" asked Tryon.

"You don't think," hazarded Pelham, "that this Hildreth could have been mixed up with the Ghost?"

"You mean one of his gang?" Tryon shook his head. "I'm willing to concede that the Ghost has brains and that he's almighty lucky too; but it's too much to believe that either brains or luck made it possible for him to plant one of his gang in the office of Carlow's London attorneys and have that member of his gang chosen as Carlow's messenger to retrieve the necklace Arabin has been constructing for Carlow. Hildreth may have been mixed up with the Ghost, but not as an ally. The Ghost may have put him out of the way."

"How could he have known of Hildreth's coming? I don't imagine Carlow advertised it, did he?"

"Carlow says that he sent pictures of Hildreth to Arabin, doesn't he? Yet Arabin said last night that he didn't understand



"If She Catches Us Let Her Sink Us! I'll Not Surrender"

Carlow's cable; that he had received no previous word from Carlow. Yet letters don't often go astray, do they? Well then?"

"Williams," said Pelham softly.

"Sure thing!" said Tryon. "Williams, we know, opened all of Arabin's mail. Perfect cinch for him to hold back anything if he chose, eh? And we know that the robbery of Arabin's wasn't any haphazard affair planned in a moment. It was the outcome of a long-planned scheme. Undoubtedly the day had been fixed weeks ahead—and the very hour. The time and date wouldn't be changed if the Ghost could avoid it. Such a change might seem a minor thing, but it might prove mighty important. The Ghost, I imagine, wants things to go through on schedule. Well then, he learns from Williams that Carlow is sending a man over for the necklace and that the man would arrive last Monday.

"Arabin has told us that the necklace was finished a week or so earlier than was expected. Undoubtedly, in his original plan, the Ghost had contemplated capturing that necklace. He knew that the Arabin workshops are in a different building from the store. He'd not want to plan two robberies at the same time, and he couldn't hope to rob the workrooms after robbing the store, or vice versa. And he knew—through Williams, of course—that the necklace wouldn't be brought from the shops—and the shops are mighty well guarded too—until entirely finished. But he probably wanted that necklace. Two million dollars' worth of diamonds was worth while planning for. So he fixed a date on which it was pretty certain that the necklace would be either in the private safe or in the vaults.

"Then he learns that the workmen have been quicker than he expected and a messenger is coming to snatch the prize away.

"He couldn't change the date of his operations so as to snatch the necklace before Hildreth arrived. What would he naturally do? What, considering that Hildreth's coming was kept from Arabin's knowledge, is the natural assumption that he did do?"

"Snatched Hildreth away," answered Pelham.

"Exactly! Carlow says Hildreth is honest. We've got to believe that he is. But he doesn't arrive at Arabin's store at all. You'd naturally expect that he'd have dropped into Arabin's on Tuesday anyway. And as the St. Louis sailed at ten in the morning he'd have had to be at Arabin's round nine on Thursday to get the necklace. Too early for the Gray Ghost's plans. Oh, the Ghost nicked him, all right. If he hadn't——"

The telephone interrupted his reasoning. Tryon answered it and came back in a moment.

"This is a fine note," he said to Pelham. "It was easy to locate where Hildreth went on arriving in New York. Name and description both fit. He went to the Battenberg. The clerk just told Captain Kenney over the telephone that a room was engaged for Mr. Wade Hildreth on last Monday. A man who said he was a clerk at Arabin's store engaged it in Arabin's name for Hildreth. Hildreth didn't take the room assigned to him, but took one on a lower floor. That don't seem to mean much, though. He didn't like elevators, the clerk said. Hildreth dined alone; about eight he asked the way to the Vandergelt Theater and went out. He didn't come back; but next morning, Tuesday, the same guy who had engaged the room, the man who said he was a clerk from Arabin's, came down to the Battenberg and said that Mr. Hildreth had decided to stop at Mr. Arabin's house during his stay in New York. Brought a note from Hildreth asking that the man be given his things.

"It seemed plausible enough, and the clerk—quick-witted guy he is too—compared the handwriting of the note with Hildreth's writing on the register, and gave up the Englishman's things at once. The man paid for the room and drove off with Hildreth's bags in an automobile and the clerk promptly forgot all about Hildreth. Why wouldn't he? Arabin's clerk had engaged the room and Arabin's clerk came to get Hildreth's things. Nothing fishy about that and nothing in it to make the clerk later think that there was any connection between this piece of business and the looting of the jeweler's store."

"How do you suppose they were able to imitate Hildreth's handwriting?" asked Pelham.

"Well, it's perfectly natural to suppose that the Gray Ghost, along with his other talents, can do a little forging, isn't it? If he can't he's probably got round him a few men who are handy with a pen. They'd be rather necessary at times. And they had plenty of opportunity to study Hildreth's signature on the register. Anybody could flip the leaves of that. Or Hildreth may have had some writing of his own on his person. That's simple enough. But what have they done with him? It isn't reasonable to suppose that the Gray Ghost would burden himself with a prisoner. He might do so with a woman like Miss Light, but hardly with a man. He'd put him out of the way.

"Yet, so far as I know, there's been no man answering his description turned up as the victim of any crime or accident. And last night, realizing from the murder of that hallboy that I might find other clews—I didn't know what, but I spent a little time on the off chance—I went over the descriptions of all the persons that are known to the police to have died violent or mysterious deaths since the beginning of the week.

"But nobody that I can remember now was at all like this description of Hildreth. But anyway, my brain's buzzing with descriptions, like I said the whole force would be. Read what Carlow says about Hildreth."

Pelham stared at the words Tryon had written. He repeated aloud the part of Carlow's cable that described Hildreth. He repeated it a second time.

"I may be all off, Jerry," he said; "but doesn't it sound like the description of the man Daly?"

Tryon pounced on the paper. He read it again.

"Daly? It sure does sound like him, Mr. Pelham. More than that—it is he! And the check boy to whom Daly refused to surrender his hat and coat said he talked like a Bostonian. Broad *a*, you know. Well, that would be English too. . . . But—great grief!—Mr. Pelham, why should Hildreth call himself Daly?"

"We knew that Hildreth went to the Vandergelt Theater," suggested Pelham. "We know that Morn Light was playing at that theater. We are pretty certain that Morn Light knew something about the Gray Ghost and that she was passing along information to you—intended to pass on more.

"We know that that information passed through the hands of Jacques. Now then, if Hildreth was Daly, and was in a private room to which he had been conducted by Jacques, and had gone to Bishop's under a false name—isn't there a connection there?"

Tryon stroked his chin

"There're only two reasons why a man like Hildreth should assume a false name," he said slowly. "One is that he might be a crook. Carlow's cable and our own common sense make us drop that idea. The other reason would be that he did it out of fear or caution. Hildreth, the Vandergelt, Morn Light! . . . Morn Light and Jacques the waiter! . . . Jacques and Hildreth!

"Morn Light, unless we're way off our trolley, was warning me. She might have warned Hildreth. Might have sent him to Jacques - but Daly got away! A taxi chauffeur told the police, when questioned, that he had driven the man answering to Daly's description—and also to Hildreth's—to the Pennsylvania Station at just about the time the strangers went up to the private dining room at Bishop's after inquiring for Mr. Daly. If Daly was Hildreth, and made his getaway, what's kept him silent from early Tuesday morning to to-day, Sunday?"

"But you have only the words of a chauffeur and a door porter at Bishop's that Daly was driven to the Pennsylvania Station. And on Tuesday morning the police questioned all the station attachés who had been on duty at the time when Daly was driven up there. No one remembered seeing a man of that description. He hadn't bought a ticket anywhere."

"He might have had a ticket already," objected Tryon.

"If he were really a man named Daly, and not Wade Hildreth, an Englishman, a stranger in this city and country! But what would Hildreth be doing with a ticket on the Pennsylvania road? If Daly were Hildreth and went out of town, would he, a man trusted with important work by Brenner Carlow, be the sort of man to remain hidden and silent when he had his duty to do? Especially since the robbery of Thursday?"

"But, granting that Daly was Hildreth," said Tryon, "and that the Gray Ghost had discovered, that the Gray Ghost's gang had learned that Hildreth was at Bishop's and went there after him and, not getting him there, slugged Jacques because they were suspicious of him, and then went after Hildreth. Grant that. Yet Hildreth was taken to the Pennsylvania Station. And a kidnaping couldn't occur there, even in the late hours, without people noticing it, you know. Yet Hildreth, if it is Hildreth whose movements we are figuring, was set down in the Pennsylvania Station. And there's no record of his being attacked there; nor any disturbance on any train. Of course he might have been captured at some station, some town, along the Pennsylvania's lines; but why was he there? Why did he go there?

"Of course Jacques may have warned him to go out of town, but it doesn't seem likely that Hildreth would obey such a warning. He'd be more likely to go to the police if he knew something was up than to run out of town."

"Why assume that he even started for out of town?" questioned Pelham. "As I said a moment ago, you have only the words of the porter and chauffeur that he did drive to the Pennsylvania Station. Logic suggests that Daly was Hildreth. Logic tells us that Hildreth wouldn't be likely, a stranger in this country, to take a train out of town at an hour after midnight, attired in evening clothes. Logic tells us that there's a possibility that the chauffeur and porter lied.

"If Daly was Hildreth, and not a party to the assault on Jacques, it is certain that he would have communicated with the police before this if he was able. If he was one of the Gray Ghost's gang—well, in that case our reasoning falls flat. But does it seem plausible that he was one of the gang? His description—Hildreth's having gone to the theater where Morn Light was playing, and

Ripping Jewels From Their Settings Had Engrossed the Gray Ghost Since the Yacht Steamed Out Five Days Before

Another Boom Sounded. In a Few Moments the Guns Would be Within Range

then this man who looked so like Hildreth having been closeted with Jacques—what does logic tell you, Jerry?"

"About what it's told you, Mr. Pelham," said the lieutenant. "But there's something that's a whole lot more dependable in police work than logic."

"What's that?"

"The third degree," said Tryon. "You never saw it worked? It's interesting. And you're entitled to take a slant at its workings, I think. Wait till I use the telephone and have that chauffeur rounded up, and the porter too. Then we'll ride downtown."

It was noon before the chauffeur who said he had driven Daly to the Pennsylvania Station on the night of the assault on Jacques was brought to headquarters. But the sidedoor porter at Bishop's had been apprehended an hour earlier and had confessed, before the chauffeur's arrival, that he had been given a hundred dollars by a stranger to say, if he was questioned, that he had heard the man answering to the description of Daly order that he be driven to the Pennsylvania Station. The porter did not know the man who had asked him to do this; he only knew that he had received a hundred dollars for so doing, and had been promised that if he said anything else he would regret it very soon.

Confronted by this confession the taxi chauffeur broke down. He said that he had been accosted, on his return to Bishop's after discharging his fare, by a man who gave him two hundred dollars on condition that he make the statement he had since made to the police. He, too, had been threatened. He had assumed that some gamblers' war was in progress and he did not care to be mixed up in it. He thought that the best thing he could do was to keep his mouth shut. He had known of chauffeurs who talked too freely after deeds of violence had been committed, and those chauffeurs later figured as unfortunate principals in other deeds of violence. He had conferred with the door porter and both of them had decided to pocket their bribes and do as they were told. Doing as one had been told was often profitable in the Tenderloin. Squealing to the police was quite the antithesis of profitable. The chauffeur told the truth now. He had driven the man who, under the name of Daly, had occupied the private dining room with Jacques to the Glenworth Apartments!

"Where Morn Light lived!" ejaculated Pelham.

Tryon nodded grimly; his eyes blazed with excitement.

"Now then," he addressed the shrinking, frightened chauffeur, "the porter says that he had never before seen the man who bribed him. He says that he was stocky and stout. Is that the way you'd describe the man who accosted you?"

The chauffeur nodded.

"Had you ever seen him before?" queried Tryon.

"Listen, boss," whimpered the chauffeur. "You know what a squealer gets in this burg, don't you? Ain't I told you enough?"

"And you'll have a chance to learn what happens to a man who refuses information to the police," threatened Tryon. "I can put you in a cell and keep you there until you've forgotten what a taxi looks like, you know! Loosen up—quick! Had you ever seen this man before? Did you know him?"

"I don't know him," said the chauffeur, "but I'd seen him before. He—I was hangin' round in front of the Vandergelt earlier in the evenin', hopin' for a fare, and this same man comes out and has me drive him to Patello's restaurant. But that's the only time in my life I ever saw him before, boss; and that's gospel!"

He seemed to be telling the truth now and Tryon ordered him taken to a cell, along with the porter, pending his decision as to what should be done with them. They might prove very valuable witnesses.

Outside, in the swift roadster, on their way to Patello's restaurant, Pelham cried excitedly:

"It looks as though you're on the track, Jerry! Tell me, you don't think for a minute that that porter and that chauffeur were in the gang?"

"They'd never have talked if they were," grunted Tryon. "That's where I'm landing—in the only way I could land—by finding a weak spot before the crime. With your help, Mr. Pelham. No; those two men aren't in the gang. But something happened—the assault on Jacques, the flight of Daly, of Hildreth—for I'm certain they're one and the same now—that hadn't been expected, hadn't been planned for. The old tried tools couldn't be used. The porter and the chauffeur knew something—where Hildreth had gone. It didn't seem necessary, probably, to bump them off the way the Glenworth hallboy was used. Restaurant people and chauffeurs in the Tenderloin are used to queer happenings, and usually a piece of money will seal their lips. They don't want any bad actors after them. So they were bribed. They are the weak points in the Ghost's machine, the weak points I've prayed for."

"But if this Daly-Hildreth drove to the Glenworth ——" began Pelham.

But Tryon cut him short.

"If Daly was Hildreth and got the tip to go to Bishop's, Jacques could have told him what little Jacques knew; could have told him that Morn Light knew more. Somehow the Gray Ghost tumbled to the warnings that had been given Hildreth. Hildreth escaped from Bishop's. He drove to Miss Light's apartment. Heaven knows why! But he went there. From the sidedoor porter the gang that had settled Jacques learned where Hildreth had gone. They went up there too.

"What followed—whether Hildreth and Morn Light were killed—there's no need for us taking any stock in what Miss Light's maid told Doctor Lawrence—or whether they were kidnaped—well, the night hallboy could perhaps have told us something about that. But evidently the Ghost was afraid that a negro hallboy couldn't keep his mouth closed. We know what happened to the young negro. But the chauffeur and the porter—well, the Ghost evidently didn't want too many killings pulled off before he'd attended to the Arabin matter.

"A wave of crime, violent crime, always causes the police to be extra watchful—about everything. He thought he could safely trust the Tenderloin instinct—which is never to give information about anyone to the police, lest your relatives report you missing—of the chauffeur and the porter. He slipped up there. It was a little matter, unconnected, he thought, with the Arabin affair or with any of his doings. And so it would have been but for the fact that Morn Light—or some woman, but we know pretty well it was she—was already giving out information about him. If I land him at all—well, it will be because of her and Jacques. . . . Well, let's hear what Patello can tell me."

XVI

ENRICO PATELLO, proprietor of the restaurant that bore his name, turned a normally sour face toward his visitors and tried to smile. He did a fair business on weekdays, but his Sunday trade was practically nothing at all; so it was policy, though difficult for one of his disposition, to seem cordial to whoever patronized him to-day. But Tryon brusquely waved aside Patello's suggestion as to a well-situated table.

"We didn't come to eat, Patello," he said. "We came to get a little information from you. My name is Tryon; I'm from headquarters. I want to know if you can tell me the name of a short, stout man that was here—well, he was here last Monday night at about eleven."

Patello sneered.

"Does the signor think me a camera?" he demanded. "How should I know who comes here? My business is to feed people, not spy on them."

Tryon laughed.

"A man isn't a spy because he recognizes his customers, is he?" He fixed the Italian with hard eyes. "I haven't a moment to waste to-day, Patello," he said. "You've read about me in the papers, eh? You know what case I'm on, I think. Well, then, you can understand that I'm in no mood to waste any time with you. Now, then, the restaurant business isn't any too good for you these days, considering that you haven't any cabaret—is it? But it's better than loafing in a cell while your business goes to pot, eh? And that last is exactly what you'll be doing, beginning within twenty minutes, if you can't tell me who that man is.

"Now, it's too bad if you really don't know who this fat man is, Patello. If you don't you'll go to jail through no fault of your own, just the same as if you were the ugly cuss you've the reputation of being. For I'm a hard man when I want to be, Patello. I don't take 'no' for an answer when I want 'yes.' You understand me? I thought so. Well, then, do you think you can possibly tell me the name of the short, stout man who came in here Monday night? Can you remember that far back?

"If you can't, say so right off, and I'll ring for a wagon to take you downtown. If you can, speak up, and maybe I won't send for that wagon."

The sneer had left Patello's face; he was cowed.

"The signor is harsh," he said; "but if I can aid him I will. How was this stout man dressed?"

"Black derby, grayish-checked light overcoat, brown suit underneath."

"His name is Ashby," said Patello. "He used to come here quite often—he and his friends."

"Oh! He had friends, eh? Were they with him Monday night?"

"One entered with him; another was here already. But, signor, I do not understand. These are respectable patrons of my place. Yet you hint of the case of which the newspapers are so full—the Arabin robbery. How can these ——"

"What are the names of the two men who were with this Ashby on Monday night?" interrupted Tryon.

"I only know what they called each other," said Patello. "One was called Brant and the other Atchison. These three are—were—quite regular patrons here. They have not been here, however, since Monday night. Occasionally there were other men who ate or drank with them, but I never heard their names."

"Anything unusual happen here Monday night?" demanded Tryon.

"Except that Mr. Atchison used the telephone more frequently than usual—nothing."

"He ordinarily used it quite a lot, then?"

"Two or three times in an evening perhaps," said Patello.

"What do these men Atchison and Brant look like?"

"Brant—somewhat of a dandy, signor. Young—not over thirty; maybe a little less, signor. Slim, light-complexioned; with a mouth that drooped—that seemed loose, if the signor understands."

"Yes; and the other?"

"Mr. Atchison? The gray gentleman? Why ——"

"What! The gray gentleman?" cried Tryon.

The Italian crossed himself swiftly.

"I never thought, signor! Why should I? I swear to you, signor, that I know nothing, suspected nothing ——"

"Go on!" said Tryon harshly. His mouth quivered with excitement. "You called him the gray gentleman? Go on!"

"Signor, you believe me! I never knew—how could I? We—the waiters, the cashier—we called him the gray gentleman because his hair, his complexion and his clothing were all gray. Atchison, his friends spoke to him as; but we always referred to him as I have said. But that he should be the Gray Ghost ——"

"Who said he was?" demanded Tryon. "And keep your mouth shut after I'm gone."

"Surely!" cried Patello. "If the Gray Ghost—if he should be the one—and if he knew that I —— Again I swear to you, signor, that I knew noth ——"

(Continued on Page 58)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED A: D: 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U. S. A.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

By Subscription $1.50 the Year. Five Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers
To Canada—By Subscription $1.75 the Year. Single Copies, Five Cents

Foreign Subscriptions: For Countries in the Postal Union. Single Subscriptions $3.25. Remittances to be Made by International Postal Money Order.

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 17, 1916

Rural Credit Machinery

THE Rural Credit Bill that passed the Senate early in May, and seems fairly likely to pass the House, proposes entirely new and elaborate machinery for handling farm loans. There is to be a Board at Washington, like the Federal Reserve Board; there are to be twelve regional land banks, like the regional Federal Reserve Banks; then there is to be a set of entirely new local institutions all over the country that are to do the actual business of making loans on farms.

The law authorizes national banks—and state banks, also, in nearly every state—to make loans on farms. It is to his local bank, with which he has established credit relations, that a farmer would most naturally go for a loan on his farm.

The Federal Reserve Banks might be authorized to receive, from member banks in their respective regions, farm loans that the latter had made, and to issue and sell debentures based on such loans. In short, the existing banking machinery might be utilized for selling debentures based on farm mortgages, instead of setting up a new, elaborate set of institutions for that purpose.

True, the business of making long-time farm loans is distinct from commercial banking, but it could as easily be kept distinct under the same roof as under another roof across the street—just, for example, as the function of issuing bank notes is kept entirely distinct from other banking functions in the Bank of England.

The rural-credit scheme embodied in the bill that passed the Senate is admittedly experimental. Trying the experiment with a minimum of expense and a maximum probability of success would seem to be desirable; and that could be accomplished, we believe, by using established institutions.

Japan and China

CHINA has several times the area and many times the population of Argentina, but buys only the same amount of foreign goods. With three or four hundred million inhabitants, the celestial anarchy buys about the same amount of foreign goods as Switzerland, with less than four millions.

Roughly speaking, China cannot buy foreign goods because she has nothing with which to pay for them. Her exports are only a little larger than those of the Dutch East Indies. She cannot build a bobtailed horse-car line without borrowing the money.

However inconclusive these facts may be, they certainly give a large hint at the economic condition of China. What the political condition is and has been of late years we know in a general way from the newspapers. It is somewhat better than Mexico's, for example; but that is about as much as can be said for it.

Ever since 1840—when England, virtuously resenting the heathen empire's efforts to stop the importation of opium from India, sent a fleet over there and grabbed Hong-Kong—leading Christian nations have been busily interceding in China and sequestrating Chinese territory. For three generations China has been a sort of unofficial ward of a European blunderbund. That this European exploitation has done China no good is obvious on the face of the returns.

Now that Europe is deeply engaged elsewhere, Japan apparently purposes to assume its rôle of benevolent director and exploiter of China.

Japanese exploitation of China may incidentally do the Chinese some good. It certainly cannot do any worse by them than European exploitation has done. As to that "open door," it opens mainly to a bare cupboard. We have been selling China from twenty to twenty-five million dollars' worth of goods a year. If anybody will try really to develop the trade resources of China—instead of merely grabbing what is easiest—we shall finally gain by it, no matter who does it.

Democracy in Practice

HARDLY anybody believes in democracy—except for rhetorical purposes. The time from the surrender of Cornwallis to the inauguration of Washington is aptly termed by John Fiske "the critical period of American history." President Wilson, we believe, has said of this period "the waves of democracy ran high." That is why it was critical. A scheme of government that was under the immediate, effectual control of a majority of the people had been set up.

All thoughtful students deplore the results. Mr. Wilson says: "Each year seemed to emphasize by new disorders the increasing need for the wholesome restraints and discipline of a common government." So the Federal Constitution was framed—as everybody now admits—in a spirit of strong reaction against democracy and largely for the purpose of setting up a dominant governmental power that would look democratic and still be beyond the immediate control of the people.

A recent writer in the Journal of Political Economy observes: "The fact is that between constitutionalism and democracy there is a great gulf fixed, which cannot be bridged.

"He who appeals to constitutions is consciously or unconsciously an opponent of democracy; he is afraid of the people—of 'the mob,' as he is likely to say."

The purpose of a constitution confessedly is to prevent a majority of the people from exercising their will in government until they have had a long time to think it over. Of course we are all for constitutions, which means we will not trust ourselves to immediately effectual expression of the majority's will. If one political party is more or less democratic than the other the difference is microscopic and practically negligible.

Gold and High Prices

A GOOD many people, we find, are asking how long prices will remain at this Himalayan altitude. From 1897 to 1914 wholesale prices in the United States, as reported by the Bureau of Labor Statistics, increased fifty per cent. This rise is generally attributed in large part to the increased production of gold, which rose from a little over one hundred million dollars a year in the eighties to nearly five hundred millions. Since war began prices have advanced further.

The latest "index number" for Great Britain shows an advance of fifty per cent as compared with August 1, 1914. Our advance has not been so great as that, but has amounted to twenty per cent in the last year.

Gold production is going on at a rate substantially the same as before the war; but latterly European countries have begun to add greatly to their stocks of money by coining silver more freely. More important than that, they have increased their issues of paper money by some five billion dollars.

Silver and paper have much the same effect upon prices that gold has. Rapid increase in the stock of money, of whatever form, makes for higher prices. As it will probably be a long time before the stock of money is reduced, it is a reasonable guess that high prices will continue a long time.

National Conventions

WHATEVER anybody may think about any other American political institution, our national presidential conventions, under fairly favorable circumstances, are a complete success. We recall that some enemy of mankind, whose name escapes us, once proposed to abolish national conventions and effect the nomination of presidential candidates by mail.

That would largely take out of politics the most vital thing in it—the sporting interest. It would be like proposing to improve baseball by leaving out the games. Every four years there is nothing more the matter with American politics than there is with the concluding game of a World's Championship Series that goes to the eleventh inning, with two men out, three men on bases, and a final score of two to one. It is just one thrill after another, with the air fuller of electricity than a charged storage battery, and your blood circulating so fast that you are fairly persuaded it will make some real difference to you who is nominated.

Many features of American politics may be criticized, but a national convention, with a real contest on, is beyond reproach. It has the circus beaten a mile.

The Elusive Bacillus

FAMINE, pestilence and war have been the great checks upon population. Western civilization appears virtually to have eliminated the first two. True, there was famine in Russia not long ago, but that is hardly Western civilization; and there was famine in Ireland in the middle of the last century, but pretty certainly that will never happen again. Modern transportation has made impossible the chronic Middle Age condition in which failure of food crops in any locality meant death.

Only thirty-seven years ago all Europe was thrown into a panic by the appearance of bubonic plague on the banks of the Volga. The fourteenth-century visitation of that scourge is calculated to have cost twenty-five million lives in Europe, or one-quarter of the total population. In every succeeding century, up to the nineteenth, it took heavy tolls somewhere or other in Europe. In Defoe's "great plague year" the population of London was four hundred and sixty thousand, of whom two-thirds are said to have fled to escape the pest; yet the bills of mortality show sixty-nine thousand deaths from plague, or about half of those who remained in the city. But nowadays we read of a case of bubonic plague with little greater disturbance than of a case of leprosy. For Western Europe and the United States science seems virtually to have conquered it.

War remains; but civilization will conquer that too. Its general stupidity and futility are more and more understood. The bacillus which causes it has been discovered in a false, invidious, truculent patriotism. Sanitation will clean out the militarism in which it breeds.

The Deferred Test

THERE seems no good reason to doubt that Europe can carry the burden of war at its present pitch for two years more. Not a sign of weakness has so far appeared. The comparative ease with which it supports the load is astonishing. But with every day that war continues a great and increasing number of people over there must be wondering how the after-war burden will be borne.

Every belligerent country is rapidly approaching a condition where the interest charge on its war debt will equal its total revenue before the war. Apparently they can go on piling up the debt indefinitely; but the shaping of after-war budgets to meet the debt charge in addition to the ordinary needs of government grows more formidable with every addition to the debt.

France, Russia and Germany have increased their issues of paper currency, since August, 1914, by about five billion dollars, and are already virtually off a gold basis. Continuation of war will probably further swell this enormous mass of practically irredeemable paper—involving problems in national financiering that no finance minister can view with equanimity. Probably Lloyd George was right in saying the greatest strain would be felt five years after fighting ceased. The longer the war runs, the greater the after-war strain.

There is no sign whatever of peace at this writing; but a large and increasing number of Europeans must be considering this after-war strain very soberly.

A Modern St. Francis

AN INTERESTING man died not long ago. He began with no advantages except those under his hat. He made a great fortune and directed great, fruitful enterprises. His activities must have touched in some way or other the well-being of hundreds of thousands, or even millions, of people. Apparently he was far from nice about some of the methods he employed. But he had the huge energy and the unshakable courage that put big things over. He imposed his will upon a great many men—even upon many men of ability and solid character. He was a builder and leader.

Probably, in spite of his unscrupulous selfishness, he did vastly more good than harm in the world. We have often thought it would be so interesting—and even illuminating—to have a discriminating but impartial account of the life of such a man that the government could well afford to defray the expense involved. He was "inside," and most of the criticism we get is decidedly "outside." Probably we should know better how such a society as ours functions if we could get real biographies of a dozen such men.

Finally the inevitable official biography has come to hand—a sad and silly lot of eulogy, from which an especially innocent man from Mars might deduce that this deceased exploiter was a sort of modern St. Francis of Assisi, who spent his spare time preaching to the birds, while somebody mysteriously slipped a hundred million dollars into the pocket of his tattered gown.

Writing official biography ought to be a criminal offense.

THE SILENT HOUSE

By Samuel G. Blythe

THERE are two sure ways of becoming conspicuous in the United States: One is by making a continuous noise and the other is by maintaining a continued silence. Many of our exalted citizens are exalted because of a successful and thereby scientific and artistic—for in our viewpoint Success is both Science and Art—use of the first-mentioned expedient; and now and then we find one who has risen to fame through the medium of dexterous quiet.

If any man beats the tom-tom at our national crossroads for a long-enough period the populace will become so deeply impressed by the boom-a-lacka that presently all the tom-tommer shouts to the accompaniment of his beatings will be taken as the wisdom of illumination, and he will be held to be the original and exhaustless source thereof; especially if the wisdom he shouts is the identical manner of homely and proverbial truth with which his hearers are familiar—if he tells them what they already know—and, likewise, every virtue he ascribes to himself will be unhesitatingly accredited to him by those present, for such is the manner of our aggregate and credulous American mind.

Every community has proof of this within its limits, and the nation is reverberant with the unceasing clamor of those who, because of their skull and assiduity, have burst through the confines of their places of beginning and have come to practice in the national arena. These are common, but successful, notwithstanding their familiarity. Less conversant and less conversational is the other type, but none the less celebrated; for it is the truth that the national mind, which is impressed by an unremitting ballyhoo, is doubly impressed by a profound silence. It is novel in the figures held in the public eye, and the very lack of attack on the public ear intensifies the concentration of the vision of the commonalty on the quiet one.

Thus we have the psychology of Col. Edward M. House, just now of vast popular interest because of his apparent and real intimacy and influence with the President of the United States. He says nothing. Whoop-ee! Because he says nothing he must refrain from saying a great deal that would be worth recital; and thus he becomes a Man of Import. Of course the reverse English of this is that the reason he says nothing is because he has nothing to say; but that will hardly hold as an exciter for our curiosity, inasmuch as the spectacle of a man who mixes in national affairs saying nothing merely because he has nothing to say is so uncommon that no person, much less a whole people, would recognize the specimen. Our public men, having nothing to say, say it.

Juliet and Nicolette

NOT that the colonel is a public man—not that. The colonel is a private man. He has no payroll prominence or official title—merely getting his expenses and such newspaper comment as may accrue, and taking his reward undoubtedly in the calm and sanctified consciousness of duty noiselessly performed. He is a rubber-tired Bosom Friend, ball-bearing and extralubricated, operating without jar, or squeak, or squiggle. He is averse to publicity and, therefore, gets it; but, as my investigations have led me to conclude, he does it all for the Love of the Game. He is our greatest Lover of the Game—the Romeo to the Game's Juliet; Abelard to the Game's Héloïse; Aucassin to the Game's Nicolette.

Anything with us that isn't obvious becomes cryptic. We construct legends and make mysteries overnight. Our discernment is limited but our egotism is great, and what we do not instantly grasp we, therefore, set down as beyond any comprehension on any basis except that of the cabalistic; and we make a myth of it—a legend. Our past and our present are peopled with legendary characters—myths ranging from Rip Van Winkle to Diamond Jim Brady, the real Rip and the real Diamond Jim being much different from the Catskill interpretation of the one and the Broadway interpretation of the other. If we do not understand a man at once we invent a few traits for him; and if he is amenable, as all potential myths are, the characterization is fixed. Thus, in less than four years' time the Colonel House legend has been built; and so it is maintained.

I happened down in Texas a time ago and, as Texas is the original habitat of Colonel House, I asked about him. You see I knew the legend and, when there is nothing better to do, tracing legends to their sources is amusing and often instructive. One day I chanced on a young, alert Texan, who in the past ten years has been of considerable potency in Texas politics, who has been in high state place.

"What about Colonel House?" I asked him.

"Well, what about him?"

"Is he the power in Texas politics they say, up North, he is?"

"Not that I know of," the young Texan replied. "I have been pretty widely mixed in Texas politics for ten years and I never heard of him, or saw him, or heard from him. Seems to me if he is a power in Texas politics I should know about him."

That was illuminating, I thought; but I pursued the subject no further, for they were killing Villa just about then, and Villa had the center of my interest. I forgot about Colonel House, and was only reminded of him when the young Texan, rather shamefacedly, came to me.

"Say," he said, "I was wrong about Colonel House."

"Were you?"

"Yes; plumb wrong. He is the Warwick—you know—the man behind the scenes—the gent who pulls the strings."

"Oh! And where did you find that out?"

"I asked a friend of mine who is some older than I am. He told me."

So I went to see this friend.

"Sure!" he said. "House is the Texas Warwick. He ran things here up to twelve or fourteen years ago and has had a good deal to say since then."

"Ran what things?"

"Oh, he had a hand in Hogg's campaign for governor, and he made Culberson governor, and Sayers and Lanham; and made Culberson senator, and so on."

"But how? Tell me how he did it."

"Why, he pulled the strings—he was the man behind the scenes."

"All right; but how did he get to be the string puller, and how did he reach the position of stage director? What were his methods?"

"Darned if I know," he said; "but he was, just the same. He's a Warwick. You can put that down—the man behind the throne."

The Glory Shed on Texas

THEN, as I moved about, I talked of House to many Texans, and, though I discovered some things, there were many things I did not discover concerning this envoy extraordinary—many things that would have been explanatory; and I came to the conclusion that Texans, like other Americans, absorb and help create legends, and are strong in the pride of locality. All Texans are complimented, as Texans, to have a Texan arrive at the national estimation of being the hobnobber with the great ones of the earth; the trusted messenger of the President on matters of utmost importance; the mixer in history; the confidant and counselor of the Chief Executive; the suggester of appointments; the Bosom Friend—in short, Texas is keen for the reflected glory that comes from the glow of House.

Texas, except in a modified way, was not so much impressed with Col. Edward M. House until Col. Edward M. House began to be a figure in the Washington dispatches and in the Sunday supplements. Then Texas grabbed Colonel House and exalted Texas by exalting House.

So I took my Texas opportunity of tracing House to his source, and I found that what the Texans who know him say about him is based not on what they know of him when he lived in Texas, but on what they have read of him and his silent activities since he left Texas. He was by way of being a sort of political organizer in Texas; but they did not consider him a Warwick until he had arrived at the Bosom-Friend stage, and their attention had been called to that phase of him—that is, House was a Warwick in Texas, but nobody found it out until after he had gone. He had his political functions and his political fundamentals there, but his present political friendship is what makes those original activities imposing.

The father of Colonel House was a banker and landowner. E. M. House, never very robust, received his share of the estate. He devoted himself to conserving that share. He was born in Houston, where the parental bank did business, fifty-seven years ago, but moved to Austin, the capital of the state, sometime in the eighties, in order to be close to the records pertaining to the properties he inherited or had attained, the Spanish grants, patents and other titles, which are most complicated.

Helping Woodrow

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He built himself a home in Austin. Apparently he did not do much in politics until 1892. Maybe he did a great deal. I am not informed on that; nor is anybody I could find in Texas. The consensus of opinion is that he began Warwicking about 1892.

"He pulled the strings," said a Texas friend.

"But how did he get to be a string puller?" I asked. "Surely a man cannot step out into Texas politics and pull strings that will bring results without having something tied to the end of the strings that will bring results when pulled. How did he get into that position?"

"Oh, he had political friends all over the state."

"But how did he make those political friends?"

"Well, you see, it was this way: Austin is the capital of Texas and the place where the state officials are, and where the legislature meets. Like most other capitals, Austin is not only the governmental capital, but the political capital; and especially so in Texas, where the politics of the state is a one-party affair. Now House had a good income for Austin in those days and a fine home. He was interested in politics for the sake of the game of it—not to get anything for himself. Why, he refused to run for office many and many a time! I have heard him. He always said his health wouldn't permit; but it wasn't that. He didn't give a durn for office.

"Well, as I was saying, House had this fine home, and he started on a campaign to get connections through the state. He is a quiet little fellow, but he's got a good deal of savvy, for all that. He knows about politics and he is well educated, and he has Texas history and Texas needs and Texas possibilities down pat. Also, he likes to win. He's no crusader who crusades for the mere joy of crusading. He likes the fun of it, but he ain't stuck on betting on a loser.

"He'd get acquainted with a lieutenant governor, say, a chap from a certain section of the state, or a Speaker of the Assembly, or an influential state senator; and he'd ask that chap to come up to dinner and bring his bunch with him—chaps from that other chap's district, you know, and friends. So they'd come, and they'd have a cracking good dinner; and after dinner they'd sit round and smoke and talk politics, and House would listen and discuss things with them and promise to push along their plans, and get to be friends with them. A few days or nights later he'd have up another chap and his bunch, and they'd sit round and talk politics. So presently House got to know a heap of fellows all over the state."

How to Become a Wise Guy

"Now that man House has a genius for getting his hooks into people. He is the quietest, most adaptable, most conciliatory, most agreeable little man you ever knew. He never had a quarrel with a man in his life. He never had a run-in with a man. He never tried to be a boss or did any bossing. He always seemed to be drifting with the tide; but he wasn't—not by a durned sight! He was the tide in a good many cases, and the rest of them were drifting with him.

"But, you see, it's this way: If you find a man of some consequence who has an opinion you can make yourself all sorts of a good fellow with that man by agreeing with his opinion. I mean, the fact that you agree with him makes you as important and intelligent in his eyes as he is in his own estimation. It's human nature.

"Naturally this works out in establishing you as a wise guy. So House came to be known as a wise guy. He had a natural gift for friendship and for organization; and when the time came for him to use these men who had come to think him wise he had no difficulty in impressing on them the superior quality of his own wisdom, for he had played to just that end. The man who agrees with you is the man you tie to for the reason that he has impressed his wisdom and acuteness on you by indorsing your own wisdom and acuteness. When it comes his turn you play along with him—simple as shooting fish in a barrel!

"Well, when it came to that Hogg-Clark campaign for governor, along in the early nineties, House began to cash in. He took the Hogg end of it. That campaign was a humdinger! Clark and his followers bolted the convention, and Clark ran independent—that is, Clark ran against Hogg; for each was nominated by a convention and each convention claimed to be the regular one. Clark was our leading reactionary at the time, while Jim Hogg was a child of the people. Clark represented the corporation interests and the business classes, and so on, while Hogg was the candidate of the farmers. They roared and ranted at each other up and down the state and, at first, it looked as if Clark would win; but what Jim Hogg called 'the-fork-of-the-creek' vote came rolling in finally and Hogg won.

"That was about the first time, to my knowledge, that House got into the game in any important way, and the way he got in then was important only because it was so noiseless. He called on those friends of his he had made; and, having already convinced them that he was wise, they listened to his Jim Hogg wisdom and went out and put it over for House, as well as for Hogg. Well, House didn't ask anything for himself of Jim Hogg. He might have put a few friends in office, but he didn't want and wouldn't take a thing for himself. He got his satisfaction and reward, he said, in the contest of it.

"I was pretty prominent down there in Austin in those days, and I don't believe House ever went into Jim Hogg's office or up to the Capitol, or had any public truck with the legislature or the state officials. He stuck round his home and his office, and never did make a noise as loud as the chirrup of a wren. I can't say what he talked over or put over with Hogg. I never knew of his asking anything for himself."

Culberson Indorses the Equator

"Hogg was for corporation regulation, and his attorney-general was Charley Culberson, now senator. When it came to not having any opinions that might conflict, House had nothing on Culberson—I can tell you that; but, in general, Culberson had strung along with Hogg—not complicating himself any, you understand. There were three candidates for governor to succeed Hogg—Culberson, John H. Regan and Dick Wynne. Now—take it from me—Charley Culberson is as good a politician, or was in those days, as ever House was, and maybe better. Moreover, Culberson had it all over House when it came to retaining a masterly position in the middle of the road.

"Ever hear of the time Bill Sterrett went down to interview Culberson just before—or after; I forget which—some campaign in the state? Or maybe it was at the time of some national crisis. Anyhow, Bill put a lot of questions to Culberson about vital issues, whether state or national, and Culberson was so durned noncommittal that it sort of got Bill's goat.

"Finally Bill said: 'Now, Senator'—or Governor, whichever it was; I forget—'inasmuch as you have been so illuminating on these important topics, there is one other question I should like to ask you if I may?'

"'Certainly, Mr. Sterrett,' said Culberson. 'I always am at your service in these matters, as you know.'

"'Well,' said Bill, 'what do you think of the equator?'

"'As for the equator,' Culberson replied, after due deliberation and very impressively, 'I am not at this time prepared to express an opinion. There are many excellent people living north of the equator, and many excellent people living south of the equator; and until I have given the matter more study I prefer to say nothing, other than that I heartily approve of the equator, and indorse it in all its geographical aspects—not politically, you understand, but geographically only. Please be very careful to make that plain in whatever you write.'

"Well, that was Charley. House and he just naturally mixed and coalesced, and Culberson got the nomination. Culberson made a lot of speeches and a good campaign. I forget whether it was that year, or two years later, when they nominated him on a gold platform, which he accepted, and then came out for silver in his first campaign speech—some equilibrist! However, House took it out in love of the game for his part too. He may have placed some fellows in office, but he asked nothing and didn't take anything for himself. Also, he kept away from Culberson's office. He never went to the statehouse. He moved about as noiselessly as a rubber-tired wagon on an asphalt pavement, and kept sort of ramifying round through the state and getting closer and closer in touch with the boys. By the time Culberson was through and ready for the Senate, House had impressed so many people with his wisdom that he was quite a power in his silent way. Now, mark you, he was about as colorless and gray—or mauve—a person as you'd find. I'd bet a million—if I had it that House never called a man a liar in his life, or waved his fist in the air, or got het up

"Well, Sayres was governor, and then came Lanham. By this time House had sort of fixed himself as a *sui-generis* person in our politics, where almost everybody else was stimulated to his political activities by the desire of finding what there was in it for him, and getting all his share, and more. I never heard of his making a cent out of politics. He put up some money—not a great deal—but some, and his share, I reckon, and got his little fun out of his part in the game.

"Now a man told me the other day, when we were talking about House, that he saw a telegram Lanham sent to House wanting to get out of the fight, and saw House's telegram to Lanham, which didn't take issue with Lanham's telegram, but suggested in a nice, deprecatory manner that Lanham ought to stay in; and Lanham did and was elected. We sort of figured that House was a pretty fair organizer and a good back-office man, and, as he had enough of an income, wasn't fussing about the money side of it, and played the game for the purpose of having something to do as well as for the fun of it. His only business was taking care of his estate, you know; and, though it was a tidy little estate, it didn't occupy all his time, and Austin isn't such an exciting place in which to live. We didn't set him down to be a Warwick until we found out about it a spell back, when he began to show up as the right-hand man of the President; and then, of course, as the matter had been called to our attention, we remembered that he had done considerable Warwicking round down here in Texas, and that we were entitled to our share of the credit for having produced such a remarkable man here in the Lone Star State. Besides, he moved up to New York to live some years ago and sold his home in Austin; and we sort of lost track of him, he being so noiseless, until he began to figure in the public prints up North as the Bosom Friend and Chief Adviser.

"Now most of this time, of course, Bryan had been running for president, and House was for Bryan—his friend. He didn't mix in the 1904 campaign, and he got out from under in the 1908 affair, when Mr. Bryan went to the slaughter for the third time. House is self-effacing, but he doesn't carry it to the extreme of effacing himself in company with another. He lets Nature take its course, standing aside, and then has a look round for another place to get into the game. A curious thing about him, too, is that he never goes to conventions. I never saw him at one and never heard of his being at one. No public exhibition or crowds for him! That's a passion with him. He's got the science of this thing down fine. Being noiseless with him means being noiseless in all parts and under all circumstances. His system is perfect. If nobody knows what you are doing you can't lose whatever is done, and the opportunity to tie up with the winner always exists."

Texas for Mr. Wilson

"Texas was for Wilson, the way she came out. Joe Bailey was first for Harmon; but Harmon blew up, and then his fellows took a look at Underwood, and finally landed on Champ Clark. I didn't hear of House being for Wilson, so far as the ante-convention fight was concerned, in Texas or anywhere else. Wilson spoke at the Dallas Fair in October, 1911, and that was the first we had known about him politically; but a month or so before that Zach Cobb, over at El Paso, had started a Wilson movement and Jack Love was in it; and when it came to the primaries the Wilson people won out, aided by the Prohibition forces, who made a sort of gumshoe campaign of it, thinking to frame things for later gubernatorial reference. Texas went to Baltimore for Wilson and helped nominate him. Before the primaries, Senator Culberson and Representatives Burleson, Henry and W. R. Smith signed a letter indorsing Wilson. Burleson got his reward by being made Postmaster-General. Bob Henry got left and has been sore ever since. The others 'seen their duty,' I suppose, as Jerry Rusk used to say.

But the point is that so far as Texas was concerned, Colonel House didn't do any public Warwicking that I know of. But, say, he's flying high now, ain't he? And Texas is justly proud.

"Besides, take a look at that Cabinet. There's Burleson in it, and Gregory in it, and Houston—mostly Texan—in it; and House is deputy President, and House's brother is postmaster at Houston; and Cone Johnson is in the State Department; and Cato Sells is Indian Commissioner and a whole lot of little similar knickknacks in an office way here and there and roundabout. Did House pull these strings? Make your own bets; but, say, we revere his name! He's our particular pet Warwick, and don't you ever forget it, for we shan't, so long as things remain *in statu quo*."

Thus spake my Texas friend, and what he said to me was repeated to me by many other Texans, corroborated and conceded. So, resuming the lyrical motif, we come to the Wilson preliminaries. Quite naturally the success of Wilson, both at Baltimore and in November, 1912, set forth a large contingent of the I-done-it brethren. I have heard many definite and particularized stories from many different men, dealing with their gigantic and successful labors before Baltimore and at that embattled place; but I never heard much of a claim that Colonel House had anything considerable to do with it, except after House began to grow.

Now, of course, one can learn that House was right there, up to convention time, strong in the preliminaries, a great, actuating force. Don't mistake me as saying that House claims it. I never heard that and do not think he does; but House is close to the throne, you know, and the contingent of boys who want to get close to the close man is large and enthusiastic.

The Silent Messenger

Of course Colonel House wasn't at Baltimore. He never goes to conventions, you know. He took ship for England not long before the convention went into action. It was none too certain that Wilson would be nominated. Indeed, there were several days when Clark was the tip and had most of the votes; but House apparently had pulled all his strings and had sailed away. However, since these later-year developments, we hear that House, who, as it is said, first met Governor Wilson in New York in the fall of 1911, at about the time when Wilson spoke at the Dallas Fair, was most assiduous to Wilson in those ante-convention times. There appears to be no record of any considerable financial contributions on his part to either the ante-convention or the ante-election Wilson campaign funds; but it must be remembered that Colonel House is no plutocrat and serves instead of pays.

There are other stories that House did not appear to be very Wilsonish until after his return from Europe; but, in the light of events, he didn't need to be, for when the later stages of the campaign came along House was well on his way to the confidence of the President-to-be. House, somehow or other, secured the very strong strategic position—for himself—of being the medium and messenger for interchange of information and such between the Democratic National headquarters, in New York, and the Democratic National nominee, then governor of New Jersey, at Trenton. He slid noiselessly back and forth between the two points; and when the election was over, and Wilson chosen, House had cemented his relations with the President to their present high state of efficient intimacy.

House is Bryan's friend, and House conducted the negotiations or carried the messages between Wilson and Bryan when it had dawned on the President-elect that it was necessary for him to offer the post of Secretary of State to Mr. Bryan. There were several things Mr. Bryan wanted understood, and just plain wanted. House was the medium of communication. He arranged the details. Possibly House was used in a similar manner with other secretaryships.

The President was inaugurated, and Colonel House began sifting in and out of the White House. He entered quietly and unobtrusively, mostly by the front door and upstairs into the study, and not via the secretarial end of the offices. He came out the same way. He had been more or less associated with Secretary McAdoo in the campaign, and the two were and probably are close friends. He gave no interviews, said nothing about his influence, kept in the background, and was as impersonal and detached as can be imagined.

There is one aspect of the presidency that is not generally appreciated, and that is the incredible aloofness and loneliness of the job. A president can afford to have few if any intimate friends, because there is not one man out of ten millions, when placed in a close, personal intimacy with a president—any president—who would have the strength of character, the unselfishness, the consideration not to try to cash in that intimacy for something for himself or for some friend, or somebody to whom he is obligated. The president has so much to give that the temptation to get some of it is ordinarily and almost universally too strong to be resisted.

Thus, it must be argued that if a man is on terms of close personal intimacy with and in the confidence of a president, that man must have proved up as having no ulterior personal or political motive of any kind, unless the president with whom he is friendly is willing to submit to exactions as the price of the friendship.

When a man goes twice to Europe during the progress of the greatest war in history, and at times when our own international problems are of the gravest character, as the personal representative of a President, superseding all regularly accredited ambassadors and bearing credentials that give him access to the great leaders in every country, that man must have the confidence of the President who sends him to a superlative degree. Furthermore, when that man seeks in no way, so far as can be discovered, to be more than what he was sent to be—a messenger and a scout—and takes no publicity for it, nor tries to exalt himself by it, that man is an extraordinary citizen, no matter what his actuating motive may be—judging him by what we know would happen in the case of almost any public man who might be intrusted with such a mission

Those things are self-evident. President Wilson did send House to Europe twice, and House went to the various capitals of the warring nations, had access to the directing heads of affairs, and came back and reported. He said nothing about his trip before he went, while he was away, or after he came back—that is, he didn't use the ordinary mediums of self-glorification or try to attach any importance to himself. He maintained the impersonal position—a telephonic relation, so to speak. Wherefore, there are two views of Colonel House—the super and the cynical.

The Super and the Cynical

The super is expressed by a man who knows both the President and the colonel intimately, and has watched them at close range since March, 1913:

"No president since President Lincoln has had the multiplicity of grave problems to deal with that President Wilson has had, and it has been absolutely necessary for the President to avail himself of the services of such loyal and reliable persons as he might find—persons who were willing to serve without considering reward, or wage, or preferment, and from honest and patriotic friendship and loyalty, without thought of personal advancement. These men are scarce. And House is unique in this particular—he has no personal aim.

"Has the President tested him?

"He has, and in the most critical manner. He has tried him out. The President is convinced of the absolute lack of the element of personal aggrandizement in House, and of his loyalty, and of his great good sense; and he uses him unsparingly, as House is willing and anxious to be used.

"If you will recall the speech the President made before the Motion-Picture Association in New York, on the night of January twenty-seventh last, you will get an idea of what the President thinks of Colonel House; for I am quite sure the President had House in mind when he said this in that speech: 'I can point out to you a few men—of course I am not going to name them now—whom every man ought to be afraid of, because nothing but the truth resides in them. I have one in particular in mind whom I never caught thinking about himself at all. I would not dare to make a pretense in the presence of that man, even if I wanted to. His eyes contain the penetrating light of truth, before which all disguises fall away.'

"That's quite an indorsement, don't you think? Well, that's about the way the President thinks about the most useful Colonel House—a bit rhetorical in phrasing, perhaps, for the President was making a speech; but it carries the general idea. We who know of House's services may not be so enthusiastic, quite, but we don't know everything; for much of his work and service is entirely personal to the President, between man and man."

The cynical is expressed by a man who has known Colonel House a long time, and who also knows the President fairly well, and has some knowledge of the inner workings of the White House as well as of the workings of the presidential mind:

"House is a basker. He likes to bask in the light that radiates from those in high place. He likes to think of himself as the powerful but unseen and noiseless influence behind what passes for a throne in this country. He attaches himself to those who get power. He constantly seeks their good graces by discovering what they have in mind and then recommending that, or counseling that, thus attaining *kudos* for prescience with the man to whom he has attached himself. You never heard of his tying to a dead one. He drew noiselessly to one side when Parker was running, and was abroad or somewhere not in evidence when Bryan ran in 1908. He slipped off to Europe in June and early July, 1912, when, if he is the political prodigy they say he is, he should have been in the midst of the terrific labors and fighting and maneuvering at Baltimore incident to the nomination of Wilson."

Striking an Average

"He has a sufficient income. He gets his pleasure out of basking, and his effects by maintaining his attitude of reserve and quiet, just as some men get theirs in collecting pictures, and others in playing golf. It is his recreation. He doesn't want an office. Why should he when he can be more powerful apparently—apparently—as the mysterious, secretive, sublimated messenger? He is quiet, unobtrusive, agreeable, impersonal; and he doesn't get on the presidential nerves. He is intelligent—highly so; and he knows when to efface himself and when to deliver advice in strict accordance with presidential leanings."

The truth of it probably is that House is neither the superlatively impersonal and self-effacing individual he is held to be in some places, nor the mere messenger others say he is; but occupies a middle place—a man who has sufficient income for his modest needs, who gets his enjoyment from mixing in political affairs, and who likes the contact without caring for the responsibility. The numerous Texans on the Federal pay roll show that he isn't entirely insensible to the demands of former affiliations, and his own absence from the pay roll shows that he has no personal ambitions in the way of recognition, which is the great desire of most men who undertake the bigger game. He would be impossible in any other country.

He is a small man and a man in monotone. He dresses inconspicuously, moves inconspicuously, talks inconspicuously, listens artistically, confers cabalistically. He gives, and seeks to give, the impression of being freighted with hidden secrets. He says nothing noteworthy and acts in strict accordance with his long-recognized system of being behind everything but in front of nothing.

Not long ago a Chicago judge officially decided that Bacon wrote Shakspere; and that may be true or may not, like many other judicial decisions. However, Bacon wrote some other things, whether he wrote Shakspere or not; and one thing he wrote, which may or may not have a bearing on the subject under discussion, is this:

"Discretion of speech is more than eloquence; and to speak agreeably to him with whom we deal is more than to speak in good words or in good order."

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AN ASSISTED FRANKENSTEIN

(Continued from Page 16)

"Dear me!" boomed the grenadier with a kittenish manner that sat ill upon her bulk. "Such a young man! I thought Mr. Hemmingway would certainly be older! So young to have done so much for humanity ——"

"Mother," interrupted Mr. Feagler with the air of one who bears unpleasant tidings, "Mr. Hemmingway is in an extremely nervous condition. His doctor has forbidden him to undergo the strain of personal introductions."

"Oh, what a shame!" cried Mrs. Feagler. And the lady meant every word of it, too; for her heart had been set on parading the lion about and exhibiting him for all he was worth. "What a shame!"

Mr. Hemmingway sighed and lifted his hand to his brow in a feeble gesture. The grenadier had a motherly heart; she capitulated at once. After all, it was a sick lion.

"Well, father," said she regretfully, "we shall have to struggle along the best we can with your speech of introduction. You can explain to them about Mr. Hemmingway's condition."

"Yes," said Mr. Feagler; "I will give them a little offhand talk. I am not an orator, Mr. Hemmingway, but I will endeavor to say a few simple words."

Considering that Mr. Feagler had been memorizing six closely written pages of simple words for four days and nights, he need not have regarded his effort in so pessimistic a light. "I think I hear people coming," said Hemmingway nervously. "I should prefer to keep out of sight until the guests are all assembled ——"

"Take him into the library, father," commanded the grenadier as she started for the front door; "and come right back, because I'll need you to talk to the menfolk!"

So the lion of the evening was left alone with a pitcher of ice water and the million little devils of doubt and fear. He was, as he had truly said, an extremely nervous man. But it was not the fear of exposure that made him so; it was the dread of facing an audience.

"If I get up there in front of that crowd and go all to pieces," said he to himself, "I suppose I can use the alibi of Hemmingway's nerves. Hemmingway is a very sick man at the present moment, and no kidding. . . . Now how was I going to start off? . . . 'My friends—for I feel that your gracious presence here this evening gives me the right to call you all my friends ——'"

He could hear the front door opening and closing to the accompaniment of a rising hum of conversation. The charter members of the First Western Branch of the Volunteer Mothers' Vigilance Committee of America were pouring in—and bringing the Volunteer Fathers with them. Mr. Curtiss Lloyd Hemmingway, sworn enemy of all harmful habits, listened with inward quakings, and during that period of waiting he would have bartered ten years of his life for the soothing effect which may be produced by burning a teaspoonful of granulated tobacco in a brown paper wrapping.

After an eternity and a half of misery the library door opened silently and Cuthbert C. Feagler thrust his pink whiskers into the room. He spoke in a stage whisper; and the condemned man rose, trembling violently.

"Everything is ready. . . . This way, if you please."

IV

MR. FEAGLER'S few simple words were fully twenty minutes in deliverance, during which the speaker of the evening sat with his head bowed in his hands, burning at one instant and freezing the next, but clinging desperately to the opening sentence of his address: "My friends—for I feel that your gracious ——"

"And now," Mr. Feagler was saying, "we are about to have the honor and pleasure of listening to the man who has done so much for the youth of our fair land. Ladies and gentlemen, I present to you Mr. Curtiss Lloyd Hemmingway, founder and organizer of that great movement, the Volunteer Mothers' Vigilance Committee of America!"

The lion of the evening rose on his quaking legs, mouth open to plunge at once into the heart of his address; but no—there came an interruption in the shape of a flurry of scented cambric and the soft patter of decorous applause. Follansbee experienced the excruciating sensations of a bather detained with no more than one foot in his icy tub. The spontaneous expressing of good feeling was disconcerting, and as he waited for it to subside he thrust one hand under the tails of his frock coat. Vaguely he realized that he had done the same thing ages ago under similar conditions—perhaps in a former incarnation—and alas! as if summoned out of the past by that familiar movement of the hand, the terrible thing which had attacked him once before was upon him again! The speech, the carefully prepared and memorized speech, slipped away to join its fellow in the limbo of forgotten things!

It was the courtroom scene all over again—the same dumb palsy; the same dry tongue clinging to the roof of his mouth; the same nervous fingers fumbling for a handkerchief; the same paralyzing mental vacuum. Follansbee grew pale as a ghost and tiny beads leaped out on his forehead; the expression in his eyes was one of suffering—and the expression was not misleading.

How long he stood there, mute and gasping, he will never know; but at last he heard a low murmur of sympathetic comment running through the packed rooms. A woman's voice whispered: "Poor fellow!" Follansbee heard the words distinctly and they started his stalled brain to working. Gradually it came to him that it was not Follansbee, the reporter, who was the poor fellow, but a creature of the imagination called Hemmingway—and both were total strangers to these good people. He became aware of earnest sympathetic faces, compassionate eyes looking up into his—and then, like a blinding flash, the realization darted upon him that neither Follansbee nor Hemmingway need fear such a friendly audience. He opened his mouth and was amazed to find words in it and power to give them utterance.

"My dear friends," said he steadily, and without a tremor in his voice, "Mr. Feagler has told you that I have been suffering from extreme nervousness. . . . I am glad to tell you that I am better now."

Even as he spoke the words, the old choking fear of the faces of clay, the dumb dread of an audience, fell away from him; and so suddenly did it go, and so great was the relief at its going, that Amiel J. Follansbee could have shouted aloud for pure joy. He who knew so well what a speech should be like found himself able to deliver one!

He began his address—not at all the one he had planned—easily and naturally. He took every soul under that roof into his confidence, and ten minutes after he began his plea for the homeless ones his hearers were barely breathing. Applause rippled after him, punctuating the points as he drove them home, giving him confidence. He remembered an apt story and told it well; a burst of laughter rewarded him and he grew still bolder.

On the spur of the moment he invented Jimmy Malarkey, the dying newsboy, a pitiful little victim of the cigarette habit, who didn't know that cigarettes would kill little boys, because nobody had ever taken the trouble to tell him so.

As Follansbee described that death scene the women wept openly, and some of the men closed their eyes and breathed hard through their noses.

"And there, my friends," said he, to the booming obbligato of sobs from the grenadier—"there, at the bedside of a dying waif of the streets, the Volunteer Mothers' Vigilance Committee of America was born. There I dedicated my life to this cause; and when I am tempted to falter I see before me that pinched little face; I hear Jimmy's last words ringing in my ears, urging me on: 'You'll tell the other little fellers, won't you, mister? They—they—don't—know!'"

Here Follansbee paused and deliberately reached for his handkerchief; and, though he seemed to be almost overpowered by sad recollections, one joyful and triumphant phrase was rioting in his heart—shouting itself over and over again:

"I've got 'em! I've got 'em! I've got 'em!"

And because the faces before him bore out this belief he picked up that audience and played with it; cuddled it; experimented with its heartstrings; made it laugh; made it cry; made it clap its hands and flutter its moist handkerchiefs—held it for an hour in the hollow of his hand—the happiest hour of the orator's life.

At last he remembered that he was Curtiss Lloyd Hemmingway, and a nervous

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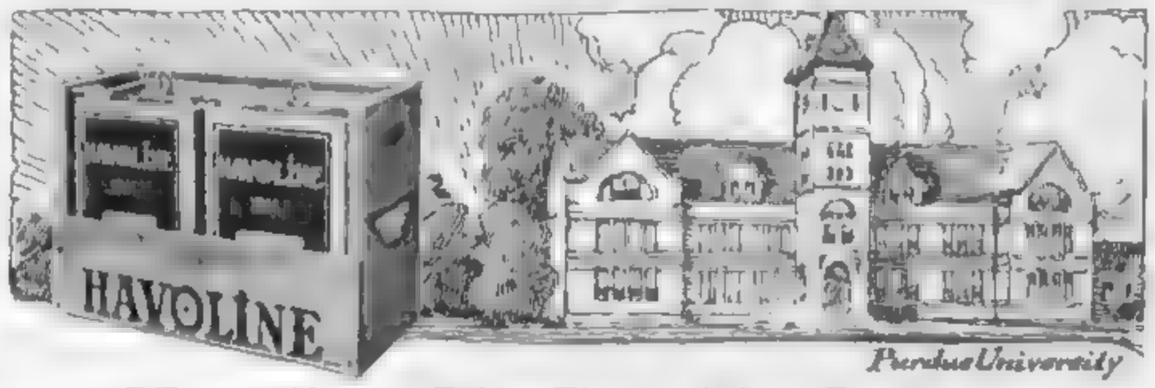

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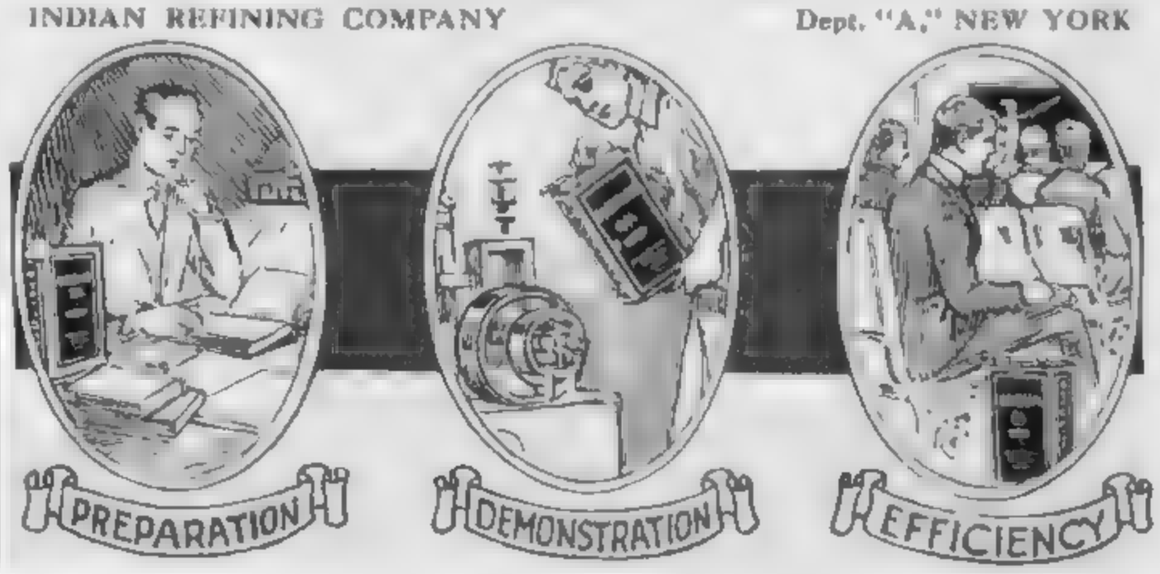

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wreck—remembered, also, several other things about himself; and a note of great weariness crept into his voice.

"And now, dear friends, I must leave you—leave you without even clasping your hands or looking into your eyes, and hearing you say to me that this worthy work shall go on. . . . Mr. Feagler has explained that my physician forbids me this great pleasure. . . . Later, perhaps. I count the loss a heavy one."

He paused to sigh and the final inspiration came.

"I cannot leave you," said he, "without your pledge—your personal promise to me—that the First Western Branch of the Volunteer Mothers' Vigilance Committee of America shall be a live branch, a fruitful branch, a working branch. . . . Those who wish me to understand that they give this pledge will please signify it by rising to their feet."

With a great creaking and groaning of the undertaker brother-in-law's furniture, the entire audience rose and Follansbee surveyed it with smiling benediction.

"My friends," said he gently, "in the name of humanity, I thank you. In the name of the children of the streets, I thank you. In my own poor name, I thank you. And so I bid you all good night—and good-by."

On that final word he walked straight down the aisle, between standing walls of adoration, out of the sitting room, through the parlor and into the hall, where he deftly recovered his hat. It was a very dignified and dramatic exit, which might easily have been marred had Follansbee taken note of a very fat man, evidently a late comer, who stood near the door watching his departure with bulging eyes and a drooping lower lip.

Mr. Feagler had pursued the lion of the evening in the hope of snatching a few last words with him. Follansbee escaped by inches; and as the front door finally closed behind him the host caught sight of the fat man and leaped upon him, gurgling with delight.

"My dear Mr. Munn! So happy to see you here! So very happy! You heard the address?"

Mr. Achilles K. Munn rumbled incoherently.

"Wonderful, was it not?" twittered Mr. Feagler. "Didn't you think it was wonderful?"

Mr. Munn began to edge slowly toward the door.

"Wonderful is no name for it!" said he with a great show of feeling. "No name for it at all!"

As the owner of the Oracle walked down the front steps he caught a glimpse of a tall, thin figure hurrying toward the nearest car line. Once it paused long enough to execute a jubilant step-dance with its shadow in the moonlight.

"Scoundrel!" muttered Mr. Munn, shaking his fist at the flying coattails. "Scoundrel!"

▼

WHILE Follansbee was writing his very full account of Mr. Hemmingway's speech, and rolling his triumph, second-hand, under his tongue, Mr. Munn passed through the city room like a thundercloud and banged the door of his private office behind him. Immediately the hum of electric buzzers smote on the air. Hazzard, the managing editor, left his desk; so did Dave Holland, and old Daubenspeck, the news editor.

"Shut that door behind you!" commanded Mr. Munn. "There's hell to pay here—and no pitch hot!"

While the pitch was coming to a boil, Amiel J. Follansbee thumped his typewriter, all unsuspecting, and chortled to himself. Once he came near writing the words "I got away with it!" into his copy. They were written in his heart.

Jimmy Taylor, who had drawn certain conclusions from the frock coat, the expression on Mr. Munn's face, and the conference going on in the owner's private office, watched the happy grin on Follansbee's countenance and wondered uneasily how long it would last. He also speculated as to his share of the whirlwind about to be harvested.

At last Dave Holland came out of Mr. Munn's office and walked over to Follansbee's desk.

"Wind that up as soon as you can," said he shortly, "and tack on a statement that Mr. Hemmingway is going away from this place."

"Huh!" asked Follansbee, looking up with a blank stare.

"You infernal fool!" snarled the city editor. "You might have known the old man would go to that meeting!"

Slowly the blank stare changed to a grin.

"The old man was there, was he?" said Follansbee. "Funny I didn't see him. . . . Well, Dave, he heard a darned good speech!"

"He'll tell you what he thought of the speech as soon as you get through here. He wants to see you." Holland paused and eyed Follansbee curiously. "It doesn't seem to worry you very much," said he.

"Not a bit in the wide world!" said the reporter; and he fell to hammering his typewriter again.

There were times when Mr. Munn could drop his careful and labored speech, emerge from his heavy pose and, as he said, get down to brass tacks. It took him less than thirty seconds to get down to brass tacks with the late Mr. Hemmingway.

"Had to go through with it, hey?" he roared. "You didn't have to start it in the first place, did you? What'll all these people think when they find they've been bilked by a common reporter? What'll they think—hey?"

Follansbee, who had been dreaming a happy dream in a world apart from newspaper owners and their vexations, recalled himself with an effort.

"What'll they think?" he repeated carelessly. "Ask me an easy one. Maybe they'll think the common reporter did some good."

Mr. Munn grunted a long succession of grunts—angry grunts; thoughtful grunts—and in the end he laughed. It was the first time that Follansbee had ever heard his employer laugh; he was not aware that Mr. Munn knew how to laugh.

"You're a cool one!" chuckled the owner of the Oracle. "And you put up a fine talk, young man—a mighty fine talk! I was mad enough to kill you; but that story of the little newsboy—say, it made me blow my nose! . . . And I guess the talk did some good. Like the man in the Book, you said: 'Let us do evil that good may come'—only you did the evil and then had to do the good to get off with a whole skin! . . . Well, my boy, it would be a shame to fire such a smooth talker as you are. . . . Don't you never slip over any more fakes on this paper, and you can keep your job."

"Oh, that's all right," said Follansbee with a bright smile. "You can keep the job. I don't want it."

"Don't want it!" gasped Mr. Munn. "Don't want it?"

"No," said Follansbee, lighting a cigarette. "I'm going to practice law!"

The General Proposal

IF I TRACKED in some mud on the carpet,
Could you smile and, with never a word,
Could you see it was brushed up, nor harp it
Until of my error I heard
A dozen times ere I could hush it?
If I dropped cigar ash on the floor,
Could you note it with silence and brush it,
As when I came courting before?

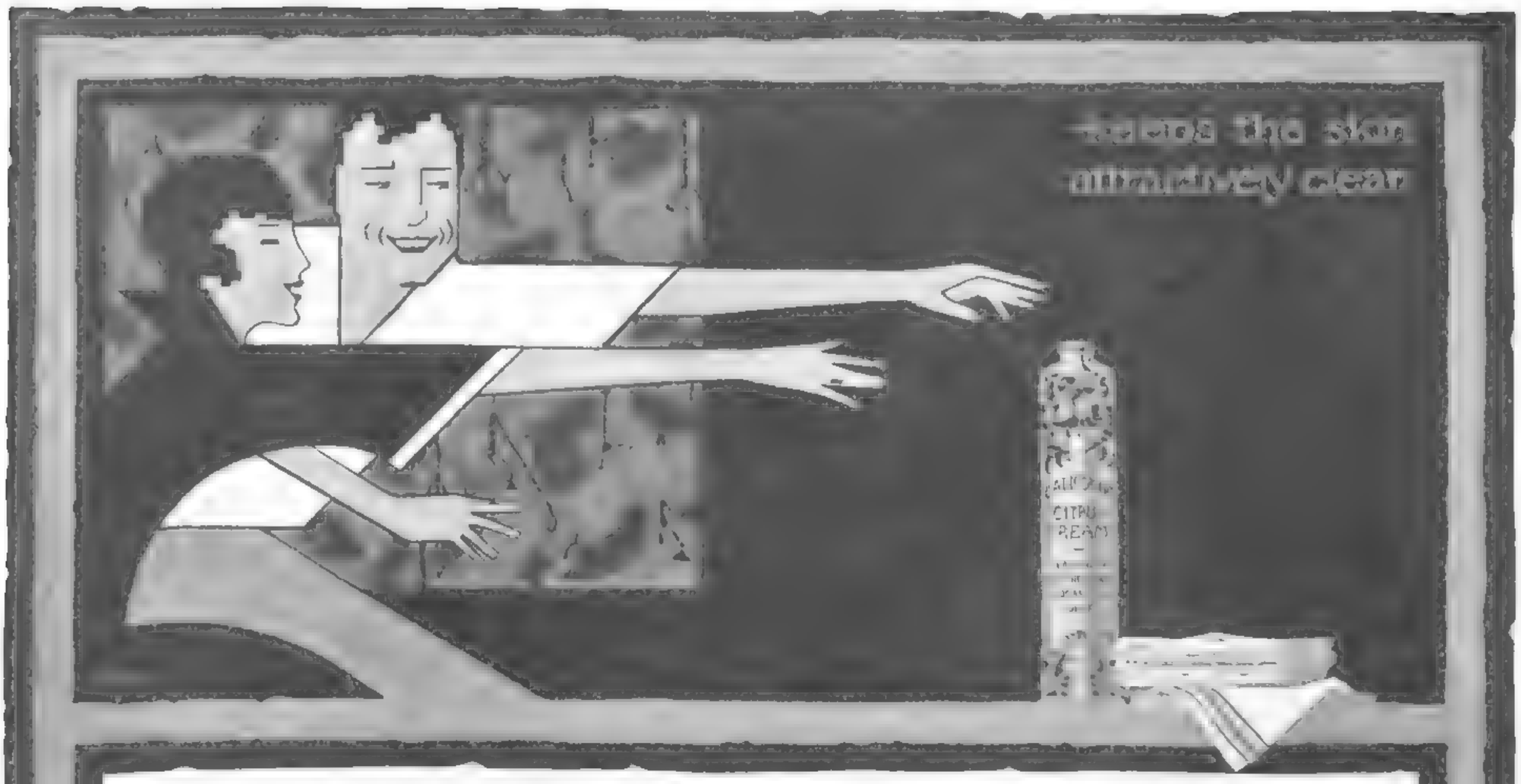
If I chanced to be late for my dinner,
Could you keep it all warm, with a smile,
And serve it with cheer and no inner
And hidden reproving the while?
If I stepped on your train, could you sweetly
Accept my regrets, as you do
From Tom, Dick or Jack, and completely
Make me a life debtor to you?

If I chanced to be silent, just wishing
To think and to smoke my cigar,
Could you let me, and not keep on fishing
To know why moods are as they are?
If to overlook something unclever
I'd ask you, and you should agree,
Could you do it, and never, no never,
Recall it to heap shame on me?

Could you walk by my side, be the weather
Of rain or of shine, and help bear
The burdens we might have together
If I should do quite all my share?
Could you treat me as though I were equal
In all that I want and I do,
And not spoil the tale in the sequel
Of Marriage to Courtship? Could you?

Say, honest and true—could you take me,
As just a fair, square sort of man
The Lord made, and not try to make me
To fit some whim, notion or plan?
If my sins were just small ones and human,
Could you smile and forgive them the way
You did when we courted?—Rare woman,
I'm yours for all time—name the day!

—James W. Foley.



Jack just must buy his own tube of California Citrus Cream, instead of always using mine. He's such a bother—last night

— he used the last drop of cream from the only tube I had. And me — well, I had to go with my face daubed up with powder. Even then, before the evening was over, my skin felt greasy.

But Citrus Cream isn't a "beauty-cream;" it's a regular man's cream, so I forgave him — he certainly did look cleaner than some of the other men.

Mother and I ran into their exhibit out at the San Francisco Fair last summer. You ought to have seen the clean, fresh lemons going up on a little elevator at one end of the machinery and coming out at the other a smooth cream.

One of the men in charge told us that their process develops an egg-like quality from the rind, seeds and pulp — that readily absorbs grease and dirt from the pores of the skin — like white of egg and lemon juice — and protects it from the sun and wind. You would be surprised to see how easily it washes off and removes that oiliness.

Yes; it won the Gold Medal.

I have used this Cream for several months now and my skin is in better condition than ever before. I can see why the men like it. Jack says it takes out the soreness after shaving.

And this summer I will have a cool, clean skin in the stickiest weather.

Where can you get it? I buy mine from my druggist. If yours hasn't it, he will gladly order it, or you can just send a quarter with the coupon and get your tube direct from California.

They give away no free samples — didn't even at the Exposition. Now listen — read the directions carefully and don't make the mistake of putting the cream on too thickly.*

If you are particular about your appearance I suggest that you get your tube and begin using it right away.

*TO CLEANSE THE SKIN—
Wet the face and rub in thoroughly a *small* quantity of the Cream instead of soap. Rinse immediately and dry thoroughly. As a cleanser you will find this an improvement on soap unless the skin is badly soiled. Full instructions for other uses in booklet wrapped with tube.

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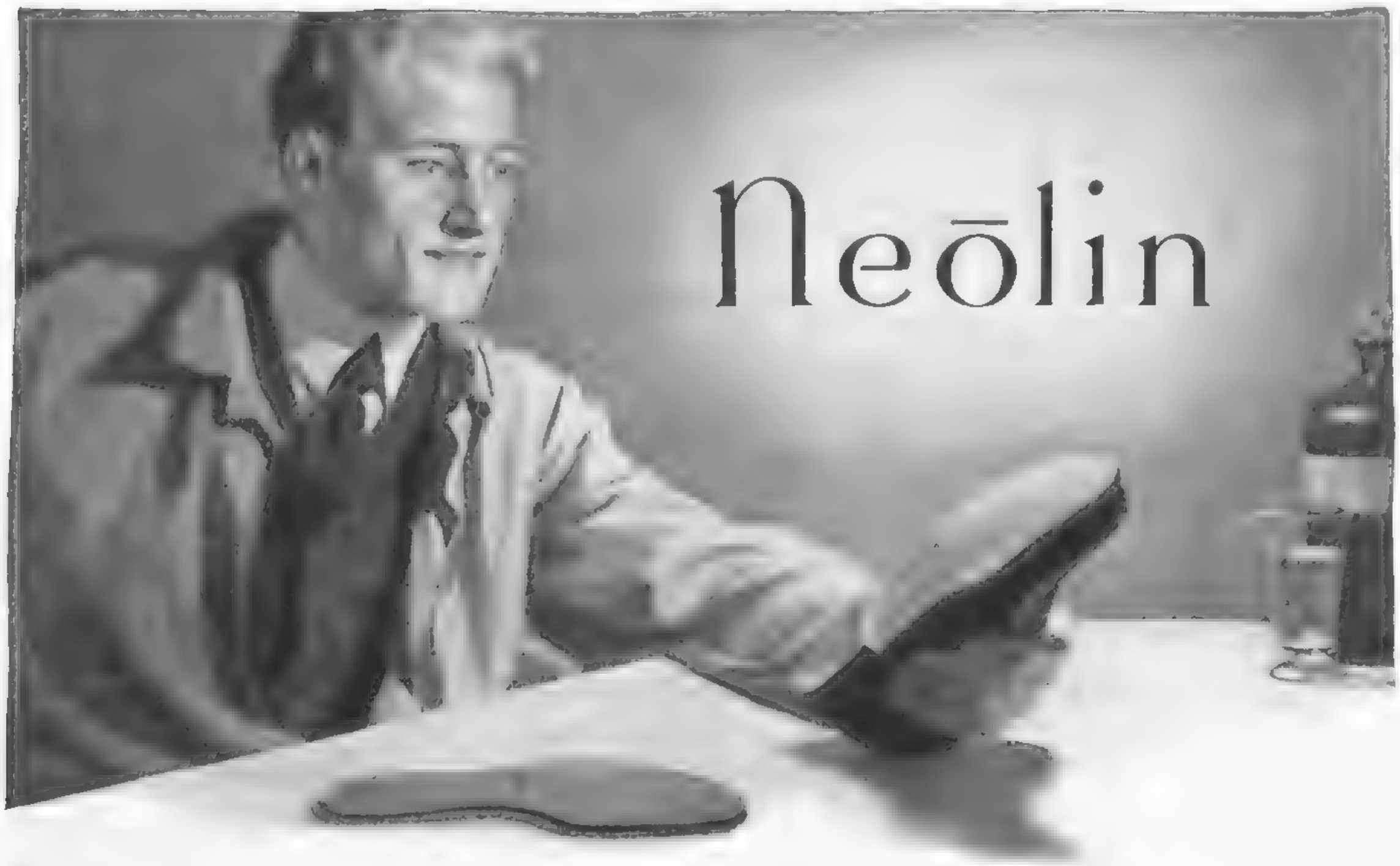

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It Is Always Good

More than a million pairs of shoes have been shod with Neolin soles since they were first announced to the American people nine months ago.

Twenty thousand pairs shipped from the factory every working day satisfy the overwhelming demand only in the sense that half a loaf is better than no bread.

New buildings, new machinery, new equipment will bring the total output, by the end of the year, to one hundred thousand pairs a day—and that again is only the beginning of a greater growth.

In one sense, this Neolin success is astonishing—in another, there is nothing surprising about it at all.

Neolin did not merely step in and fill one great need—it supplied several, each as great as the other.

The shoe manufacturer was driven distracted by the shortage in leather, and had looked in vain till Neolin came, for something better.

He was forced in many cases to the use of a poorer quality than he cared to use, and he found in Neolin not merely something better than leather, but something better than the best of leather.

The dealer was in the same distressful straits.

He did not always *know*—and the consumer *almost never* knew—what sort of poor leather the manufacturer might be compelled to put into the soles for lack of a better sort.

The consumer knew there were several grades of sole leather, from poorest to best, some grades being twice as costly as others.

He didn't know, till Neolin came, whether he was getting last quality, or first, in soles.

But now, with Neolin, he knows.

He knows there is only one kind of Neolin—and that, as we have said, better than the best of leather.

He knows that Neolin never changes—that it is always good, always dependable.

If he buys shoes of moderate price, or high price, he gets the same grade of Neolin soles.

Neolin makes shoes of moderate price better shoes, and the best shoes better still.

But that isn't all.

Neolin found an immediate market bigger than it could fill, because it's waterproof.

And better still, because adults' shoes last twice as long—and children's shoes three times as long, when shod with Neolin.

Any one of these factors was enough in itself to send a wave of enthusiasm clear across the country.

But, filling half a dozen crying needs at the same time, Neolin took the nation by storm.

We are striving desperately to catch up.

Your dealer doubtless has Neolin shoes.

But if he hasn't, don't blame him—blame us.

Be just a bit patient, and rest assured we recognize our responsibility.

We will keep our word and supply Neolin soles for every home in the country.

Every Genuine Neolin Sole
Bears the Brand Neolin

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

Are Railroad Receiverships Necessary?—By Roger W. Babson

GRADUALLY the point of transportation saturation has been moving westward and it has now reached the Middle West. A study of the last census shows that the territory of the Missouri Pacific and some of the other roads in receivership indicated the least gain in population of any section of the United States. The lesson here is self-evident: Before buying railroad securities for a trust estate, study census figures. Census figures are public property and available for everyone. Buy the stocks of railroads operating in territory where the population is increasing.

Moreover, let me again emphasize that I am not saying this to be critical or pessimistic. It is nobody's fault when a territory stops growing. It is everybody's fault. We all help to make and unmake communities. To-day we can go to a small Canadian town in the Northwest and buy a lot on the main street for one thousand dollars, because the population of the town consists of only one thousand people and business conditions are poor, owing to the European war. After the war this town will start to grow again and during the next generation probably thirty thousand people will come to settle there.

If so, this lot may then be worth ten thousand dollars instead of one thousand.

Who would be responsible for this change? Would it be any one person? No. Would it be even the thirty thousand who are to go there to live? No. Statistics would probably show that millions of people were responsible for this development. Each of those who go to this new town will have left his own community for some reason, and these reasons can then be traced to various individuals and causes in all parts of the world. Often some strong personality will give a community a start by building a mill, developing water power, or putting enthusiasm into the people; but he cannot do this unless conditions are ripe. And, given ripe conditions, if he did not do it someone else would.

This Canadian town that I have in mind will rapidly grow, because it will be the most northerly center of the Peace River district for the next decade. But it will not always hold that position. The development is going to keep creeping north until Alaska is reached, and the railroad terminus of to-day will be only a way station fifty years hence. Then the speculative attractiveness of this city will be gone. All eyes will then be focused on some point farther north. As Edmonton has gained on Calgary, and as this new town will gain on Edmonton, so some town yet unnamed may eventually be bigger than any of the three.

Roads Left High and Dry

Of course it is possible to analyze this increase and decline in the relative prosperity and decline of localities. It is even possible to foretell in a large degree the movements of these waves of development. But when it comes to arbitrarily stopping them, or changing their courses, that is a matter usually beyond the reach of any man or any corporation.

Not only do railroads become bankrupt because of changes in their territory over which they have little control, but they are likewise very dependent on general business conditions. When times are prosperous and money is easy one half of the people want to sell goods to the railroads, and the other half want to loan them money with which to pay for these goods. Hence, it is then very easy for directors to borrow and buy, using all the net earnings of the road for the payment of dividends. So long as earnings keep up and money rates keep down, such a policy can be followed indefinitely.

Owing, however, to the law of action and reaction, every period of abnormal prosperity is followed by a period of abnormal depression, and every period of abnormal low-interest rates is followed by a period of abnormal high-interest rates. As a result, some of these railroads which have been living on borrowed money during the good times always find themselves unable to pay their debts when the tide turns and they can borrow no more.

Not only that, but under such conditions the old creditors want their money and their old notes paid in full. As the average banker wants everyone who doesn't need money to borrow, and everyone who does need money to pay up what he owes, some railroad always finds itself with a rope about its neck whenever there is a flurry in the money market.

A few boards of directors are wise students of fundamental business conditions. They know that if the tide is abnormally high to-day it is sure to be abnormally low a reasonable time hence. They know that if bankers are exceedingly anxious to loan to-day, these same bankers will be exceedingly anxious to have them pay up sometime later. Railroads fortunate enough to have such men on their boards will not get caught during the next panic. Some other railroads will be lucky and escape by sheer good fortune; but there will always be some that will be caught unawares. There will always be some roads which, when the tide turns, will be so far from the channel that they cannot get back.

The present managements of all our roads will be dead and buried in a generation. Moreover, none of us can even intelligently guess what kind of management they will have a generation hence. Each railroad must be considered by itself. Concerning each railroad we must continually be asking the question: "Is it running to fat or is it running to muscle?"

Increasing Labor Costs

This question of business conditions is very important at the present time, owing to the rather mushroom character of the prosperity the railroads are now enjoying. Our present good times have come so quickly that it would not be surprising if they quickly faded away. The railroad man who thinks for one moment that the present export business, for instance, of the United States can long continue is making a fatal error.

This also applies to much of the manufacturing now going on. The easy money and the great increase in bank deposits are likewise but a temporary condition. A little over a year ago we were in the depths of a depression. To-day we are in a period of great prosperity. Is it unreasonable to expect as rapid a change back again when the impetus of war orders shall cease?

You will notice that up to the present time I have said nothing about labor. The future of the railroads, however, is most intimately bound up with the labor situation. It is popular among railroad presidents to kick against the Interstate Commerce Commission and lay all their troubles thereto. It is true that the Interstate Commerce Commission is trying to prevent some railroads from running away with the kitchen stove and everything else in sight. It is probably true that the Interstate Commerce Commission has prevented some railroads from making as much money as they would have made if left free to do as they wished.

I do not believe, however, that the Interstate Commerce Commission ever "busted" any American railroad. Furthermore, I do not believe it ever will. The speculator cusses the Interstate Commerce Commission because it has taken pep out of the stock market and made speculation in railroad stocks much less interesting and profitable.

The Interstate Commerce Commission not only insists on publicity as to earnings but will also insist upon publicity as to prospective earnings. Such publicity, however, will not hurt the earnings. Such publicity interferes only with the speculators. The Government will not "bust" the railroads. Those good roads that are to-day in bankruptcy will not be there twenty years hence if our Government officials at Washington can prevent it. The Federal Government can always be induced to allow such rates as are necessary for the safe and profitable transportation of both passengers and goods.

I do not say this regarding some of the state commissions. The present idiotic and cumbersome two-headed control of state and Federal governments is wrong. The state control of railroads should be abolished. State control is selfish, shortsighted and unscientific. A railroad should not be

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Repair your tubes and casings at home!

WHENEVER a cut appears in your tire the revolving wheel pounds sand, dirt and moisture into the hole. As the cut gets larger the tire fabric is exposed, finally rotting and weakening it. Then comes the blowout, a big repair bill or probably a ruined tire. A Shaler Vulcanizer nips these blowouts in the bud by sealing the small cuts with new rubber, protecting the fabric and making the damaged part like new. It saves tires, time, trouble and roadside delays and reduces your tire upkeep in the face of higher tire prices. It gives many motorists double or treble the usual mileage.

Vul-Kit $3.50 For Tubes and Casings

SHALER Vulcanizer

The Shaler Vulcanizer is very easy to use because the heat control is automatic. No chance to over-cure or under-cure. No need to watch it or regulate it. No dangerous exposed blaze or liquid fuel to spill. The Shaler is standard and is the only complete line for every requirement. Besides the model illustrated, there are other motorists models from $1.75 up, as well as complete plans for public repair shops. Ask your dealer to show you a Shaler.

Motorists Send for this FREE Book

It tells the proper inflation you should maintain in your tires according to weight, load and seasons. It describes fully how to protect the tires while the car is idle in the garage—how to care for them in winter—how to avoid substances that rot the rubber and fabric. It explains fully how easy it is to vulcanize and make your own repairs.

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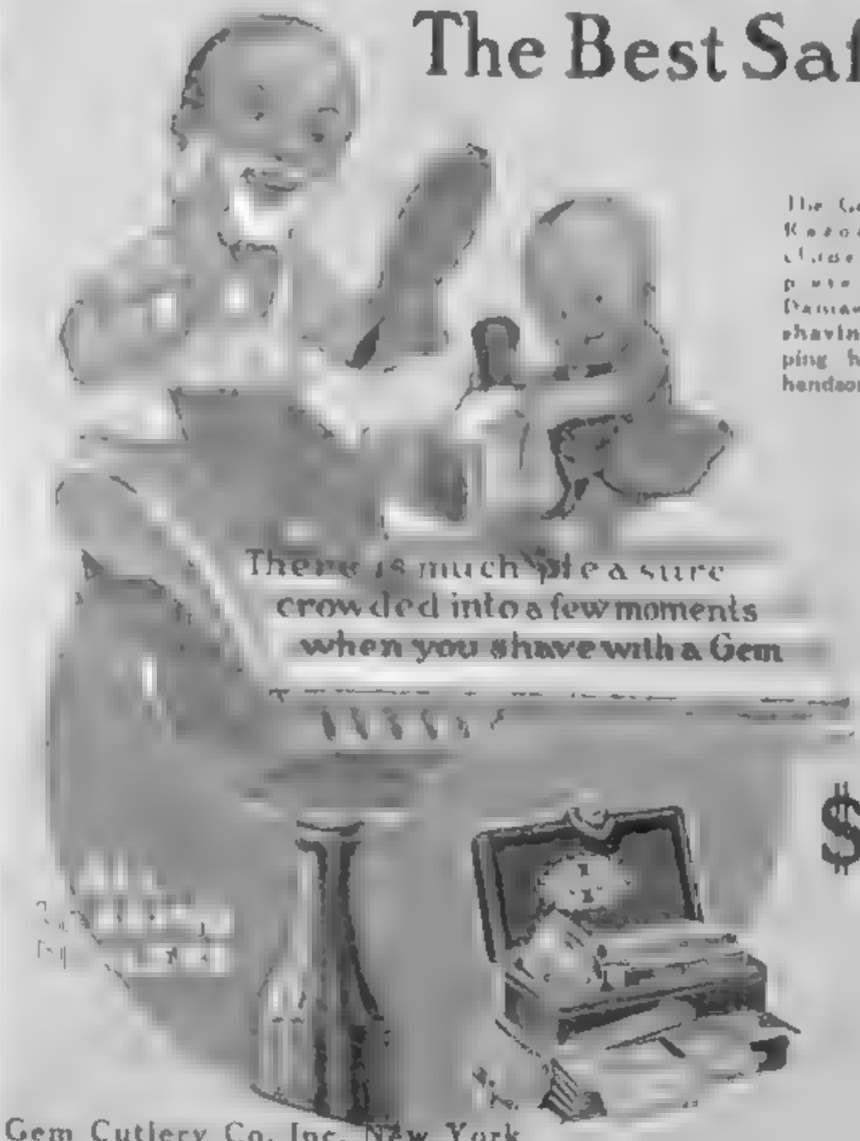
Largest tire repair plant in the world

GEM DAMASKEENE RAZOR

The Best Safety



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These booklets on letters
sent you without obligation
Old Hampshire Bond
We want you to have them—not because they are about the advantages of good stationery, but because they are about Better Letters—how to write them and how to use them.
Our experience is that a man does not buy fine stationery first and later on study out ways and means to improve his letters.
Users of Old Hampshire Bond are usually firms that have first determined to write better letters, and who have later on bought Old Hampshire Bond as a logical and necessary step in the production of the Better Letter.
You May Have Your Choice of Any Two
Hampshire Paper Company
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The only paper makers in the world making bond paper exclusively

BLUE STREAKS
No matter what the test—Goodyear Blue Streak Motorcycle Tires always win.
They hold most important world's records for speed and endurance—amateur and professional.
They are the choice of the majority of motorcycle riders.
They are standard equipment on leading makes of motorcycles—Three out of every four new motorcycles in 1916 being Goodyear equipped.
Easy to get from Motorcycle Dealers everywhere.
The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.
AKRON, OHIO
GOODYEAR
Motorcycle Tires

Harry Vardon, the British Golf champion, wears
PARIS GARTERS.
He enjoys them because they never 'pull'; and his socks are always 'well-up'.
25 and 50 cents
Look for the name PARIS on the back of the shield when you buy
A. Stein & Co.
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GARTERS
No metal can touch you

operated for the benefit of one state any more than for the benefit of one city. The state should give up, for the interests of the entire country, its own selfish interference with the railroads. The Federal Interstate Commerce Commission at Washington should have complete authority and be held solely responsible.

As I have said, the Government at Washington is not going to put any of our present good roads into bankruptcy; but I am not so sure that some of our state legislatures and commissions will not do so.

The Requirements of the Public

As evidence that I am not alone in my fears, I submit the following extract from a speech of Ivy L. Lee, a man very close to the Pennsylvania and the Rockefeller interests:

"1. The American people are demanding a higher standard of railroading, a standard that makes the cost of each unit of service steadily greater.

"2. There is a vastly increased investment already made on which it is absolutely necessary to earn a permanent return if further investment is to be justified.

"3. Public policy has developed no method of coördinating railroad earnings and expenses so that a fair relation can be established between the two; so that investors in railroads may know what to expect.

"4. Congress, state legislatures and commissions and public opinion back away, without thought, at railroad earnings and pile up the expenses. Aside from the activities of the Interstate Commerce Commission and the forty-six state railroad commissions, forty-three state legislatures, from 1912 to 1915, passed four hundred and forty-two new laws, the effect of most of which was to increase railroad expenses, with no provision for providing the necessary money.

"5. The recently increased railroad revenues have already stimulated a wave of demands upon railroad treasuries. Communities are once more pressing for new stations, the removal of grade crossings and other improvements, all requiring large sums of money, but promising little or no return upon the capital necessary to provide them.

"6. Workingmen insistently demand higher wages and better working conditions. Perhaps their demands—or some of them—should be granted. But they all take money, and our system of regulation, so far, provides no adequate method of supplying that money.

"No individual is to blame for these conditions. The system—not the principle of railroad regulation—is wrong. The American people want and should have the best railroads in the world; they are willing to pay a fair price for their service and railroad managers are equally eager to meet the public desires.

"The vital need of the moment is to make our system of railroad regulation consistent, harmonious and definite. It should be a system which, while fully protecting the public interest, should stimulate enterprise by making it certain that such rates will be authorized as will pay the cost of an improving standard of service and provide a fair return upon the money irrevocably devoted to supplying railroad service."

No Solution in Sight

I wish I might say the same thing about labor as about the Interstate Commerce Commission—namely, that it is not going to put any of our present good railroads into bankruptcy. The labor problem is a serious problem. Labor is great and unwieldy. It ebbs and flows with great momentum. With this momentum it is difficult to cope. Labor is always bound to have both numbers and sympathy on its side. The employees of every railroad outnumber many times the investors in that railroad. This is a real problem.

There is absolutely no solution in sight to-day. Will it be some form of coöperation between employees and stockholders? Will it be government ownership? Strange to say, all railroad employees with whom I have talked prefer to let things stay as they are and take their chances at winning threatened or real strikes. Certainly such a policy is not very encouraging. The more I think of it, the more it seems probable that it may be labor which will throw the next batch of good roads into bankruptcy.

Labor, however, is not the only hard nut to crack. Another hard-shelled nut is known as Wall Street control. I suppose that the clearest-cut method of separating a good road from a bad would be by asking the question: "Is it operated from Wall Street?" The Pennsylvania is not operated from Wall Street. It is operated from that conservative and quiet city known as Philadelphia, by people who are in the railroad business and who are neither bankers nor brokers. The Pennsylvania is operated as a great factory or farm is operated, without regard to the stock market.

Some other less successful roads that I have mentioned, however, are not so operated. Their boards of directors make their money not by working the railroad but by working the stock market. Here again the great question is as to how this Wall Street control can permanently be eliminated. It is easy enough to eliminate Wall Street for a while, as it has been thrown out of the New Haven; but so soon as things become prosperous investors again become careless, and a Wall Street bull or bear steals in unawares.

Soon Wall Street is again in control. If "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty" it certainly is the price of good railroad management.

Will the best railroads of to-day be bankrupt twenty years hence? Some railroads will run to fat instead of to muscle, and this will seal their fate. Other railroads will suffer from a saturated territory, being unable to extend farther, even if not handicapped by declining population. In other cases certain events will now and then turn the tide of fortune in a way that the ablest men are helpless to prevent.

On the other hand, there are certain pitfalls that our good railroads may avoid if we will all be on our guard. No railroad need be caught in a period of depression with big outstanding indebtedness. The investors of every railroad can continuously fight against Wall Street control and insist that the road be operated to carry freight and passengers, and not for stock-market operations. We can all likewise unite in endeavoring to solve the great labor problem along proper lines.

Looking Into the Future

This last-named difficulty seems to me the most serious of all. This may be partly because I so realize the present unreasonableness of both capital and labor when this question comes up for discussion. I sometimes even think that the same underlying shortsightedness of human nature is at the bottom of both our labor conflicts and our international conflicts.

I sometimes wonder whether one will ever be solved until both are solved. Perhaps the solution of the labor problem awaits the birth of a new generation with a wider vision. Can the labor problem be solved before both labor and capital realize their economic interdependence? Must not both understand that neither can ultimately win except through a plan which will permit the other to win also?

When boards of directors, labor leaders, Wall Street brokers, government officials and shippers get this wide vision of interdependence, then the end of railroad bankruptcy may be in sight. But will this time have arrived twenty years hence? I seriously doubt it.

"But what am I to do to prepare against being caught in these bankruptcies?" you probably are asking.

Well, I will tell what the shrewder investors I know are doing. They are gradually transferring their holdings from the maturing railroads to the coming railroads. Whenever there is a reorganization they sell certain stock they have in some old and highly successful road and reinvest the money in the securities of the newly reorganized road. In this way they both keep from being connected with a railroad when it goes to seed and secure the profit that comes in connection with most reorganizations. As one keen man expressed it:

"I like to keep my money in the comers rather than in the goers. To invest money successfully, one must use the same method that my little boy employs in keeping his sand mill running. He must continually transfer his money from the maturing class to the growing class. To permit it to remain permanently invested in anything is a great danger."

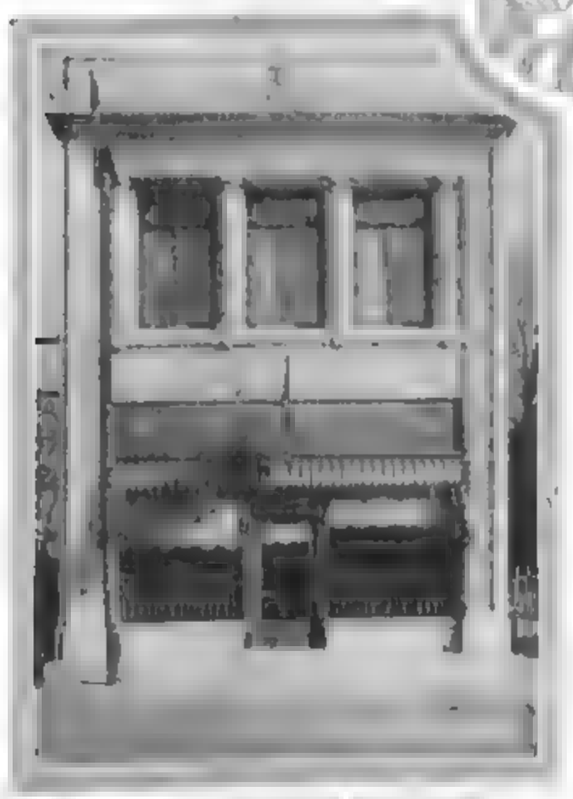
Editor's Note—This is the second of two articles by Mr. Babson, dealing with railroad receiverships.

Terra Cotta Store Fronts Attract Trade

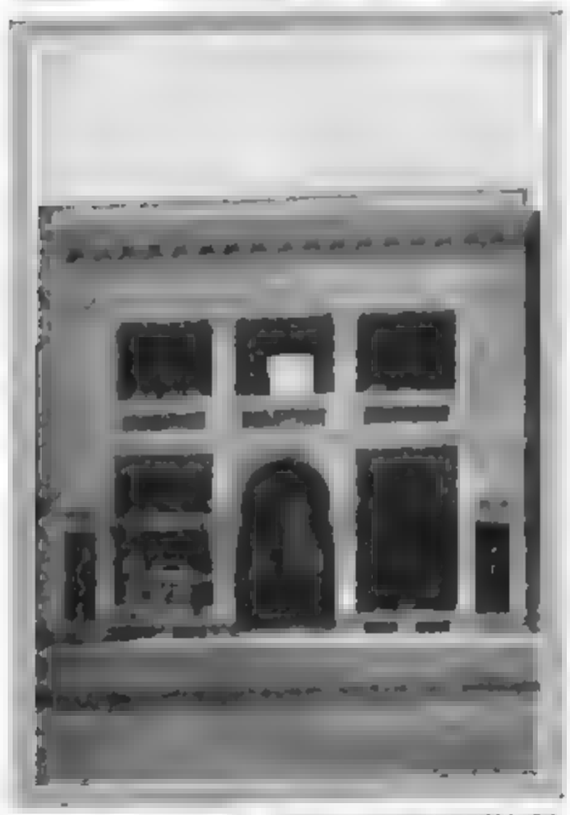
INGLIS, WINNIPEG, MANITOBA
Ross & MacDonald, Architects
Cream-colored Terra Cotta with name letters in black

L. V. ROTH & CO., WEST NEW YORK, N. J.
William Mayer, Jr., Architect
Cream matt glazed Terra Cotta with letters of name panel in dark blue.

KRUGER'S, BALTIMORE, MD.
Walter M. Gehske, Architect
Architectural Terra Cotta in cream glazed Terra Cotta



P. H. RUEHL & CO., LITTLE ROCK, ARK.
Mayer & Stern, Architects
A pleasant lesson in Ivory Tint Terra Cotta



KERSHAW & CROWELL BLDG., PHILADELPHIA, PA.
Savery, Schelta & Savery, Architects
A striking tasteful treatment in white glazed Terra Cotta.

The Shopper's First Impression

That's what builds up new business. It takes a bright, clean store, outside as well as in, to attract new customers. They naturally expect to find up-to-date merchandise and service behind a clean-cut, modern store front

Put Yourself in Your Customers' Place

Go out in the street and look at your own store. Has it the bright, attractive appearance that fairly invites a customer in? If you are not altogether satisfied with the looks of your store, you will certainly be interested in architectural Terra Cotta

Terra Cotta for Store Fronts

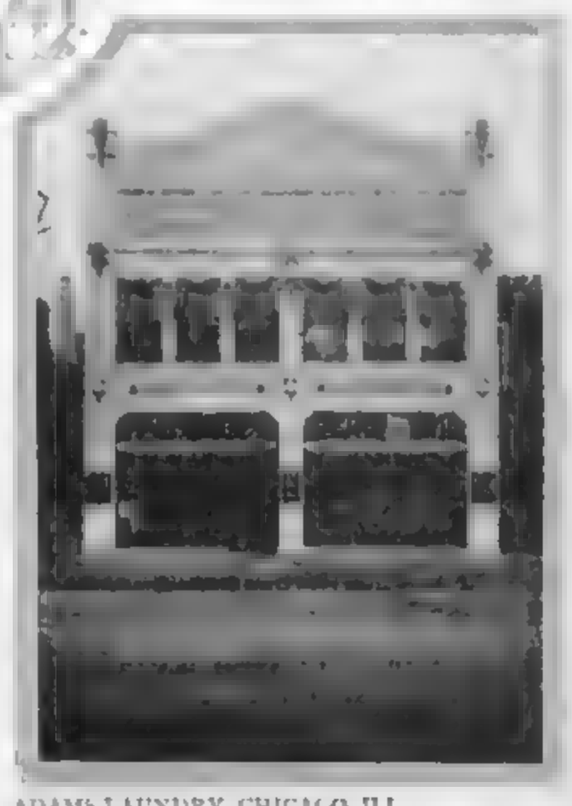
Terra Cotta is the ideal permanent building material for retail store fronts. It is clean, bright, attractive and absolutely fireproof. It gives wonderful opportunities for color and ornamentation. It cannot discolor or fade. Soot and grime may be removed from glazed Terra Cotta with soap and water.

Terra Cotta is economical. Any good builder can erect it. Architects favor it because it permits the use of attractive colors and beautiful designs. In a word, Terra Cotta is the up-to-date material for all kinds of buildings, big and small. It is used on many of the best hotels and office buildings throughout the country. The exterior of the Woolworth Building, the tallest in the world, is entirely Terra Cotta. You will find that in your own city many of the finest stores, banks, theatres, etc., are of Terra Cotta.

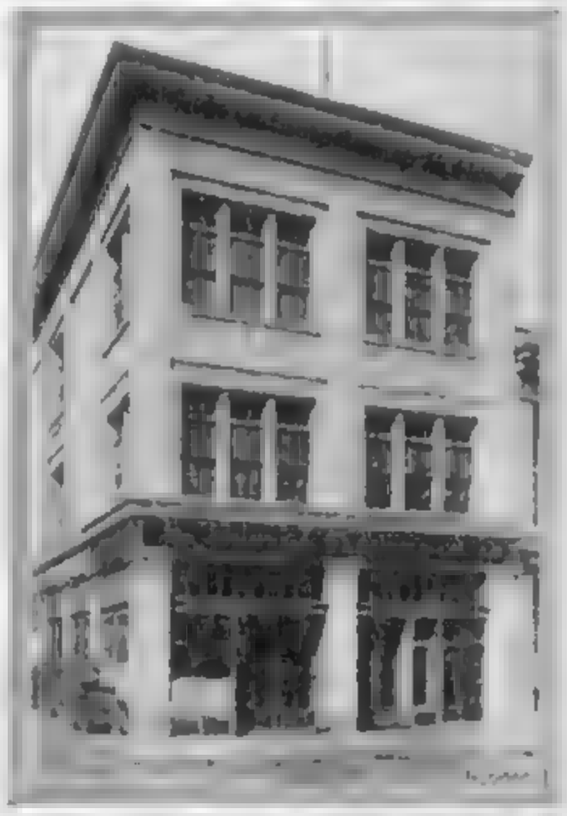
An Illustrated Book of Store Fronts

"Store Fronts in Terra Cotta" is the title of an illustrated book that every progressive merchant should read. It shows a wide variety of Terra Cotta store fronts erected for many different kinds of business. If you will write on your letterhead asking for the book, we shall be glad to send you a complimentary copy.

NATIONAL TERRA COTTA SOCIETY, 1 Madison Ave., New York



ADAMS LAUNDRY, CHICAGO, ILL.
William H. Pruyn, Jr., Architect
White glazed Terra Cotta



NORTON, TELLER & CO., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
Architect
White matt glazed Terra Cotta

These fully Pneumatic Tires are NOT "Muscle-Bound"

• • •

WHY have *air-filled* Tires superseded all others, on *Pleasure* Cars?

Solid Rubber Tires would run several times as far, on the average *Pleasure* Car!

Steel Tires would run 15,000 to 20,000 miles, on the average *Pleasure* Car.

Why, then, have "*Pneumatic*" Tires, the best of which won't average nearly as much Mileage, so universally *displaced* Solid Rubber and Steel Tires on all *Pleasure* Cars?

Because,—the Pleasure Car must often run at "*more than 15 miles*" per hour.

And, when it does, the response of even *Rubber* Tires, if *solid*, is altogether too *slow* to take up the enormous *Vibration*, the jarring and shattering influences of the road, on Car Mechanism and Car Occupants.

• • •

TRUCKS and Tractors can afford to use Solid Tires.

Because, *they* are designed to run at relatively *slow speeds*, under heavy loads.

But, the Comfort, Speed, and Luxurious Ease, of riding in a true PLEASURE Car is what you chiefly BUY that Car for.

Therefore, the *nearer* you get to the Solid Rubber, or Steel, *characteristic*, in a so-called "Pneumatic" Tire, the *farther* away you get from what you *bought* the Pleasure Car for.

Let *that* thought sink in deeply,—then consider this:—

The *thicker*, and heavier, your Pneumatic Tire is, the *stiffer* it is.

The more *layers* of Canvas (beyond the number actually needed to carry the load), the *thicker* and stiffer, and LESS PNEUMATIC the Tire is,—the *slower* in absorbing Vibration.

The *thicker* the Casing, the *harder* it is to bend, in running.

And, the *harder* it is to bend, the more Motor-power and Gasoline is being *wasted* in driving the Car against excessive Traction-Wave,—the *sooner* the Motor *wears out*.

So, there you have the vicious circle into which a mistaken hope for *more Mileage*, through *more Tire thickness*, leads the Inexperienced.

• • •

DIAMOND Tires are true PNEUMATIC Tires!

—Made *flexible*, *springy*, and *nimble*, in order to promptly *absorb Vibration* and eliminate jar to Car Mechanism and Car Occupants.

They thus *lengthen* the life of the Car, and make Motoring the PLEASURE it is primarily intended to be.

Built with as *few* layers, of the *best* Fabric, as will carry the load FURTHEST.

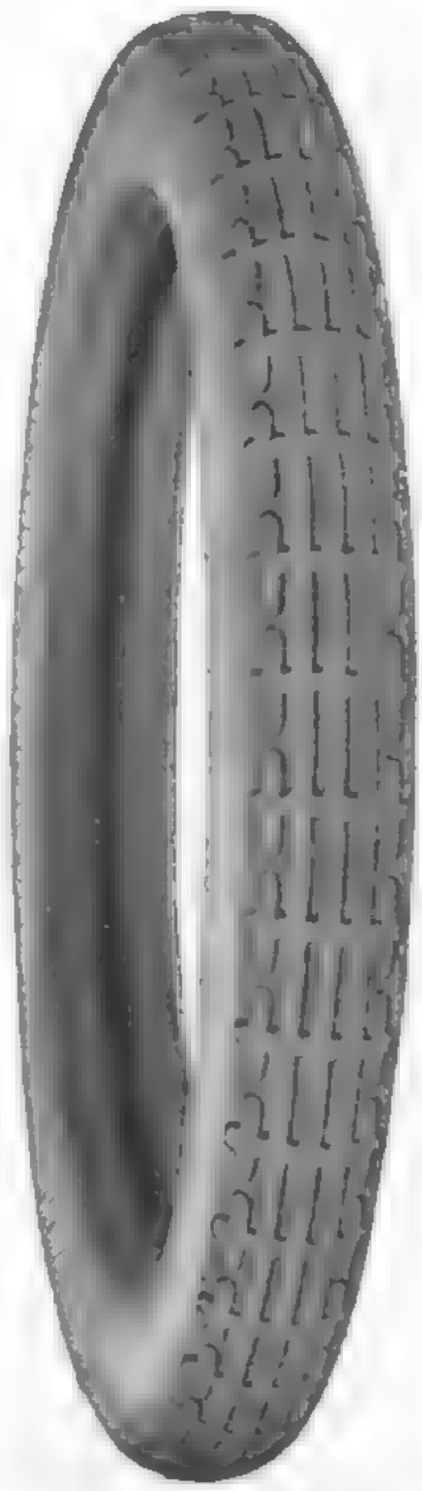
Then Treaded with a fine-grained, non-ballasted, and very elastic (black) "Velvet" Rubber, the ready *stretch* in which acts as a sort of lubricant between Road and Fabric, preventing excessive grinding and frictional heat.

This conservation of the *Original Purpose*, in Pneumatic Tires, gives you not only the *longest distance* for every *Dollar* you invest in DIAMOND Tires, but—

—Longer life to your CAR through less Wear and Tear on its *Mechanism*,

—That *smooth* road-work,—that *lack* of vibration,—that *luxurious* feeling of "riding-on-air," which is the Heart and Soul and Essence of *intelligent* Motoring.

Just test out a set of these "fair-listed," reasonably priced, DIAMOND Tires, and see!



Black Tread—
Red Sides—

Diamond SQUEGEE Non-Skid Tires

ON THE ISONZO FRONT

(Continued from Page 7)

across the landscape, and so deadly in effect! Nothing showing, positively nothing but a line of newly dug earth.

"We cannot go farther to-day; they will not permit," said our lieutenant.

I was assuring him that second-line trenches seemed as good as first to me, when I noticed a little black gnome of a soldier making signals. As the lieutenant turned and stooped to run down the passage, the gnome spoke:

"You speak English? I come from America. From New York. Sure!" he said.

The tunnel again. They call it Dead Man's Pass, because the pass near by, which they dug this tunnel to supplant, was fatal to the wayfarer. As we plunged into the darkness voices were singing very softly some Italian impromptu—I imagine, at our expense. But the news that we were Americans had already passed down the line; for as we stumbled over feet, brushed against legs, there came soft English—or American—phrases from the midnight walls: "Hello, New York!" "You newspaper man, huh?" "Take care of yourself!" And finally, from the distance, "At-a-boy!" In all that strange day there was nothing stranger than these greetings from my adopted fellow countrymen, whose faces I never saw, and whom, in all human chance, I shall never see even if we all survive Armageddon.

Fighting Round Gorizia

The firing had stopped when we emerged into light. It is giving away no military secret, since the Austrians held these positions before the Italians took them, to say the little bowls in the hills, like the one we burst into after our adventure with shrapnel, are common on these crests. Somewhat more at leisure, we inspected them. Into one ran an old trench; and here a board nailed to a stick bore a legend which, being translated, read: Pass of the Devil. Through that old pass the Italians had burst into this position; and every man in the detachment which held it was hit. So we went back, unsniped-at, to be congratulated on our luck.

Once, before we left, we stood on the hill of graves by the twisted old entanglements, and looked toward Monfalcone at the head of the Adriatic, where the Italian line begins. The sea was a beam of silver on the horizon and there were towns all the way. One had lost its campanile—the bell tower, without which no North Italian village is complete. A gracious and gentle landscape through which, for miles and miles, we traced, with the help of our glasses, the sinister brown thread of war.

Again, before we left, we stood on a hill pitted with shell craters—some old, some alarmingly new and moist—and looked northward toward our next points of destination, where the brown thread runs into the mountains, or what they esteem mountains on this front. The alpinists have a different idea.

The adventures back of the line which come in motoring from position to position are entertaining enough; but let me pass on to our next shift northward, when, in the early afternoon, we looked out from a covered position across the Isonzo to Mont San Michele. The ground where we stood under cover has been seamed and scarred by old battles, and it is still newly pitted occasionally by shells. For the Italians took it trench by trench and house by house in the early fighting; they crossed the Isonzo; they locked with the Austrians at the foot of that same hill of St. Michael; they forced them up and ever up until they rested at last on the crest. The double line of trenches goes roughly along that ridge now, sometimes over and sometimes a little on the Italian side. It has been a heroic episode in the Italian war. Once a great foreign officer stood not far from our position and watched through his glasses the lines breaking out of their trenches, wavering, reforming, stopping, the new lines coming on, the final rush which took the Austrian position.

"They are doing the impossible," he said.

But Mont San Michele was a sleeping lion as we looked—only a reddish-brown blasted hill studded with projecting gray rocks. This is the wonderful thing, however: it is a diagram of an old battle. For the trenches are there still, marking each successive stage of the history, which the Italian officers told us with voice and gesture. To illustrate the story of that fight, one would have needed only a panoramic photograph.

It is a sharp, abrupt ridge, nearly a thousand feet high—what we call a hogback in the West. It is like a man on his back, with his knees drawn up—only a man wearing a Highland bearskin bonnet, say, or having at least an enormous head. It begins to the left with a little ridge, which is the feet; it dips; it rises to make the knees; it falls to the abdomen; it rises high for the chest and head. The incredibly blue, sweet Isonzo runs before it. Under the knees is a little town, half standing; under the highest ridge of the head is a linen factory whose tall chimney has blown no smoke for a year. On the right of this factory began a wood that ran halfway up the hill. It looked green and bright enough until we saw it through the glasses and found that the trees were mere stumps, which, still living, had put forth their spring green. Nature is hard to stop. They call it Bosco Cappuccio, which means Hood Wood; and there, they tell me, the Italians have done their hardest fighting on this front. They have gone up and up from there; Hood Wood was blasted last autumn. But there is another wood near the crest; and that might be a mere colony of poles, for all the verdure it shows.

Far to the left, below the first little ridge of the mountain, lay a distant town, white amid the greenery; white, too, against the blue background of the Alps. It is Gorizia, a city that is a key position. All the fighting we had seen and were to see is to take Gorizia; and we were going from right to left of that line.

All the time artillery had sounded, but so distantly that no one noticed. Now came a sharp blast; and on the instant a spurt of smoke and dirt, flame-hearted, burst from the crest of San Michele. The Italian artillery was firing over us. At regular intervals the guns burst out, each burst followed by that spurt on the crest of the hill and after a few seconds for the sound to carry the report of the shell. The bursts would become puffs of dust, then mist, then nothing. Suddenly the Austrian artillery began to reply in short, curious one-two-three-four bursts.

And all that time nothing else seemed to move on the mountain, though I watched for half an hour.

Then, after a walk, it was a picturesque walled town, once a town of old, distinguished beauty, now mainly a mere grotesque of ruins. A lively run from the dangerous town approaches and we were on our way again.

The House of Two Armies

And now, on our way to a lodging for the night and directions to the next position, we saw one of those shows of this war that have been often described and are yet indescribable—a battle to drop an aëroplane.

It was a beautiful day—Italy, the newly won Italy, at its best. Someone said "An aëroplane!" And there, sailing out of a notch in the mountains, it came, trailing light. Now and then its wings would flash as the belly of a minnow flashes when he turns. It came on; and before we knew whether it was Italian or Austrian the firing began. A white puff broke out beside it; another under it; another on the other side. A line of these puff balls hung in the air. And now one of them hid it.

Had the Italians hit? We waited, to see whether the wreckage would drop; but no: he had cleared the puff—only he was sailing back. He tore on unharmed into the crest of the mountains, the smoke puffs following him all the way. It was a magnificent spectacle. I own, with shame, that not until he turned tail did I realize there was death in it all.

When, that night, we drew into a certain headquarters we were planning to motor by night to a certain town, from which we might make our way by foot to the most unusual position on this front. For in these mountains there is a point of contact, a place where Austrian lines and Italian lines touch. And this point is a house! The Italians hold the back rooms, the Austrians the front. Between them is only one foot of strong stone wall. From this point the trenches branch away on both sides to a respectable distance of ten or fifteen yards. All this we learned from the maps of the Staff. But the adjutant was a pessimist concerning our plan. "*E' pericoloso!*" I heard him say. He got a telephone connection and talked for some time.

"It is as I thought," he reported; "the situation is such that the road is not safe for motor cars." He sketched out another plan, which involved getting up at four o'clock and a long climb afoot. "It will give you an appetite," he said.

So we dined with the Staff. Some spoke English, but most French. The talk was of the Italian in America, of art, of our day's adventure, and little, very little of the war itself, except when one gray veteran started a discussion by slamming down his hand and declaring:

"You talk about strategy and tactics: one thing beats them all—barbed wire!"

Then the tongues clattered, and lively Italian gestures flew.

We were quartered on an artillery officer, who lived some distance away. Outside, it was a spring night of the poets. The moon had come up like a great drop of honey. No gun was firing, for once.

Among the Foothills of the Alps

"They sometimes shell a position up yonder," said the artillery officer as we walked along. "I only hope I shan't be wakened by whir-boom!"

We were silent for a while after that; and suddenly, in a thicket on the right, a bird song burst out—a song so lusty, so wonderfully sweet, that I stopped in my tracks.

"Nightingale," said our lieutenant.

Much as I had read concerning the singer of the dewy meads, I had never heard him before—he, the bird of poets and lovers. He sang like our own meadow larks of California, but higher, sweeter and infinitely stronger. We had walked on and on, hundreds of yards, before I stopped again. I could still hear him plainly; and another one, far down the glen, was answering.

I woke twice that night and listened for the sound of guns. There they were, only very far away. But the nightingale was singing still, near and loud. And so with music the day ended, as it had begun.

Those foothills of the Alps would be called a little more than foothills even in our West, and real mountains in our East. As I saw them coming out of the dawn, it occurred to me that they much resembled the Catskills—only they were rather higher and more abrupt. The day broke beautifully—clear skies, April and the Alps. It is not my purpose, however, to write here of scenery. And, indeed, during the last part of our passage to the point where the communication trenches opened, I was indifferent to beauty. When you go down a path at a stooping run, dodging from side to side in order to dazzle a sniper, it is hard to remember that you are dodging through an incomparable forest.

This is why we had come:

The Isonzo, near by, runs into a gorge almost like Delaware Water Gap. On both sides rise abrupt mountains with cliffs here and there. The Italians, advancing here as elsewhere steadily toward the River of Promise, had swept the Austrians down the slope of the right bank and across the Isonzo, had themselves crossed, had forced the enemy up and ever up, until things stood still, near the summit, at the little hamlet of Zagora, where stands that strangest house in Europe—the house in which the two armies have contact, and have had it since November.

And that mountainside on the conquered right bank, up which we were to climb—it was a litter, a mess, of military works. I say now that nothing has so exemplified to me the mighty labor of this war as that one hillside. It was as though one had started to put in a city, and had dug the cellars, the watermains, the street gradings and the sewers all at once—and all to help, to feed, to arm, to protect a few hundred men doing the real fighting at the actual front. Everywhere that morning we met men digging and delving, passing timber, setting blocks, sawing wood, carrying boxes slung between poles, Chinese fashion. All proved the peril of the work, wearing trench helmets.

Now there comes in these positions a certain hour when you can count with fair

(Concluded on Page 39)

"I would be kidded to death if my name appeared in type,"

says a newspaper pipe smoker.

THE SPRINGFIELD UNION
Springfield, Mass., Sept. 25, 1915

Larus & Brother Company,
Richmond, Va.

Gentlemen:—I have been reading your recent advertisements in current periodicals with a great deal of interest, but find that you overlooked a bet, and, being a loyal smoker of "Edgeworth" for nearly as many years as Bryan has run for president, I am sending it on for what it is worth.

I received a letter from a friend recently in which he said that, while he is a constant smoker of sliced tobacco, he finds that the Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed was the best thing in the world to break in a new pipe with. I tried to get it on my vacation, and found him to be perfectly right. You don't get any of that bitter wood taste from the new pipe with the Ready-Rubbed, and it makes smoking a new pipe a pleasure rather than a disagreeable duty. Even after it is broke in, it is a simple matter to turn again to the heavier sliced tobacco. There is the tip, and as a loyal supporter of Edgeworth I hope it will help you.

Sincerely yours,
(signature)

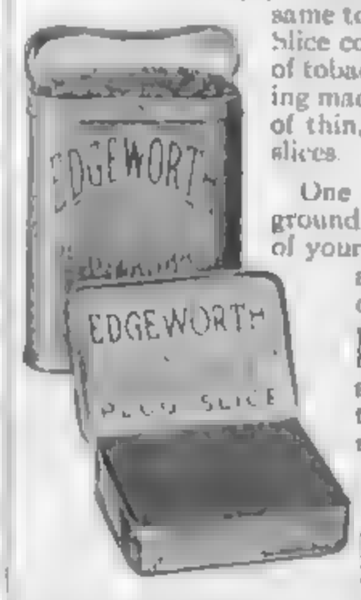
P. S.—By the way, if you make use of this, kindly omit my name. I am not ashamed of my endorsement, but as a newspaper reporter I would be kidded to death if my name appeared in print.

Have you just bought a new pipe?

No matter—have you ever smoked Edgeworth Tobacco?

If you never have, let us send you samples of both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed.

These are simply different forms of the same tobacco. The Plug Slice comes in flat cakes of tobacco, each cake being made up of a number of thin, uniform, oblong slices.



One of these slices ground up in the palm of your hand makes just a pipeful. Instead of singing the praises of the tobacco here, we simply invite you to ask us for a free sample.

Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed is simply the Plug Slice, rubbed up by special machines and ready for the pipe. You get a sample of this, too.

It's not a case of one being better than the other, it's just personal choice, and so that you may try both we offer you both.

Just write your request on a post card and mail it to us. It will be a favor if you mention also the name of your tobacco dealer.

The retail prices of Edgeworth Plug Slice are 15c, 25c, 50c and $1.00. Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed is 10c for pocket size tin, 50c for large tin and $1.00 in handsome humidor packages. Mailed prepaid where no dealer can supply, but except in a few isolated cases all dealers have it.

For the free samples, write to Larus & Brother Co., 1 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va. This firm was established in 1877, and besides Edgeworth makes several other brands of smoking tobacco, including the well-known Qboid—granulated plug—a great favorite with smokers for many years.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants—If your jobber cannot supply Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Co. will gladly send you a one or two dozen carton of any size of the Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed by prepaid parcel post at same price you would pay jobber.

EDGEWORTH
EXTRA HIGH GRADE
SMOKING TOBACCO

Wagner Quality

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Behind doors closed to the
ted demand, the largest
body of Wagner Quality
under the Wagner Quality standard are busy build-
Wagner Quality electrical apparatus in every way up to the best traditions of Wagner Quality.
With present facilities, the output could be increased; but it would mean lowering Wagner Quality and sacrificing, for the sake of temporary gain, the reputation of a quarter century.
Wagner Quality is more than a mere phrase—it is an ideal made real by daily accomplishment. It is the very foundation of Wagner Electric
To every Wagner workman, it is a challenge which brings out his best. He is proud of his ability to produce it.
The builders of new buildings and machinery will soon make possible re-opening the doors to all who appreciate the economy of paying for Wagner Quality.

Wagner Electric Manufacturing Co., St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

Factory Branches and Service Stations: Boston, Springfield, Mass., New York, Montreal, Philadelphia, Syracuse, Buffalo, Toronto, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Toledo, Cincinnati, Detroit, Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Louis, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Kansas City, Denver, Los Angeles, Seattle, San Francisco

Selling Associates: Memphis, New Orleans, Sioux City, Dallas, Salt Lake City, London, Eng.

(Concluded from Page 37)

certainty on a lull. The night has been hot and anxious, bringing one kind of work of death. There will be work of another kind later in the day; but in this hour or so the armies eat, clean guns, rest, by a tacit truce—there are no formal truces in this war. An untoward incident may break the truce at any moment, however. We had timed our visit for this hour.

Now you hear of the noises of war; and it is a noisy business. But I had never heard of the silences of war. Yet that was the first thing which struck me as I came out among them. Men, men, men a city of men—dozing behind rocks; working; passing on careful, stealthy feet—and none spoke a word. The birds were singing everywhere, and theirs seemed the only sound. Yet in the dugout of the commander, another ship cabin, half buried, there was hot coffee and a warm welcome. There was a little space before the dugout where the soldiers had laid out a grassplot, fenced with neat willow withes. As we ate our cheese and our good brown-yellow war bread, a young lieutenant entered. He was up from headquarters; he had mail letters from wives and daughters. The commander opened a packet he found in his pile.

"Ah, yes!" he said. "I sent for it." He handed it over. Sweet-pea seed!

But time pressed; and, since it must be done, it were best to do it while the silence held. So now we pressed forward. The commander, guiding us personally, stopped to ask a question about the route; and, from the cookshed, but softly:

"Hello! I speak English."

He was the cook for the officers' mess, but he was also a cook at the Plaza, in New York! Ruffo was his name; a sprightly little Italian boy, with a joke for everything. "The Hudson," he said, pointing to the blue Isonzo; and "The Palisades!" Also, he remarked that the baseball season was opening; and then, I thought, there was pathos in his eyes.

"And now," said the lieutenant, "our orders are to walk softly and to whisper."

Do not think of this as an ordinary hill, this height which the Italians have won yard by yard. It was so steep in its natural condition that a man could not walk straight up, but must follow winding paths. Now there are crude stairways everywhere. Before us was the wreckage of the hamlet and of that strange three-story house. Its roof was gone and much of its upper story. The buildings that once stood about it were down to the foundations; but its lower story stood, and much of the second. And we were approaching what had been the kitchen, I suppose—or, rather, probably one of those half-cellar rooms that characterize houses which stand on a hillside. Behind it was a kind of kitchen yard. And everything was black with old smoke of battle and of conflagration, or gray with the powdery dust of rocks.

The Enemy a Foot Away

I may not describe it minutely, although I remember it as I remember my own flat in New York. At last, I felt, I was beyond the world of humanly pleasant things and in the world of war; for everywhere else there had been those little human touches like the tiny latticed lawn before the dugout where we had taken coffee. But here—only rifles; boxes of grenades; empty cartridge cases; clips trampled into the dust; crude, strong works of war. And everywhere—silence, so that the spring bird songs came out sharply. Once the lieutenant opened a canvas curtain. We looked in. A handsome little Italian boy grinned at us genially from over a pot of coffee cooking on a spirit lamp. We entered that cellar. I laid my hand on the wall. A foot away was the enemy! Had I waited long in that silence I might have heard him stirring.

Just inside the entrance lay a covered man. I heard the whispered word *Morto;* and I thought that I was looking at a corpse until somebody stumbled over his foot. He gave a start and the grunt of the suddenly wakened man. Somebody clapped a hand over his mouth.

Somewhere without, a soldier climbed a ladder. He advanced slowly, taking a pause between each step. For all his heavy army boots, he was as soft-footed and sure-footed as a cat. A pleasant-spoken little soldier addressed us in Italian, and I made out that he was remarking on us as *borghesi.* He almost alone seemed to be curious about us. Everywhere else soldiers had lifted their heads from their tasks to regard these strangers in civilian clothes, as miraculous as women in these troubled sectors; but not the men of the front line.

A long time later, it seemed, we went down the trenches. An officer opened a lattice and we were looking at a wall which seemed to rise in our very faces; a wall shot with sinister square loopholes—nothing more. These were the Austrian positions. Down the tunnel of our trenches we went, among alert men, their hands on their rifles, and sleeping men who muttered uneasily now and then.

"I speak English," somebody said. "I work two years in Cleveland, Ohio." But before we could talk more the lieutenant was beckoning me on.

The Artillery Duel

This is a curious military position; and from certain positions in the front trenches you may see your own line both to right and left. Our lieutenant and his *confrère* in command up here stopped at a certain point. Our brown line curved below, down the hill; the corresponding Austrian trenches were out of sight. They began to whisper, and in their voices was all the expressiveness the Italian knows. I understood not a word, but in the tone I caught hatred and disgust. I peered over their shoulders.

Hunched up on his face, as though he had prostrated himself in death, was a man in an olive-gray uniform and a trench helmet. Just beyond, a cleft of the rocks revealed a pair of limp, inert legs. We looked through the glasses; there were other dead.

The lieutenant began whispering in the academically correct English of the educated foreigner:

"Four days ago we made a little charge here," he said. "That is a lieutenant. He was killed, as were the others there. Our men have been trying to recover the bodies ever since. But the Austrians send up flares and fire whenever we try. One was not killed at once. He was wounded in the legs, so that his life might have been saved; but he died last night. This is not war!"

Now, as we came down from the silent world, a bomb went off with a sharp explosion in the trench region above. What it did I cannot tell. I hope we did not draw the fire. But before we reached the dugout guns had opened far away, and the silent world was silent no longer. The day's work had begun. Men spoke again, and no longer was I aware of the bird songs.

Now remember again the position: A narrow cleft of the mountains, with peaks rising on each side, and we high up on one slope, looking across the Isonzo at the other. The country we faced was Italian territory; the peaks were still Austrian.

Just as we reached the dugout, and received congratulations on a safe passage, the great whistle of a shell sounded overhead. I cannot describe that sound. It has been compared to the rush of a fast train; but it is sharper, more crackling than that. And on the crest of an Italian mountain opposite rose a tremendous shell puff. A few seconds and the sound of the explosion struck sharply on our ears.

"A three-hundred-and-five," said the commander.

One of the giant guns. Again the air above us whistled, and again the smoke puff with a flame-red lance in its heart rose from the crest. Then came a sharper though slighter explosion. Along the Isonzo below runs a railway. A puff, small beside those giant puffs on the hill, rose from near the railroad embankment. It was only a few hundred yards away.

Regularly, big shells and little shells whistled and burst. And at this creepy moment the commander uttered in French these reassuring words:

"Gentlemen, you are not safe to go just now. I must keep you to luncheon."

So we waited; and I felt a hollow in the pit of my stomach and a rusty-iron throat. That emotion would flash out; and, as the shells whistled and broke on the hill or the river bank, interest in this unparalleled spectacle would flash in.

But there came a new sound, a gun report different from the rest. Even before the commander began to talk in voluble Italian and the lieutenant to translate, I knew what was afoot. The Italian batteries had opened from somewhere over on those shell-scarred hills. It was an artillery duel!

"Come! You will see something interesting," said the commander, dropping from his native speech into French. We ran sprawling to a point from which we could see the positions above our heads and on our right. At the very crest there rose a wall of rock, which looked as though a gigantic brown-gray hand had thrust itself out of the mountain. Below it the earth was green with bushes and low trees. As we looked, a shell burst sharply against the rock.

"We have calculated," explained the commander, "that there is a concealed Austrian battery there"—he indicated a certain spot in the greenery below the cliff—"and our batteries are reaching for it. *Basso!*—Low!"—for another shell had burst, this time not very far away. The Italians were firing fast; shell followed shell; and the commander of this post and our lieutenant marked each shot with quick exclamatives in their native tongue: *Basso! Basta!*—Short! Hell! *Sinistra! Basso!—Ah-h! Bravo!* For another shell burst in the spot of the concealed battery, and burst with a different sound, somehow. You felt that it had struck, had lifted something. And the fire of the Italian battery ceased.

We were about to turn away when one of the Italian officers looked at me and said:

"You are cold, are you not?"

"No," I said; "not at all."

He looked at me narrowly.

"We had better go back, had we not?" he said gently.

Then I realized for the first time that I was trembling a little, and that he thought I was afraid. Now I had been afraid at intervals that morning—most of all when the commander announced that we might not go—but they had not seen it. At the moment, however, it was another emotion that made me tremble. It was the same emotion you feel when your team makes a touchdown; when your star batsman makes a home run—only a hundred times magnified. I dislike to call it the sporting sense; there was probably death over there where that shell burst; and I was fully aware of that. But it was akin to the sporting sense.

To the Rear in a Mist

We had luncheon then; a good luncheon, served piping hot by Ruffo.

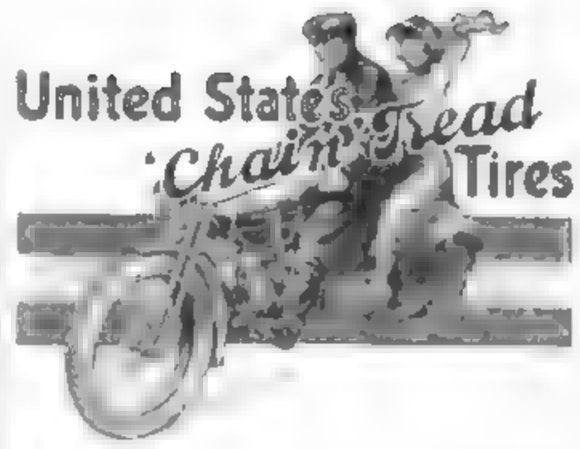
We three guests made it a crowded table, so three junior officers and the chaplain were served at a little table outside the door. It did not occur to me until afterward, but this was a position more dangerous than ours—good manners, in short, at the risk of life. Our teacups were of fine porcelain, our napkins clean and fresh, and Ruffo and his assistant were perfect waiters. Between the cookshack and the dugout, however, they always covered the ground on the run, yet managing plates and dishes so expertly that they spilled not a morsel or a drop.

Now all this time the perfect morning had been growing misty. Throughout that artillery duel the sun had been peeping and hiding behind banks of cloud. As we pushed back our coffee cups and looked out to see another great shell burst on the hilltop, I was aware that it was raining, and that a streaked mist was beginning to pour from the mountaintops.

"Good luck for you, gentlemen!" said the commander. "There is no cover like mist." So he sped the parting guest.

That was two days ago; and to-morrow, from this city behind the line, we go on to the High Alps. This morning, as we were making arrangements for the journey, an officer brought out a dispatch from the commander's office and translated it. President Wilson had called a joint session of Congress to consider the German crisis; an ultimatum was on the way. There were even the first words of the President's message, and they were strong words. When, after being five days or so out of touch with newspapers, we reach again the world of baths, sanitary plumbing and hotel meals, the die may be cast.

I understand to-day, however, why all those Italians who have been addressing me in English along that way of dangerous toil came scurrying back to Italy when they might have worked securely in America. Something as strong as mother love or love of woman draws your heart homeward when your country goes to war.



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United States 'Chain' Tread Motorcycle Tires.

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nter in the whole world

and his Band, or Victor Herbert and his Orchestra, or some other organization.

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They are noteworthy achievements in the art of recording **that have established Victor supremacy on a basis of great things actually accomplished.**

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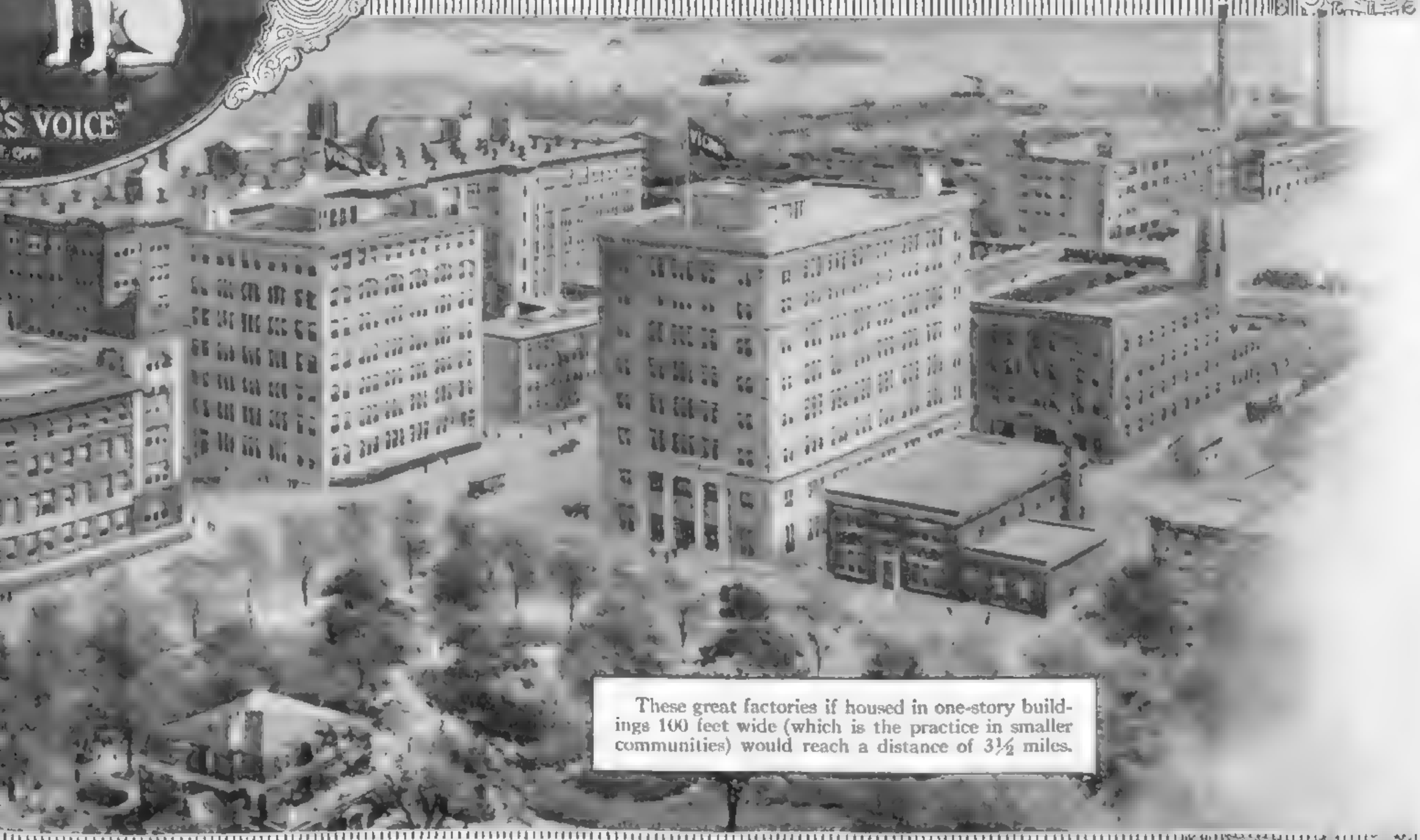
Important warning. Victor Records can be safely and satisfactorily played only with *Victor Needles or Tungs-tone Stylus* on Victors or Victrolas. Victor Records cannot be safely played on machines with jeweled or other reproducing points.



These great factories if housed in one-story buildings 100 feet wide (which is the practice in smaller communities) would reach a distance of 3½ miles.

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Sock
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Aristocrats
The Ivory Garter "looks" its quality. The neat white fittings put on the finest elastic by skilled workmen will please those who like nice things.
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Crystal flower holder
A. H. HEISEY & CO. Dept. 87, Newark, Ohio
Write for Illustrated Booklet
HEISEY'S
H
GLASSWARE
FOR THE TABLE

THE STUFFED SHIRT

(Continued from Page 13)

indignity—the kind of indignity, the lawyer declared, which men carry with them to the grave as secretly as they can. Chesworthy often speculates if there's not some such chapter written into the history of half the notables of the day. But in any case, with Sprague it was out of gross indignity that the great dignitary sprang, and Joseph Rambeau was responsible for both.

The picture-hook company had continued to thrive, and as before Rambeau traveled the road much of the time. Theoretically Ephraim was responsible for the management of the shop: actually the double-fangs were turned out by the foreman. Rambeau, waiving distinctions, concluded that the cost of production was exorbitant. Then he dug into the entire manufacturing problem, and finally, upon a day, walked into the lawyer's office. He was more ratlike than ever—alert and lean, with hard, quick eyes and wirelike hair. Tilting his hat to the side of his head he swaddled Stephen with cigarette smoke and announced that he had made a decision. There were no ifs or ands or buts in his manner. He had simply made a decision, and it was that the time had come for E. Sprague & Co., Inc., to build a larger plant.

"We need better equipment and more of it. Our production cost is away up. I'm going to cut it down, and we'll start by putting up a real factory. It's all fixed, and from now on your fathead friend has nothing to do with the company except to sit at a shiny desk and sign checks. I'm bringing a crack ten-thousand man from Chicago for all inside work. New plant and new inside organization—that's the scheme."

"What does Sprague say?"

"Don't know and don't care."

"Have you told him?"

"Why should I?" demanded Rambeau, and went on: "My dear sir, haven't you got it through your head yet that I pay more attention to the window washer in the shop than I do to that old fool? I got enough troubles without him. But I thought I'd tell you about this new plant and the man I've hired. You can tell Sprague if you want to."

"Suppose he bucks?" asked Stephen.

"Watch him!" scorned Rambeau.

Chesworthy reflected. Vision of the enlarged enterprise rose before him with its lure of enlarged dividends. The keen, tense, tireless little mongrel before him was, he knew, more than equal to the larger task, and in the hiring of a shop expert he was going about it in the right manner, even though the act was a high-handed piece of usurpation that gave one pause. But that act was also, remembering Ephraim's incompetence and growing pretensions as a substantial man of affairs, reassuring for the future of the double-fang picture hooks.

"All right," said Stephen at length, "I'll see you through. We'll send for Sprague." And he took up the telephone.

Rambeau Speaks Out

While they were waiting for Ephraim, Joseph Rambeau unburdened himself a little to Chesworthy. It was the first time he had ever done so, and their brief talk was, as it developed at a later time, fraught with consequence; a foundation was then laid for another and more portentous interview some years later. The drift of Rambeau's remarks upon this occasion was that Ephraim Sprague made him "sick." "I can stand his sitting there doing nothing," he declared, dangling a leg over the arm of his chair. "You—you shark—fixed that for him. It's all right, I suppose. Somebody was going to get me, not having any money to begin with, and maybe after all it might as well've been you and him. No, let him twiddle his thumbs all he pleases. Fact is, I'm glad he doesn't try to mess in. But what gets me, what I can't stand, are his lugs. They're what are driving me mad—the old slob acting as if he'd done it all. Why, I made that concern, and you made Eph Sprague! But look at him!"

There were fathoms in the last words, and the lawyer smiled blandly. He yearned to say several things himself, but after all he was Sprague's attorney and he kept silent. Rambeau continued: "Oh, I know, Mr. Wiseheimer—not a squeak out of you. But I know and you know and it's irritating—all this solemn owl bunk."

Ephraim's heavy steps at this moment echoed in slow approach down the hall and it was in the ensuing ten minutes that the new public dignitary was brought into being; the church elder, the bank director, the college trustee, were then in reality born; the solemn frock coat was all but fitted to Ephraim's girth; the seal was put upon that which lifted Sprague to his exalted and honored place. Ephraim had entered the room.

"Good morning, Stephen," he said, removing the tall, flat-crowned derby which he now affected; and then: "Ah, my good Rambeau!"

"'My good Rambeau,'" scoffed that individual. "Where the devil did you get that stuff?"

"Courtesy—courtesy between associates," returned Ephraim mildly, and sat down. Thereupon, three speeches were made. Chesworthy began. He told of Rambeau's scheme, the new plant, the new inside manager, and suavely asked Sprague's opinion. Before Ephraim could give it, Rambeau cut in brusquely to say:

"Now get this, Sprague! Surplus, as much as I want of it, goes into plant and equipment, and you—you go plunk into the figurehead class. Is that clear?"

The Great Man

The lawyer watched Ephraim closely. His head was slightly tipped back and his lips were pursed, and he was tapping his finger tips together and gazing at the ceiling. It was the posture of a man balancing a delicate problem and endeavoring to reach a decision. But it was only a posture, for beginning at his bull-like neck a dull, thick flush worked itself up over his heavy jowls and back to his ears, and finally in a crimson stain suffused the bald reach of his brow and head.

"Have I made myself plain?" snarled Rambeau toward him. And then Ephraim made his speech.

"Why, yes, Mr. Rambeau, I think you have."

That was all there was to it; the interview was at an end. In due course the plant was built. Its effect upon the public mind was a visualization of the Sprague name, of the Sprague wealth, seemingly a tangible projection of Ephraim Sprague himself, who, sitting in a large bare office fitted with mahogany furniture, continued to present an immaculate desk to the world and to nod solemnly to all callers with the assurance that he would think their errands over. Of course the bank desired so portentous a person upon its board; of course the church wanted him as an elder and the college as a trustee. Not quite so naturally, though, to Chesworthy's thinking, did Ephraim's assumption of dignity increase.

The lawyer could not understand how after that episode in his office Ephraim could ever venture an ounce of solemnity again, how he could so much as tolerate the touch of the emblematic frock coat and boiled shirt which promptly became his habitual wear. True enough, only three persons knew the intimate history of the Sprague plant, but one of the three was Ephraim Sprague, and that fact should have been enough. But it wasn't; and not only did Ephraim, now universally known as Mr. Sprague, maintain all his former pretensions, but, as before, the more seriously Wellesville took him, the more seriously he seemed to take himself. And then, also as before, Wellesville responded in perfect reaction, and Ephraim in turn reacted once again. It was an unending farce which seemed to move to a climax which never came.

Soon Chesworthy heard of Sprague's proffering advice to young men, friends of his son, who chanced to be round the house; presently he heard of young men seeking Sprague out for a helping word in fashioning their careers. The lawyer used to see him occasionally stepping in and out of shops, where, with a heavy bow, he had no doubt been counseling small merchants to buy lightly. "We may have bad times, you know," was a favorite admonition of Ephraim's.

His wife had long since dropped "Ephie" in addressing her husband and once she had said to Stephen: "Mr. Sprague is such a care and such a—such a—responsibility." And upon another occasion the lawyer overheard Sprague remarking: "I am able to attribute to my dear wife's watchfulness of my health much of my success." It was those two general attitudes which served to keep alive the lawyer's resentful amazement; for to Chesworthy, knowing Ephraim and also the facts of Ephraim's career, more and more of a miracle did the community's absurd estimate of Sprague and Sprague's obvious estimate of himself become.

But miracle that it all was, Stephen believed he had a sound theory with which to explain it. To begin with, there was that strange thing, public opinion, which was, as he came to maintain, inevitably misinformed. It was normal enough that it should accept a man as he was labeled and tagged, and by practice and habit people associated certain attributes with certain tags—as, for example, ability with position. Nor was public opinion ever in the way of becoming enlightened. It judged by externals because it had nothing else by which to judge. Of necessity few persons ever could have possession of the real facts, and of necessity, too, those persons were bound by considerations of self-interest and honor to keep silent. A pretty figure Rambeau would cut belittling the president of the Sprague company! A sorry day when Chesworthy should open his lips concerning his client's affairs! And so there was the public left in its fool's garden to erect the idols it had to have, and to bedeck those clay-footed images as it chose.

Sprague, on his part, the lawyer argued, was able to play his rôle only because of an unalloyed stupidity. Out of stupidity his career had sprung; upon stupidity it throve. Stupidity, incompetence, self-delusion, all much the same to Chesworthy, had at once brought Ephraim to the brink of ruin, invited the attorney's protecting hand, won for Sprague his reputation for caution and permitted him to indulge an appraisal of himself that scorned alike the past and present; and without that asinine estimate of himself, Stephen was certain his client never could have acted up to the fallacy of a public opinion which made reputation and bestowed honors. Perfect, unrelieved stupidity, coupled with a putty soul which since boyhood had given dominance over Sprague to anyone who chose to take it—that was all there was, the lawyer concluded, to the individual who had once admitted that he wasn't cut out for much and had very nearly pleaded to be eased into oblivion. But it was enough, he argued, for luck and general ignorance and gullibility to work upon and fashion a notable, a dignitary, an imposing communal figure.

Laws of Nature

And then this theory of Chesworthy's was put to a grand testing, and by the one other person whom the lawyer would admit had any right to a theory at all—Joseph Rambeau. The matter began upon a railroad train. The two men were returning from Washington, whither they had gone upon the business of some protective patents—a business concerning which, incidentally, Ephraim had been and was totally ignorant. Having brought their affairs to a successful conclusion they were returning to Wellesville and would arrive in the morning. They had the smoking compartment to themselves and were comfortably sprawled out as the train lumbered along. The hour, the place, the circumstances made for confidence, and Rambeau had got upon the subject of Ephraim.

Since the entering wedge of the brief discussion, now some time back, when in the lawyer's office Rambeau had displayed his raw irritation at Ephraim's pomp and pretense, there had been other talks, guarded on Chesworthy's part, imperiously outspoken on Rambeau's. But these had been rare, and it was Stephen's opinion that Rambeau had settled down into a state of contemptuous indifference to Sprague and was giving him and his solemnity slight notice. Chesworthy was therefore surprised when Rambeau observed: "A man's got to have something, and old Sprague can't get away with that swelling round of his forever."

"I don't know why not. He's got away with it for ages."

"Oh, I know, I know; but things—funny things—do happen sometimes," said Rambeau wisely.

"Well, what?"

"Well, you might call 'em laws—laws get to working. Natural level stuff, you

(Continued on Page 45)

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GOOD YEAR
AKRON
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AIR HEELS

(Continued from Page 42)

know, or that Lincoln business about fooling people all the time and then maybe some others." He stopped before he pointedly added: "There are other laws, Chesworthy —several other laws."

"For example?" queried the attorney.

"What's that about a worm turning? Pretty well-established law of human nature, that. And then there's the law of how jealousy and avarice work, and also that grand old chestnut about the survival of the fittest. Think 'em over."

As Chesworthy lay in his berth that night he did think them over, but only desultorily. Long ago he had jettisoned certain theories of his younger days—theories concerning a man's mastery over his own fate. He had seen too much of the operation of chance, too much of what that weird force, reputation, could accomplish, to cherish at this late date those reassuring doctrines of his youth. Ephraim Sprague had been to him too constant a reminder of how nothingness could parade and what stupidity could achieve.

The next morning the lawyer found Rambeau in the dining car. There was a peculiar tight smile on his fresh, sharp face. He was reading a newspaper, and Chesworthy saw that it was the Wellesville Courier.

"Read that!" said Rambeau, thrusting the paper at Stephen as he sat down. The attorney did, and for a moment was uncertain whether he would beat the table in an insane fury or would shriek with mirth. He did neither; but a climax had come: Ephraim Sprague had announced that he would accept election as representative from the district to Congress.

"Accept it! Did you get that?" said Rambeau. "Not run for it, not try for it, but the bring-it-to-me-on-a-platter-and-I'll take-it sort of thing. What in heaven's name has got into him?"

"He says here," returned Chesworthy, still reading, "that he's willing to make the sacrifice of withdrawing his personal attention from his business if by so doing he can serve the community at large."

"He does, eh?" flung back Rambeau. "Well, he can serve the community all he wants, but he's got to serve me first."

"What do you mean, Rambeau?" asked the lawyer quickly.

The Glory and the Cash

"I mean," said the other, "that this is too much. He's getting all the money and all the *kudos* and none of the work. I'm getting all the work and none of the money or *kudos*. He can have the *kudos*, but henceforward, Chesworthy—I—get—the money. He's an offensive old windbag, and besides he takes me too much for granted. He treats me as if I'd be a fool till the end of my days, and it's going to cease."

"How?"

"How? I'll tell you how even if you are his lawyer," replied Rambeau, and thereupon proceeded to unfold a theory concerning Ephraim Sprague which evidently he had long been nursing and keeping secret against the day when he might choose to employ it. It was a long, tense speech that Rambeau made, leaning across the dining-car table. "Nine hundred and ninety-nine per cent of the time," he began, "Ephraim Sprague takes himself very seriously and thinks he's quite a fellow. He has to. He's got to work up an illusion of greatness to keep himself alive. Imagine how he'd feel if he didn't! He wouldn't be able to look himself in the face, not for a minute! He'd shut his eyes when he shaved. And lying in bed at night and seeing on some chair those everlasting clothes of his—why, if he wasn't able to kid himself into believing that he was really 'it' he'd have a fit realizing that all there was in the world to him was over there. No, no, he has to do it—has to do it; and he's just fool enough so that he can. That's how he gets along. But ——"

Rambeau paused, and narrowing his gimlet eyes, went on: "But listen! Here's what I'm coming to—he's fool enough so that he can get along, but he ain't fool enough so that he'll get caught. Away down in some corner of him there's a little grain of common sense that tells him, when he chooses to take notice, that he's a great, useless boob. He knows he's actually no good and that really he's just a solemn idiot. Remember the time we put the plant over on him? Do you suppose he'd ever have taken that talk I gave him if he wasn't scared pink I'd quit? Certainly not. If he thought he could have paddled an inch without me he'd have bucked then. But that speck of sense he had told him to swallow any old thing I chose to hand him, and he did. And what's more, he'll do the same thing again. I've got him where I want him."

"Which is ——" Chesworthy started.

"I mean that the time is ripe."

"Ripe for what?"

"Ripe to square up on that neat little deal you fixed up a few years back—the deal that made Ephraim Sprague and didn't make me. Just you wait till sundown."

The train arrived, and Chesworthy on his way to his office encountered several friends. All of them spoke of Sprague's announcement as a singularly high-minded act.

"But how he can afford to do it I don't see!" exclaimed one. "Why, he can't leave those works!"

"Oh, he has able assistants," returned Chesworthy.

"Well, that's like him. Farsighted, ain't he? Probably been training 'em up for years."

"Very likely," said the lawyer, and moved on.

"Fine about Sprague," said another. "Just the right thing to touch off his reputation. Shows he's not all for money-making and nothing else. Not many are public-spirited like that. Sort of rounds out his career, don't you think?"

Sprague's Chances

And then from a third: "Great for the district to have a man like that looking out for its interests," was the sagacious observation. "'Tain't often you see as able a man as that going into politics. He'll make some of those old geezers at the Capitol sit up and take notice, I'll bet."

Before noontime Stephen became convinced that Ephraim Sprague would be nominated and elected. There was even some talk of making it a bipartisan affair, because it was evident that it would be difficult to find a man who would invite certain defeat by running in opposition to this leading citizen of Wellesville. Meanwhile, however, Chesworthy's mind was more occupied in other directions. What had put the idea of going to Congress into Ephraim's head? What had the sly Rambeau under way? And how much was there in Rambeau's theory that a stray bit of sense and self-honesty within Sprague rendered him vulnerable?

To this last point the lawyer particularly addressed himself, for upon it much at that moment might depend. He debated and debated the question, searching for evidence in his experience with Ephraim that might bear out Rambeau's view. On the face of it, the memorable interview at which Sprague, meek in his humiliation, had acquiesced in the scheme for erecting a new plant, tended to confirm the theory; but against that were the facts of Ephraim's early trait of spineless yielding to anyone at any time and of his ridiculous surrender, in the first instance, to Rambeau himself when the latter came along with his improved picture hook. No, the man never had any real fiber, and it was a blunder of Rambeau's to read Sprague's utter and chronic pliability as a manifestation of a hidden spark of self-preserving shrewdness. He was simply a fatuous old incompetent, with a talent for blinding himself to actualities and for vain self-delusion. That was all there was to it! Then the telephone rang.

It was Ephraim himself to say that he was starting for Chesworthy's office. He arrived attired in his usual habiliments of dignity. There was not any noticeable perturbation about him, and he sat down.

"Well, what's up?" asked Stephen.

"Have you seen my announcement?" asked Sprague, beaming and twiddling his heavy watch chain.

"I have; and have you seen Rambeau?"

"Why, yes," replied Ephraim blandly.

"Did he have anything to say—anything special?" pried Chesworthy.

"I don't know as I should call it special," answered the great man slowly and ponderously, and then presently added with a sad shake of his head: "I am sometimes afraid, Stephen, that our good friend Rambeau is somewhat lacking in—what shall we term it?—public spirit. But let that pass. I am anxious to learn what you think of my announcement."

"What made you do it?"

"Various motives, all excellent, I trust," rejoined Ephraim. "For one, I have long felt, and have occasionally voiced my views, that men of the first order should more frequently place their abilities at the disposal of their fellow citizens. We shall then have wiser laws more wisely administered."

"And so you decided to offer your conspicuous abilities to Wellesville?" half jeered Chesworthy.

"Exactly," was Sprague's serene reply.

"Eph, you beat me!" Stephen brought forth. "What were some of these things you call motives?"

"Ah, well, let me see," mused Ephraim, gazing above him. "I believe that I felt that some such unselfish act on my part would, so to speak, enrich the name, Stephen, which will be transmitted to my boy. That name I desire to carry with it fine memories as well as mere wealth."

For a long moment Chesworthy was thoughtful. Finally he asked: "Did you explain all this to Rambeau?"

"I did."

"And how did he take it?"

"He seemed a trifle insensible to considerations which were very moving with me."

"Did you two discuss how the works would be run while you were off in Washington? I notice in the newspapers you spoke of withdrawing your personal attention from the business."

"Yes, yes, we discussed that," said Ephraim indifferently. "But I am not concerned. Joseph has had a long training."

At this point Chesworthy would have burst out at Sprague had he believed that there was the slightest chance of piercing that armor of his which permitted him so suavely to ignore a history equally known to both. The lawyer contented himself with merely telling Sprague that he was sure of election, and with then getting the old dolt out of his office. Ephraim went stumping solemnly away; his very back seemed to tell of a weight of cares and his head was bent forward as if in thought.

"I knew I was right," reflected Chesworthy. "He's perfect—he's supreme. Rambeau's wrong. No one can frighten Sprague into anything; he hasn't sense enough to be scared. My theory's right and it has been right. Catfish public opinion that'll grab any old thing it sees and an individual with a brain filled only with solid pig-iron—that's the Sprague combination." And his thoughts went back and were still sardonically traveling some old paths when Rambeau, unannounced, appeared.

Some Other Laws

He was in no pretty mood. Lighting cigarettes, end upon end, he paced the floor, throwing off his observations in clipped, staccato syllables. Chesworthy, tipping back and forth in his desk chair and shaking his head, watched him not without a measure of sympathy. How that man had slaved in making Ephraim Sprague and how little Ephraim Sprague had slaved in making himself! Rambeau's first words were:

"Remember that theory of mine?"

Chesworthy nodded.

"Well, forget it. It's nonsense!"

"I know it is," laughed Chesworthy. "I've seen him."

"Sprague?"

"Yes, he was here."

"What did he tell you?"

"Not a thing."

"Not a thing!" echoed Rambeau, incredulous, and a trifle: "Was he up in the air?"

"Not a bit."

"Well, that's natural, I suppose—for Sprague," and the ratlike little man took several more turns before he brought forth disconnectedly: "But I'll tell you this—that that part about laws getting people, that's all right."

"Is it?" encouraged the lawyer.

"Yep, and one law has got him already."

"What law?"

"The law, Chesworthy, that if you lie to others long enough you'll end up by lying to yourself." Rambeau came to a stop, and then with a venomous bite to his words continued: "That old fake has been pretending for so long that he was the real thing that he got to believing it himself. Think of it! He really believes it—believes it even when his own precious neck and dollars and cents are at stake. That proves it—he's a Simon-pure fool. At last I know! And I know something else!"

"Which is——" smiled Stephen.

"That another law, a bunch of other laws, is about to get him."

"As for example?"

Rambeau did not reply immediately. He walked restlessly up and down, leaking

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Page 1050 Journal American Medical Association, September 18, 1915.

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Answer: "No harm comes from stopping the perspiration under the arms; that is, there is no damage in the failure of this limited excretion of sweat."

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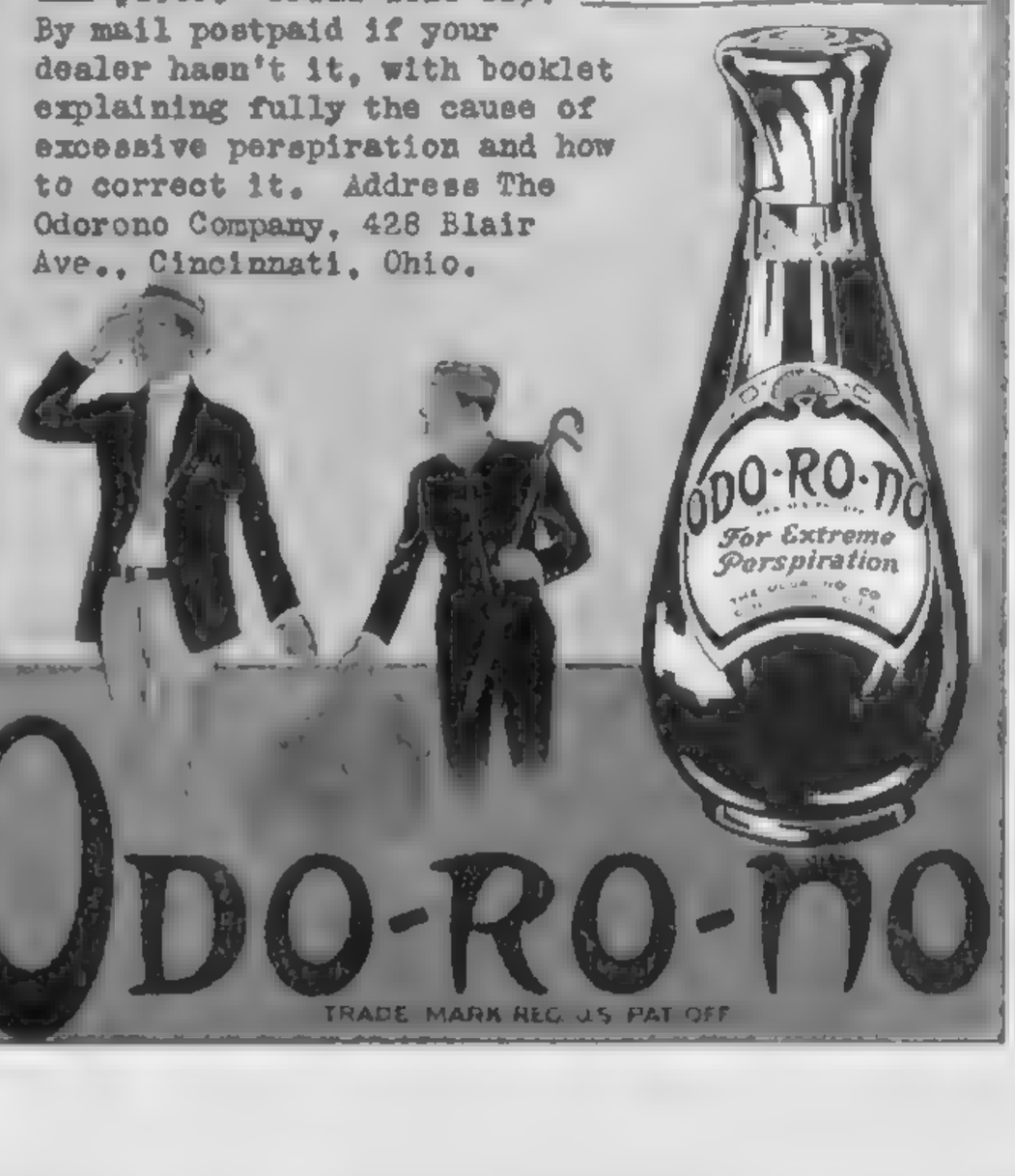


cigarette smoke out of a corner of his mouth and reflecting. Finally, by way of an answer, he said: "I'm going to build my own plant."

Chesworthy's desk chair came to a level with a bang. He stared at Rambeau, who, pacing, gave not the slightest heed. Presently the little man commenced rambling on as if only half addressing the lawyer: "Yep, I put it all up to him this morning. Told him flat I was through with holding the little end of the stick all the time. Said if he wanted me a day longer he could simply hand me one-half of his stock; if he didn't I'd go and, with a nifty little patent that I've got tucked away, would show him tricks in the picture-hook business he's never heard of."

"You told him that this morning?" cried the lawyer.

"I did."

Stephen gasped. "He couldn't have understood! It's impossible. Why, when he was here ——"

"Haven't I told you," cut in Rambeau, "that he's solid all the way back?" And he tapped his forehead.

"He is, he is!" Chesworthy shook his head despairingly. "What happened?" he asked.

"Oh, he just grinned and said he was sorry."

"What did you do?"

"Told him to go to, and got out and rang up Colfax."

"Money?"

"Money, and for the speediest little rival to the E. Sprague Co. you ever saw."

"Have you seen Colfax?"

"To-night—eight o'clock—his house. And then"—Rambeau abruptly seized his hat and made for the door—"and then in about six months be good enough to take a look at your friend, Ephraim Sprague. He's done for, I tell you—him and his grand reputation and lugs—done for! They're false, all of 'em, and they couldn't last." Rambeau went out.

During the next few hours Chesworthy endeavored to take stock of exactly where matters stood. He himself had not erred in his judgment of Ephraim Sprague; his client's stupidity was supreme. But was stupidity about to defeat itself? That seemed difficult to believe. For years and years now Ephraim had been feeding and fattening upon it. Its extreme manifestation had been reached that day. And yet nothing was more impossible, the lawyer felt, than that Sprague should be able to operate the big works without Rambeau. That Ephraim was bold enough even to consider doing so only demonstrated the lengths to which the man's vainglory and public misconception had carried him. As for the future, the lawyer felt that he foresaw it clearly. In one brief word, Ephraim would "blow"; the great name would pass, the great works become a graveyard. To Chesworthy at that moment there seemed nothing that could save Ephraim from such a fate unless, peradventure, he himself could hammer through Sprague's self-esteem and compel him to yield to Rambeau's demands. But that was a slim chance!

A Call From Colfax

It suddenly occurred to the lawyer that an odd thing was about to happen. The toppling over of Ephraim Sprague, the exploding of the Sprague myth, were about to reëstablish for him those simple, cheerful creeds of his youth: the principle that you cannot fool all the people all the time would be definitely reaffirmed; after all, a success to be lasting must be honestly earned; and bubble reputations eventually do burst. Thus his reflections ran, and he was at the point of exclaiming to himself that there was, when you came to think of it, nothing in the world more insidious, more tricky, than unmerited fame, when there was a ring on the telephone and a hurry summons to Henry Colfax's home.

Chesworthy had dined and it was well after eight o'clock. Arriving, the lawyer found Rambeau there, coolly insolent. Colfax closed the library door and gravely motioned Stephen to a chair. The president of the First National was struggling to suppress excitement.

"I feel, Chesworthy," he began, gripping the lapels of his coat, "that you should know of what has occurred in this room to-night." He paused solemnly.

"Oh, it's not such a terrible thing," chirped in Rambeau. "Chesworthy's known for years. Fact is, he and I, as I told you, did it together." And then, turning directly to Stephen, he said with a laugh: "Mr. Colfax couldn't believe it and I made him send for you. Now, for heaven's sake, old man, stand by me just this once!"

In passing it came to Chesworthy that it was exactly a piece of Ephraim's ever-faithful luck that he, the attorney, could not stand by Rambeau.

"What do you wish me to do?" asked Stephen.

"Tell him the story of the picture hooks," urged Rambeau.

"Why," smiled the lawyer, "I guess Mr. Colfax knows the story." It was all that he could have said.

"Ah, I thought so, I thought so," burst from the bank president as he took an agitated step or two. Rambeau laughed mirthlessly.

"Well, then, if you won't come through all the way for me, Chesworthy, explain what you've done yourself for Sprague."

"Over many years," said Stephen, "I've served as his attorney."

"Exactly," caught up Colfax, "just as you've served as attorney for many another man. Have all of Mr. Chesworthy's clients been as successful as Mr. Sprague? Let me put that to you, Mr. Rambeau."

"You're as fooled as everyone else," taunted Rambeau.

"Fooled? Fooled? Impossible," cried Colfax. "For years I've sat on boards with Mr. Sprague and I've always found him sound, very sound."

"What you mean is that he kept his mouth shut because there wasn't a thought in his head, and waited to see what a few fellows like you did."

Chesworthy's Silence

"Not at all. He has invariably been aligned with the best elements, the most conservative elements invariably."

"Can you beat it?" cried Rambeau, throwing his hands out in an open gesture of helplessness toward Chesworthy.

Stephen kept silent, and the bank president took up the talk. "I should willingly consider your proposition of a loan, Mr. Rambeau," he said, "if you could convince me that you were in any measure actually responsible for the success of E. Sprague & Co., Inc. But, my dear sir, don't you see how preposterous such an idea is? Why, Mr. Sprague is your president! The great corporation bears his name! His abilities and character are inseparably associated with the growth and prestige of the enterprise! Year after year we ourselves have seen him patiently developing his business from its small beginnings. Day after day we have beheld him at his desk painstakingly administering its destinies. And pardon me, my dear Mr. Rambeau, if I add that of you we have known very little at all."

"Of course not," flung out Rambeau. "I've been working, making things go."

"Can you enlighten me at all, Mr. Chesworthy?" said Colfax, turning to Stephen.

"I cannot," was all the lawyer was able to manage. He was at the moment overwhelmed with emotion. Before his very eyes the Sprague legend was rising up to protect Ephraim, the Sprague reputation was reaching out its staunch arm. Stupidity and the putty soul were proving, it seemed, triumphant to the last.

"Have you nothing to say?" prodded the president.

"I'm afraid not, Mr. Colfax."

"Keep at him!" exhorted Rambeau maliciously. "He's afraid to open his face."

"Yes, Chesworthy, why don't you speak? You apparently fail to realize that the judgment of an entire community has been impeached."

"That's no concern of mine," remarked Stephen.

"It is, sir," retorted Colfax. "By slandering one of our first citizens—one of your clients, Chesworthy—Mr. Rambeau is endeavoring to launch an enterprise which may, for a time at least, embarrass Mr. Sprague. Have you nothing to say?"

"Ask him," quickly interjected Rambeau, harrowing like a small terrier, "to mention one single thing Ephraim Sprague ever did to put the double-fang on the market! Ask who manufactures 'em, who sells 'em! Ask what Sprague does anyway! Throw it at him straight and hard like that! If he sits there like a dummy you've a perfectly good answer. Don't you see that, Mr. Colfax?"

There was something like hot eagerness, a very convincing quality of sincerity, in

(Concluded on Page 49)

Barrett Specification Roofs

Guaranteed for 20 Years

"The roofing shall be laid according to The Barrett Specification dated May 1st, 1916, and the roofing contractor shall, on completion of the job, deliver to us a twenty year Surety Bond Guaranty issued by The Barrett Company in accordance with Note 1 of such Specification."

This is the new way of prescribing roofing in your building specifications when you want a Barrett Specification Roof.

The twenty year Guaranty Bond is *a new feature of Barrett Service.*

It will be given on all roofs of fifty squares or more in all towns of 25,000 population and over throughout the United States and Canada, *and in smaller places where our inspection service is available.*

This Guaranty Bond exempts the owner from all expenses of maintenance and repairs for a period of twenty years and the bond is issued by the United States Fidelity & Guaranty Company, one of the largest surety companies in America.

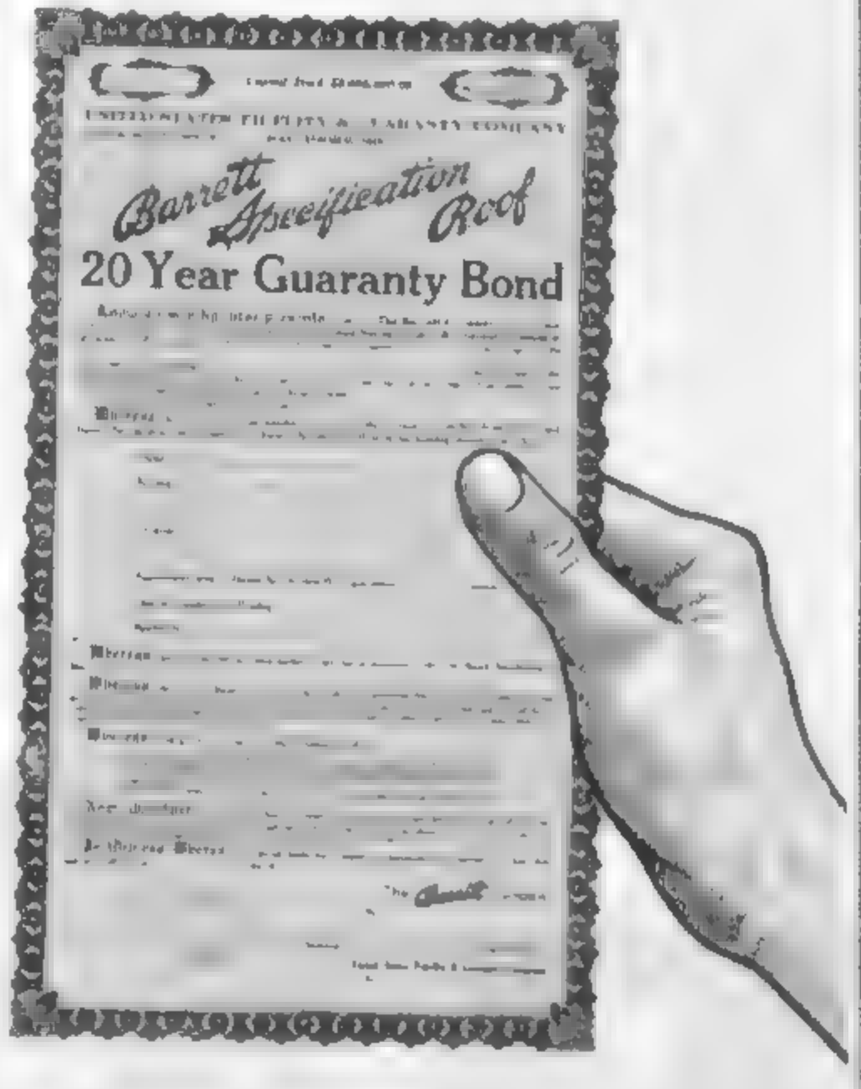
The roofer, in order to secure this Guaranty Bond, must be satisfactory to us, and must notify us as soon as a contract is taken and give us the right to inspect the workmanship and materials to see that both are in strict accordance with The Barrett Specification dated May 1st, 1916.

Naturally, if we are to give a twenty year Guaranty Bond, we must be assured that the proper amount and kinds of material are used so as to insure the roof's giving the maximum service.

We know from experience of almost fifty years that a roof laid strictly according to The Barrett Specification, with the workmanship properly safeguarded, will last twenty years and more without repairs of any kind, and we are issuing this twenty year Surety Bond so that owners of these roofs will get the benefit of that experience.

The principal architects, engineers and roofing contractors throughout the country are familiar with the plan.

If there is any information you desire regarding the proposition, just drop us a line to our nearest office and we shall be very glad to give you further facts.



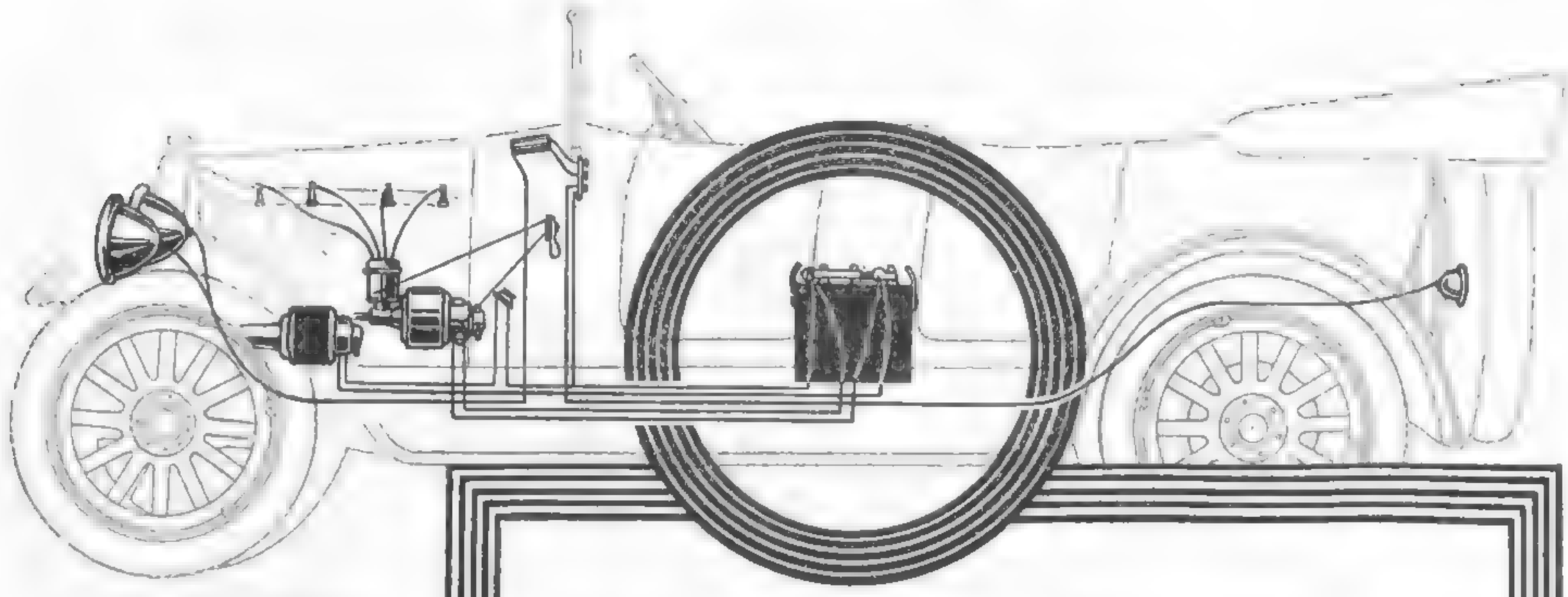
A copy of The Barrett Specification, with roofing diagrams, sent free on request.

The Barrett Company

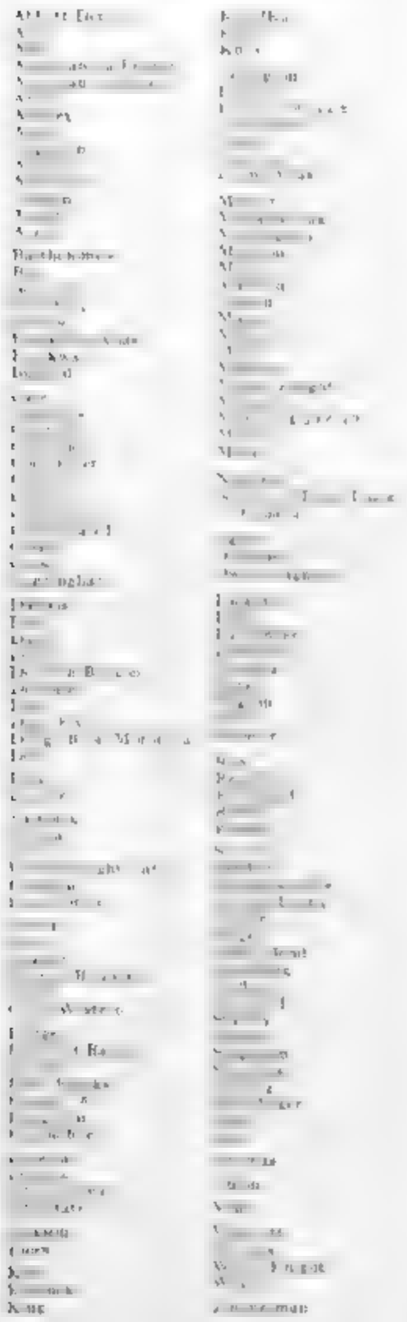
Largest Manufacturers in the World of Roofing and Roofing Materials

New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, Cleveland, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Pittsburgh, Detroit, Birmingham, Kansas City, Minneapolis, Nashville, Salt Lake City, Seattle, Peoria

The Paterson Manufacturing Company, Limited: Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, Vancouver, St. John, N. B., Halifax, N. S., Sydney, N. S.



Cars Equipped by Their Makers with Willard Batteries



What Starts the Starter?

Cut one of the slender wires that connect your starting motor with its Willard Battery and it's all up with the starter.

The life impulse of the whole system dwells in the battery. The generator is but a device to store up energy in the battery, the starting motor but a device to apply that energy to the fly wheel or engine.

This vital importance of the battery explains why 85% of all makers of electrically equipped cars use many types of generators and starting motors—yet agree on one battery—Willard.

These car builders give you the battery that has service built into every plate, jar and separator, the battery that is backed by over 775 expert battery service stations where Willard owners can find men who really know their business and have the equipment to meet Willard standards. You can trust the men who are responsible for the lighting and starting satisfaction of over 1,000,000 car owners.

Write for booklets A-9, "Your Storage Battery, What It Is and How to Get the Most Out of It," and A-10, "Truth Telling Tests." List of Willard Service Stations included.

Willard Storage Battery Company

Cleveland, Ohio

NEW YORK 228-230 W. 58th Street
ATLANTA: 8-10

Willard STORAGE BATTERY

(Concluded from Page 46)

Rambeau's small-limned face as he lifted it up to Henry Colfax in the last words of his plea. Stephen believed that it must have been that quality which arrested the bank president; for, without turning about, he stood above Rambeau and, looking down, studied that tense countenance and those burning eyes. The fierceness of the man's spirit shone in both. It seemed to Chesworthy that the banker could have read his answer there. He believed that somehow he was reading it when—exactly, meditated the lawyer, as only Sprague luck would have it—there came through the window of the Colfax library the thump-thumping of a drum, the blare of a cornet, the tramping of marching feet.

Stephen saw the current of Colfax's attention break; he saw a curious, alert, listening expression cross Rambeau's features.

"What's that?" Rambeau asked from the edge of his chair. Colfax stepped to the window.

"Oh, of course," the president said. "The Sprague parade." And all a-flutter he started for the door.

"But, Mr. Colfax——" began Rambeau.

"Sorry, gentlemen," the banker threw over his shoulder. "I forgot I promised to make a speech."

That which ensued was to Chesworthy a little in the nature of a benediction or valedictory to Ephraim Sprague's career to date. It seemed not only to give expression to its ultimate and rounded form, but it seemed also to consign Rambeau and Rambeau's talents to the position which they must forever occupy, relatively to Sprague's stupidity and reputation. By the same token, it provided Rambeau with all that that astute gentleman required by way of a decision upon his application for a loan with which to inaugurate a rival picture-hook concern. In many aspects it was a completing event.

Sprague's Luck

Like some boy late for school, Henry Colfax had seized his hat and rushed down his front steps to meet the advancing column. Rambeau gazed disgustedly at Chesworthy for a moment and, with a gesture that evoked memories of a far-gone day, tossed up his hands and followed. The lawyer and he passed out to the banker's front porch, where together they viewed the scene. Perhaps five hundred men were gathered into the ample breadth of Merridew Avenue. Some had torches, but all had enthusiasm.

"Sprague! Sprague! Sprague!" rang out in the mild early autumn night. Along on both sides of him Stephen could see oblongs of light as doors opened and swift forms rushed out into the shadows. The band was playing valorously; the crowd swelled and the cheering increased. In the Sprague home, directly opposite, a blind was raised and as promptly lowered again; someone had taken a peep. And then, upon his own veranda, Ephraim Sprague, heavy as a bear, appeared. Pressed against the wall by the door was Mrs. Sprague's well-bosomed form. Her head was slightly lowered, a hand was anxiously at her lips. Just after Ephraim stepped out Chesworthy perceived that she had been struck with some sudden terror. She was going through a variety of agitated gestures, evidently exhorting haste, and within a moment young Sprague, the son, ventured deferentially forth upon the porch to hand his parent that tall, flat-crowned derby, familiar property-piece of more than a decade.

"Sh-h-h-h! Sh-h-h-h!" sizzled up from the pressing throng. The instruments had ceased; quiet fell; several men slipped through the gate and found place upon the lawn. Once more "Sh-h-h-h! Sh-h-h-h!" and upon the hushed air Chesworthy heard Ephraim clear his throat. Then he saw him slightly incline his hulking body.

"Citizens and fellow townsmen," he began, and halted. His conclusion was: "I thank you."

A great cheer went up. "What's he thanking 'em for?" demanded Rambeau in a rough whisper. "Nothing's happened. He ain't elected yet."

"Oh, yes, he is," returned the lawyer, who had learned volumes that night. "He's elected all right. But shut up! Listen!"

Another cheer. Again Ephraim bowed. "I thank you," he said. "It is a great honor."

"In the name of merciful heaven, what is?" rasped the little man beside the lawyer.

"The parade," supplied Stephen.

"Well, all I got to say is, you'd better go over there and tell him so. He don't know."

"Quiet!" admonished Chesworthy, for Ephraim, with a series of elephantine inclinations, was backing off into the patch of yellow light, and fresh plaudits were bursting from the crowd. The band struck up a few bars of For He's a Jolly Good Fellow, and then quit. Upon the porch opposite loomed the form of Henry Colfax.

"Citizens," he began, ripping his hat through the air, "this is a memorable occasion." Pause. "Memorable, I say." Pause and scattered cheers. "Ephraim Sprague has said to-night that he is sensible of the honor which his fellow townsmen are doing him." Pause and stage wait. "It is like Ephraim Sprague to say that." Cheers. "We know the man and we honor him. But ——" Another pause, during which almost glaringly Colfax pirouetted about, sweeping the throng with his glance. "But in assembling here to-night we have not come to honor Ephraim Sprague. We have come to thank him. We hail him as our next congressman. In the same breath we bespeak our gratitude. Fellow citizens, his election ——"

Cheering cut in, but Chesworthy caught a little.

"It is Ephraim Sprague's tribute to Wellesville, not Wellesville's tribute to Ephraim Sprague." And then all else was drowned in applause, through which the lawyer heard Rambeau.

"Swell chance! Swell chance I've got!" he was gibbering. "The fools! But come on, I got to get to work early. I'm licked."

"Licked?"

"Sure! I know it!"

"Sprague! Sprague! Sprague!" reached them in the heavy roar of the populace.

"The stuffed shirt," muttered Rambeau as he and Chesworthy stole off.

Getting back to the commencement exercises at Clearwater College, which were held in the June following Sprague's election to Congress, Stephen Chesworthy was lending a somewhat outraged ear to the orator's solemn pronunciamientos upon Success and How to Attain It. The speech was drawing—or at least it seemed that it must be drawing—to a close. Already the attorney, in his inconspicuous rear seat, felt that he had taken some rather toplofty hurdles without emitting a cry; but when Ephraim had gotten upon the topic of courtesy in business, and then, by way of interlude, had referred to the warm friendship which all of his associates enjoyed with him, Stephen had very nearly slipped to the floor. Likewise, when Sprague had exhorted his hearers that if they did not see in one direction a straight road to the goal of ambition to look without delay in another, Chesworthy had conjured up writhing memories. So, too, when Ephraim had begun speaking of a man's duty to realize all that was in him; and it was that idea he was now developing.

The manner in which his client enlarged the thought was actually painful to Stephen. The first precept of success, Sprague declared, was to learn to "project one's powers"—whatever that meant. The immediate effect upon the lawyer was to prompt in him a desire to shriek and flee the hall. The preposterousness of Ephraim Sprague not infrequently affected him in some such fashion. He glanced once more at the figure upon the platform. He was, as ever and always, the same Ephraim; it seemed to Chesworthy that stupidity was in the very lines of the man's heavy frame, in his gleaming, chunklike head, in his wagging-featured countenance, now overspread with a bland benignity, and that there was nothing, positively nothing, else there. Gazing about him again, he saw the room of faces turned toward the orator with reverence and attention. It was all too much! He tapped the lady next him, begged her pardon and wriggled out. As he slipped through the swinging doors Sprague's throaty, unctuous tones reached him in the assertion that anyone to win out must have within him "that immortal spark which identifies and distinguishes the man."

Passing across the campus Stephen turned down the poplar-shaded length of Merridew Avenue. As he proceeded, a prim, pedagogic type in his neat modest cutaway, he was recalling certain utterances of almost dead times. "But, for heaven's sake, let me get this rotten old shop closed up—Told him to come round in a couple of days—I'll be closed up then—Could you make his hook?—Oh, I suppose—Shucks, what's the use?—I ain't much, all I've got is sense enough—You'd better fix up something, now that you speak of it—picture hooks—What's a picture hook to me?" And then a favorite, oft-employed phrase of Joseph Rambeau returned: "Can you beat it?" "You cannot," abruptly observed Chesworthy to himself.

Sense and Nonsense

Generosity in Installments

A CERTAIN Scotch singing comedian, who is notoriously thrifty, played a week's engagement to enormous business in Chicago last year. Desiring to show his appreciation of the theater manager's kindness to him during the week, he called that gentleman into his dressing room on Saturday night.

"I want to thank you, sir," he said, "for your courtesy to me this week and for the fine crowds you've helped to bring in to hear me. Here's a photograph of mysel' for you; and if business is as good next year when I come back I'll put my name on it for you then!"

Fine Make-Up

AT A DINNER given this spring by the Twilight Club to Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree, the English actor, one of the speakers, an associate of the guest of honor, told a story illustrative of the gently satirical wit of Sir Herbert.

He said that once upon a time a self-sufficient young actor joined Sir Herbert's company, then playing in London, and was assigned a small part in a new play. As the day for dress rehearsal drew near, the head of the company was moved to ask the young man how he expected to make up for the character.

The young actor, being flattered by this attention, pulled a serious face.

"Sir Herbert," he said, "I have been giving the matter considerable study. I shall make up the part as a man about forty-one years old—or possibly forty-two."

"Admirable!" said Sir Herbert. "Admirable!" And then, as the young man turned away, highly pleased: "But—pardon the suggestion—if I were you I should make him up as exactly forty-three!"

Something to Live For

ALMOST before the smoke and dust of the recent revolt in Ireland had cleared away a story dealing with the fighting in Dublin reached these shores.

A person whose first name was Jeremiah and who loved a scrap, no matter what its merits might be, ventured too near the zone of street hostilities.

A sniper in a building shot him down, and then shot him twice again as he lay on the pavement. Later he was picked up and carried to a hospital. Here a sorrowing friend called to inquire regarding the victim's condition.

"Well," said the surgeon in charge of the case, "he's badly hurt. He has a hole clear through his chest, his right shoulder blade is shattered and part of his jaw is gone."

"Oh, wurra, wurra!" exclaimed the visitor. "Thin poor Jerry can't live!"

"I believe he'll get well—in fact, I'm sure of it," said the surgeon.

"What chance has he wit' all thim hurts—and him a sickly kind of lad to start wit'?"

"It's not a chance," said the surgeon; "it's an incentive. He thinks he knows the man who shot him."

A Bargain Hunter

THERE appears to be no good and valid reason why this story should be laid on a Scotchman except that such stories are always laid on Scotchmen.

A canny citizen of Dundee entered a chemist's shop and told the proprietor he wanted threepence' worth of morphine.

"What do you want it for?" asked the apothecary.

"Tuppence," answered the customer without a moment's hesitation.

Your friends can buy anything you can give them—
except your photograph.

There's a photographer in your town.
Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, N. Y.

If coming to New York Why Pay Excessive Hotel Rates?
THE CLENDENING, 180 W. 103 St., New York
Select, Home-like, Economical, Suites of Parlor, Private Bath for two persons $2.00 daily.
Write for descriptive booklet & with fine map of city.

Print Your Own
Cards, circulars, book, paper. Press $5 Larger $18, Rotary $60. Save money. Print for others, big profit. All easy, rules sent. Write factory for catalog of
The Press Co., Meriden, Conn.

1917—"5-15," Five Passengers, 115-inch wheelbase, $1090 Detroit

Colors: Orford maroon or Meteor blue. Wheels—Standard dark, primrose yellow or red

CHALMERS · MOTOR · CO · Detroit Mich U.S.A.

Quality First

Now for 1917

Today we announce the 1917 Chalmers models.

But before I tell about them I want to express a word or two of appreciation.

I stood in the Convention Hall of our plant in Detroit one day last November and saw 600 men buy $22,000,000 worth of Chalmers cars in 40 minutes. These 600 men were our dealers.

This was a big year's work.

As you read this, just seven months later, these same 600 men have delivered the $22,000,000 worth of cars into the hands of owners. Our dealers have sold in seven months what we expected would take at least twelve months to accomplish.

I want to thank our organization for the achievement—for achievement is the word. Our gain is big—792 per cent in sales in a year. And we have with us today just 631 more dealers than we had seven months ago—631 who had made envious records in distributing other cars.

These cars today have been run more than 1,000,000 miles.

They are the 3400 r. p. m. Chalmers models.

And our service records show a percentage of 99.21 perfect.

We never have made a car so good.

So it was only natural that we should build on the 3400 r. p. m. Chalmers as a basis for our 1917 product.

We have done so; and we have built the 1917 3400 r. p. m. Chalmers in two sizes, that is, in two lengths of wheelbase.

One is a 115-inch car, the other is a 122-inch car.

The former carries five passengers. The latter seven.

On these two wheelbases we have built an extensive series of bodies, leaving nothing to be desired in the way of open or enclosed types.

I think they are the most attractive in lines I ever have seen as a group either here or abroad.

But that, perhaps, won't interest quite so many as the startling prices at which we are enabled to offer them to the public.

Now you can acquire a really magnificent limousine, or town car, or sedan, or a severely modern touring car, for a sum that really shocks the imagination.

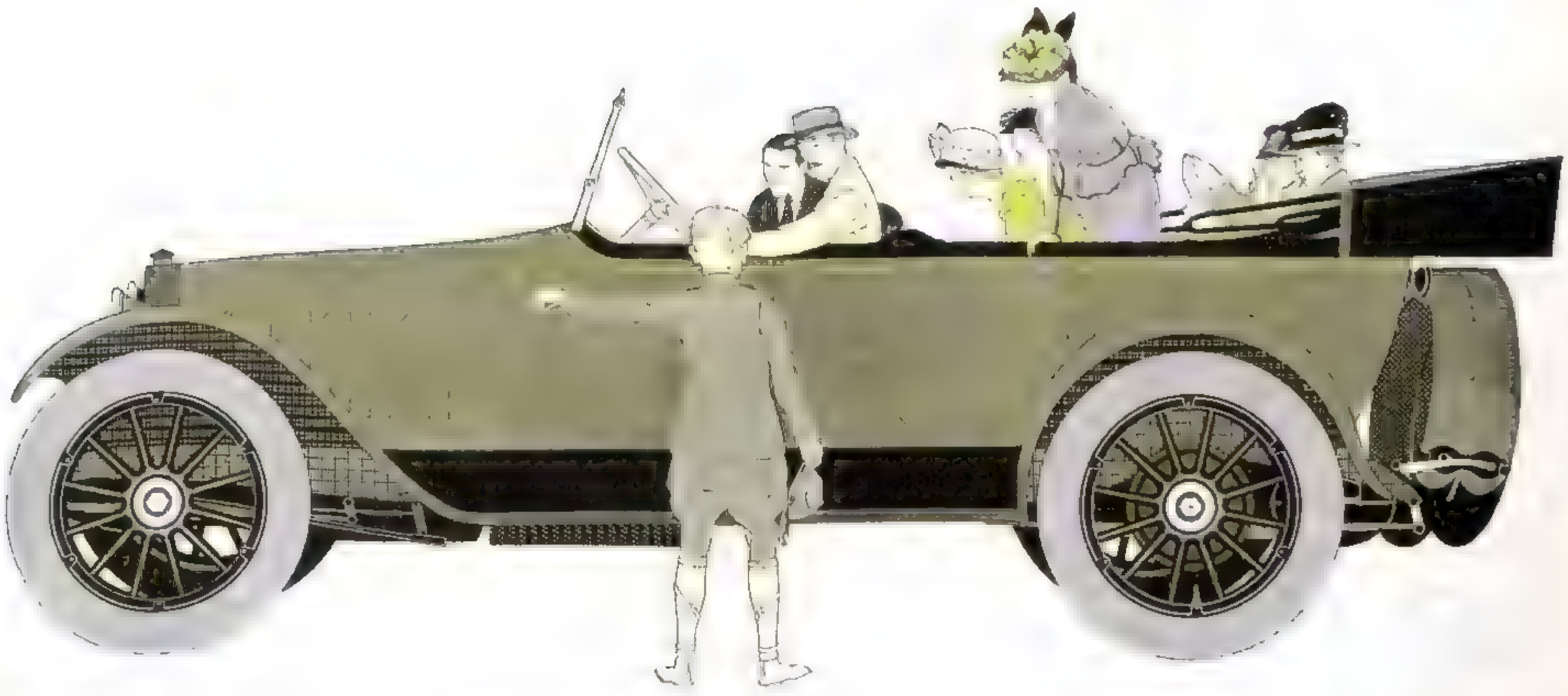
But in this statement I wish to turn your attention in particular to the extraordinary lines of the car in the illustration. This car is

1917—"7-22," Seven Passengers, 122-inch wheelbase, $1280 Detroit

Colors: Choice of Chalmers Natural Gray with black band and gold striping; black wheels with gold striping, or Chalmers Meteor Blue, with black band and French gray striping, black wheels with French gray striping

CHALMERS · MOTOR · CO · Detroit, Mich. U.S.A.

Quality First



Two New 3400 r. p. m. Chalmers, each backed by 1,000,000 miles of use

the 1917 3400 r. p. m. Chalmers—seven passengers—with the 122-inch wheelbase.

Note the double cowl, the bonnet line, the tilt of the wind-shield.

Then, remember, there's a record of 1,000,000 miles behind this car.

For it embodies almost without change the 3400 r. p. m. engine in our 1916 models.

That car, gentlemen, is a matter of record. There's no arguing its quality. Any car that has survived 1,000,000 miles of driving requires little arguing for it. It becomes an axiom, a thing proven by performance.

Just a word or two about the other 1917 3400 r. p. m. Chalmers five passengers—with the 115-inch wheelbase.

This is the same size as the 1916 car. Our dealers prevailed on us to stand pat on size, engine, body, top, wind-shield, tires and axles.

It is, perhaps, just a shade better than its predecessor. We couldn't improve it very much. There was almost nothing to make better.

We have yet to discover a chronic ailment in its anatomy.

If I had to reduce my opinion about the 1917 3400 r. p. m.'s to a few words I would be tempted to say: Tremendous value for the money. But that is not the most important thing. What I must say is: Extraordinary performance plus rare and distinguished beauty.

I don't write the English language well enough to tell how wonderfully they perform—their marvelous acceleration—their extraordinary ability—their distinguished look.

Try five minutes behind the wheel of one and you'll understand what I mean.

All our dealers now have the new 1917 3400 r. p. m. Chalmers in their salesrooms.

Hugh Chalmers,

President,
Chalmers Motor Company

A sprig of the SAPOTA TREE
(Achras Sapota)

The gum from Nature's Gardens

PEPPERMINT
(Mentha Piperita)

SUGAR CANE
(Saccharum Officinarum)

CINNAMON
(Cinnamomum Cassia)

CORN
(Zea Mays)

To most people chewing gum is a mystery. They may know that different chewing gums are made of different ingredients. But that is about all.

There's no mystery about your Sterling Gum. As makers we're glad to tell you its ingredients. Their photographs we show above. The natural sap of the Sapota Tree gives Sterling Gum its velvety body. The other ingredients are the flavors and sweetening. Each is a natural product of some tree or plant.

Combined they make your Sterling Gum "the gum from Nature's Gardens." Pure, delicious—made in the sunny Sterling Kitchens where clean white gloves cover the hands of every worker.

These 7 points of excellence make Sterling a better chewing gum:

Point 1—Crowded with flavor
Point 2—Velvety body—NO GRIT
Point 3—Crumble-proof
Point 4—Sterling purity
Point 5—From a daylight factory
Point 6—Untouched by hands
Point (7) What?

PEPPERMINT IN RED WRAPPER
CINNAMON IN BLUE WRAPPER

The STERLING GUM CO., Inc., New York
The STERLING GUM CO. OF CANADA, Ltd., Toronto

SUDDEN JIM

(Continued from Page 5)

Jim walked back to the hotel with a new buoyancy in his heart; his first half day had been good. It had introduced him to himself—and it had won him a name.

III

SUPPER at the Diversity House surprised Jim Ashe so much that it almost ruined his appetite. He had expected the food to match the general efficiency of the place, and had vaguely figured on the possibility of dining on crackers and cheese. This teaches us that, whereas man judges from the outward appearance, he should wait till he sees what comes out of the kitchen. It was the sort of meal you might expect to eat in a prosperous farmhouse—plentiful, well cooked, and topped by apple pie that made Jim wish he had started with dessert, continued with dessert, and ended up with a final helping of it. There are few things in this world more delightful than a splendid meal that takes you by surprise.

He went out to sit on the porch, cool now with the evening breeze off Lake Michigan. Sitting with his back against a post, and looking as if he had not shifted his position since Jim saw him early in the afternoon, was the gentleman of the white socks and calico shirt. He did not look up as Jim passed to take a chair at the end of the piazza.

Presently there drew up before the hotel a ramshackle buggy drawn by an animal that was undoubtedly still a horse. It was a very Methuselah among horses. The old man who rode in the buggy appeared comparatively youthful beside it. Jim smiled at the turnout, then frowned a trifle, for the old man was the same individual who had rebuffed him so brusquely at the depot.

"Hey!" called the old gentleman without straightening himself from the amazing position in which he sat. "Hey, Dolf—Dolf Springer."

"Eh?" the gentleman in the white socks grunted, sitting erect and gazing about him owlishly.

"Was you at the depot to see the six o'clock come in, Dolf? Eh?"

"Calc'lated to be."

"Anybody git off, Dolf? Anybody special?"

"Lafe Jenks and his wife, Mandy Williams, Tom Sweet, two travelin' men ——"

"Anybody special, Dolf, eh?"

"Well, last to git down was Michael Moran, judge."

"Um. What become of him, Dolf? Happen to notice?"

"In there eatin' his supper."

"Calc'late to be here long, Dolf?"

"Quite a spell, judge."

"Calc'late to be here till Moran comes out?"

"I could."

"Um. Figger on speakin' to him, Dolf?"

"Did think I might."

"What was you goin' to speak about? The weather? Eh?"

"Not's I know of, judge."

"Was you goin' to mention me? Eh? Figger on alludin' to me?"

"Thought some of it."

"As how, Dolf?"

"Thought I might mention you was askin' after him."

"Um. Goin' to tell him where I was headin' for? Eh? Think of doin' that?"

"Figgered I'd mention you was to your office."

"G'by, Dolf."

"G'by, judge."

The old man clucked to his horse: "Giddap, Tiffany! G'long there! Time's passin' rapid for both of us. Don't waste none of it. G'long." The equipage drew slowly away from the hotel and proceeded down the street at a rate of speed which came close to being no movement at all, until it came to a halt again before a frame building at the end of the block. Here the old man alighted, hitched his horse as carefully as if the animal were a two-year-old showing signs of a desire to bolt. Then he went inside.

In ten minutes a man of middle age, not at all the Diversity type of citizen, appeared in the doorway. He was below medium height, sturdily built, with a face of the aggressive-business-man variety. Dolf Springer uncoiled by a mighty effort and rose to his feet.

"Howdy, Mr. Moran," he said.

Mr. Moran nodded curtly.

"Zaanan's to his office. He wants to see you over there."

Mr. Moran nodded again and walked briskly down the street to the building before which stood the ancient horse and vehicle. He had wasted no time obeying the summons, and Jim wondered somewhat, for Michael Moran did not appear to him a man who was accustomed to run about at the beck and call of old men in dilapidated buggies. He seemed rather a person used to issuing orders and to exacting prompt obedience.

He was curious, too, about the old man himself, who, without uttering a word that could be construed by a court of law as expressing his wishes in the matter, had, nevertheless, directed Dolf Springer to waylay Mr. Moran and give him a message. The old man's method was a splendid example of caution. It delighted Jim and aroused his curiosity as to the name and place in the world of the old fellow.

He made inquiries of a fellow lounger on the piazza:

"Who is the old gentleman who drives a horse named Tiffany ——"

"Who? Hain't been in Diversity township much, have you? Guess not. That there's Zaanan Frame, justice of the peace. Been it nigh to thirty year, and like to be it thirty year more."

This was meager enough information, but Jim's informant seemed to think it ample, for he relapsed into somnolent silence.

Jim was just rising with the intention of taking a walk—that seeming to be the sole entertainment offered by Diversity—when another buggy, dust covered, drawn by a team, stopped before the hotel, and a small, wiry, exceedingly well-tailored old gentleman, with white whiskers of the bank-president type, alighted. He got down jauntily, springily, pertly, and trotted up the steps.

"Mr. Ashe—Mr. James Ashe, Junior. Can anybody direct me to him?"

"I am Mr. Ashe," said Jim, stepping forward.

"Delighted to meet you, young man." The dapper little gentleman stood off at arm's length to appraise him. "Don't favor your daddy much. Foot longer and two feet narrower." He chuckled gayly. "My name's Welliver—Morton J. Welliver. Bet you've heard of me, eh? Bet you've heard daddy mention me once or twice."

"Of course. Your name, with Mr. Jenkins' and Mr. Plum's and Mr. Mannikin's, are pretty average familiar to me. I hope everything is satisfactory at your plant."

"Satisfactory? My boy, the Brockville Hardwood Company is booming. Now's the day for the clothespin man. We're at the top of the heap. Prices up, competition down, market hungry. But what's this I hear about daddy? Wired him I wanted to see him on clothespin business. He wired back: 'Out of the game. Son owns plant—lock, stock and barrel. Tell it to him.' Now, what's that mean?"

"Just what it says, I expect. Father has gone to California with mother. The plant's mine."

"Clothespin Jimmy quit! Can't believe it. Thought he'd die with one foot on a maple log and a clothespin in each hand. Well! Well! So you and I have to talk business, eh?"

"If there's any to talk," said Jim.

"I reckon there's some—some. Where'll we go to do it?"

"We might walk out a piece and sit on a fence," said Jim with a grin. "It'll be more comfortable, and we can argue and swing our arms better."

"Good enough. Which way?"

They walked along, Welliver doing most of the conversing. Indeed, it was Mr. Welliver's habit to do most of the conversing. He owned a great many words and was willing to part with them freely—but not unwisely. It was said by men in the business that Mr. Welliver could keep you entertained for an evening and not utter a word of what was on his mind. Clothespin Jimmy once told him he was like the what-d'ye-call-'em fish that squirted out a cloud of ink and then hid in it.

"Guess we can stop here," said Jim when they arrived at a spot overlooking the flat on which the new mills were rising. "That's the plant below."

"I once had good teeth like yours, my dear"

"Acid-Mouth" Means Toothless Gums

IN TIME teeth must go—if "Acid-Mouth" is not prevented.

If "Acid-Mouth" is checked, then you have a good chance to keep your teeth for life. Yes, keep them sound and white, even beautiful, unto the very limits of old age.

In these days, to lose your teeth seems the height of folly. Saving them is so simple. Between your dentist and Pebeco it is even easy. And decidedly pleasant.

Tooth-Saving Formula

Use Pebeco twice daily. Visit your dentist twice yearly. Not much to do. But effective in the last degree. Let's see why.

Regular use of Pebeco offsets "Acid-Mouth." And teeth have no worse foe. It is estimated that "Acid-Mouth" is the cause of 95% of *all* tooth decay.

Computation indicates that nine out of every ten persons have "Acid-Mouth" before they begin to use Pebeco.

"Acid-Mouth" Comes in Secret

Except by scientific test, there is no way for you to know if you have "Acid-Mouth." But how *can you* expect to escape? Even if you are one of the lucky few *now*, how long can you hope to be exempt?

"Acid-Mouth" is no respecter of persons. It not only comes, but works its destructive way in secret. It weakens the enamel. It opens the way for bacteria of decay to enter the soft interior. It makes destruction easy.

Your First "Warning" a Tooth-Ache

A sharp twinge or a violent pain may be your first informant of the damage "Acid-Mouth" has done. A warning that often comes too late.

Do what you *should* do now. Turn to Pebeco in time. And if you wish your children to have and retain sound, white teeth, teach them to use Pebeco regularly.

Pebeco leaves a fresh, keen, refreshing taste. Children and grown-ups soon learn to like it immensely. Its business is to polish your teeth beautifully—to remove unpleasant odors—and to help you keep your teeth for life.

Send for Free Ten-Day Trial Tube and Acid Test Papers

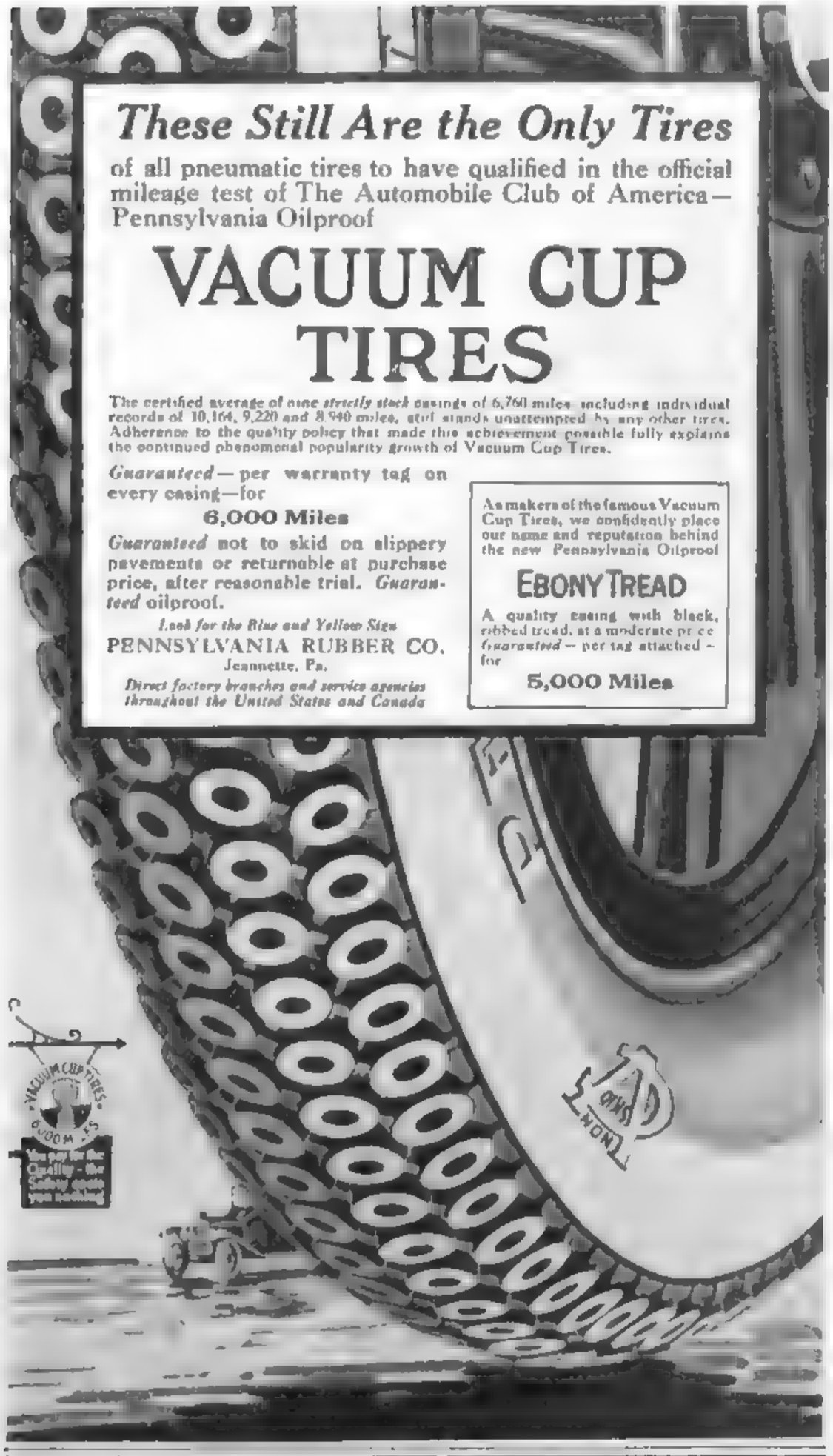
The Test Papers will show you whether you have "Acid-Mouth" and how Pebeco counteracts it. The trial tube will show you how a real dentifrice acts and tastes. Pebeco is sold everywhere in *extra-large size tubes*. It saves money as well as teeth.

Made by **LEHN & FINK,** *Manufacturing Chemists* **122 William Street, New York**

Canadian Office: Unity Building, Montreal

PEBECO TOOTH PASTE

Lehn & Fink New York


These Still Are the Only Tires
of all pneumatic tires to have qualified in the official mileage test of The Automobile Club of America—Pennsylvania Oilproof
VACUUM CUP TIRES
The certified average of nine strictly stock casings of 6,760 miles, including individual records of 10,164, 9,220 and 8,940 miles, still stands unattempted by any other tires. Adherence to the quality policy that made this achievement possible fully explains the continued phenomenal popularity growth of Vacuum Cup Tires.
Guaranteed—per warranty tag on every casing—for
6,000 Miles
Guaranteed not to skid on slippery pavements or returnable at purchase price, after reasonable trial. Guaranteed oilproof.
Look for the Blue and Yellow Sign
PENNSYLVANIA RUBBER CO.
Jeannette, Pa.
Direct factory branches and service agencies throughout the United States and Canada
As makers of the famous Vacuum Cup Tires, we confidently place our name and reputation behind the new Pennsylvania Oilproof
EBONY TREAD
A quality casing with black, ribbed tread, at a moderate price
Guaranteed—per tag attached—for
5,000 Miles

He earned $300.00 during vacation

PAUL H O'DONNELL, of Pennsylvania, had heard of men and women who earned large salaries by taking subscriptions for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*

He decided to find out for himself just how much money could be earned at the work. In his home town, which has a population of a little over 20,000, he made $300.00 during the three months of his vacation. The Company now pays Mr. O'Donnell a regular salary in addition to his commissions.

He is now building a permanent Curtis subscription business. Renewals, supplemented by new subscriptions, will furnish the money necessary to keep him in college as long as he wants to study. Curtis profits will do even more—they will give him a splendid financial start in life after his graduation. We will send to you, on request, full particulars of the work and our booklet, "The Way to An Independent Income."

Educational Division, Box 440

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, Independence Square, Philadelphia

(Continued from Page 52)

"Um. Some bigger than the old one, eh? What's the idea? Going to take all the business away from us old fellows?"

"I guess you and Mr. Jenkins and Mr. Plum and Mr. Mannikin can look after your share, if all I've heard is true."

"We can try. We can try. And that, my boy, is the very reason I'm here. I'm told you're putting in six more clothespin machines than you had in the old plant."

Jim nodded.

"That means about one hundred and twenty-five thousand additional five-gross boxes going onto the market."

"So father says."

"Well, son, the Club don't look on that with a favorable eye. Of course you know the Club?"

"Clothespin Club? I know we're members of it with seven other mills."

"But do you know what it has done for the business? How it has taken a scramble of unprofitable competition and turned it into a smooth-running machine?"

"Something about it."

"The Club meets—socially, of course, and nothing to interest the Sherman Law fellows. But we sort of talk things over friendly, and somebody quotes a price on clothespins, and another fellow says that sounds like a fair price, and they talk over market conditions and go home. But they all stick to the price mentioned. The last price was up-top, and we're all making hay. But we don't want anything to disturb the market."

"Um," said Jim, who was beginning to glean a hint of Mr. Welliver's object.

"Conditions are about right now. Any increase in output will—unsettle matters."

Jim remained silent.

"So," said Mr. Welliver in his most friendly way, "the Club had a little meeting——"

"Part of it," interjected Jim.

"All but you," said Mr. Welliver. "Yes, we met casually and talked it over, and here I am to advise you against adding those extra machines."

"You're a bit late," said Jim. "They're added."

"But you might find it more profitable not to operate them. More money can be made with twelve machines at present prices than with eighteen and four or five tens lopped off."

"Very possibly."

"Well?"

Jim understood then. Mr. Welliver's last observation had not been an observation at all—it had been a threat.

"You mean you'll cut prices if I go ahead?" He paused a moment. "You got together and decided the Ashe Clothespin Company had bitten off all it could chew, and this was a good time to sort of help us run our business, eh?"

"We know how much you've put into these mills. We know your daddy built them on the strength of high prices, and we know that a drop in prices will give you something to think about."

"And your ultimatum is: Either we drop our six new machines or you drop prices. Is that the idea?"

"Something very like it."

Jim got to his feet and stood over the dapper little man. He looked large in the moonlight and Mr. Welliver became uneasy in his mind. He contemplated with negligible pleasure the idea of this big young man's losing his temper and rumpling him all up. But Jim had no such idea.

"Mr. Welliver," he said, "father gave me this business and told me to run it. He didn't tell me to let the Club run it—and I'm not going to. You've come here threatening me, and somehow I don't take to the idea of it. I know where I'm at and pretty much what I'm up against, but just the same I'm the Ashe Clothespin Company, and I'll keep on being it as long as there's a company. I'll run twelve machines or eighteen or fifty, as I think it's wise, and if the Club doesn't like it, why the Club can be just as peevish as it wants to. I've never been in a good fight yet. You seem to want to get into one, and I'll accommodate you for all I've got. Now, then, here's my proposition to the Club: It can go on and run its own affairs and leave me alone—or it can start a row. You can make your choice now. What is it?"

"We can't allow you to run those extra machines."

"It's war, then?"

"I hope not that, but we'll have to point out to you that one mill can't upset the whole industry."

"And I'll point out to you that this mill can do as it everlastingly pleases. Let's go back to the hotel. Is it shake hands or fight?"

"I'm afraid it'll have to be fight."

"Then," Jim said—and all of a sudden he felt grimly glad, and a grimly glad smile lighted his face—"then I guess I'll fire the first shot. Our inventory shows we've got fifty thousand boxes in the old warehouse. They go on the market to-morrow at five tens off the present price—and if that doesn't suit you I'll cut off another ten or so."

"But—but, my boy, you're crazy. You'll lose money on every box you sell."

"So will you—and you've got more to sell than I have just now. You can watch me send the telegram," Jim said.

"Young man, you're a bit sudden," said Mr. Welliver.

"I may be sudden, sir, but you'll find I'm lasting too. When this ruction calms down one of two things will have happened: I'll be busted or the Club will have learned to stick to the purpose for which it was formed."

He turned and strode off toward the hotel with Mr. Welliver trotting at his heels, uttering bleating sounds of protest. As they neared the piazza he said pantingly: "Suppose we talk some more. Maybe we can hit on a compromise."

"The only compromise you can hit on is to keep your hands off."

Mr. Welliver shrugged his shoulders.

"Good night, young man. I'm afraid you're going to be very sorry for this. Your father had more—discretion."

"My father's backbone reached from the base of his skull to the seat of his pants," said Jim, "and every inch of it was stiff. Good-night, Mr. Welliver."

Inside he procured a telegraph blank and wrote a brief message to the bookkeeper at the old office:

"Notify all agents and customers price clothespins five tens off list. Effective to-day."

Again something to do had arisen and Jim had done it swiftly, suddenly. He had added fresh and stronger claims on his new name.

IV

JIM awoke next morning to a sense not altogether one of satisfaction with the events of the night before. He realized he had inaugurated a clothespin war which further parleying might have postponed or prevented. Again he had acted swiftly, suddenly, surprisingly to himself. Yet as he thought it over he was less inclined to censure himself. He felt he was right when he insisted on building and operating his mill to suit himself—so long as he built and operated with fairness. He knew Welliver and the Club would not recede from their position, and that there remained only to surrender, play for delay, or fight. There is a certain satisfaction in striking first.

Jim's watch told him it would not be six o'clock for another half hour, and breakfast was not until seven. He dressed leisurely and descended to the piazza, where, grouped about the step of the buggy, stood Welliver, Michael Moran and the old justice of the peace.

"Good morning," called Welliver, chipper as a wren. "You're an early bird. Thought I'd have to leave without saying good-by."

"Hope you have a pleasant drive," said Jim. He turned down the walk and strode away with the intention of tramping a mile or two before the dining room opened.

"Wait a minute, son," Welliver called. "Come here and shake hands with Mr. Moran—you'll be meeting each other in a business way considerable. He owns this thirty-mile streak of rust you call a railroad. And Judge Frame."

Jim shook hands. Moran returned his pressure heartily; but, while he offered a cordial welcome to Diversity, Jim was aware the man's clear gray eyes were studying and appraising him. As for Zaanan Frame, he merely grunted.

"Haven't had a change of heart since last night?" asked Welliver.

Jim smiled and shook his head. "Our folks will be quoting a discount of five tens this morning," he said.

"Son, when you've been in this business twenty years you'll go slower."

"Colts," said Zaanan Frame, "kicks out the dashboard jest for fun. But most gen'ally, when an old hoss starts in to use his heels he means business."

(Continued on Page 57)

Across the Continent from Monday to Monday

Cadillac in thrilling dash from Pacific to Atlantic shows incomparable stability and sustained speed

Los Angeles to New York in 7 days, 11 hours, 52 minutes

THE quickest way to appreciate the wonder of this triumphant trans-continental Cadillac trip, is to close your eyes and call up two pictures—one of the start, and the other of the finish.

Transport yourself, first, to beautiful Los Angeles, and imagine a Cadillac leaving the city one minute after midnight on a Monday morning, the second week in May.

Then, blot out the picture of Los Angeles and substitute New York, and try to conceive *the same car with the same driver swinging blithely up Broadway the Monday following.*

No effort of your imagination, no words of ours, and nothing less graphic than a motion picture record can portray the heroic character of the work done by this Cadillac in the interim —between these two Mondays in May.

But the start and the finish, the distance covered, the remarkable time made, the great reduction made from the previous record—all these spell the superlative character of the performance so plainly that no motorist can fail to grasp its meaning.

The Cadillac which 'conquered the continent' was just such a Cadillac as you might buy and drive yourself.

It was equipped as your Cadillac would be equipped, with no special preparations other than those which would ordinarily be made for a long-distance tour.

The trans-continental Cadillac was not a specially built car 'stripped for action'—but a fully equipped standard Roadster; and, granting that you possessed the stamina of its single driver, the journey was one which you yourself might take if you were so inclined.

But, because of the terrific speed almost continually sustained, it involved, of course, hardships to man and car of an unprecedented character.

What it proves of Cadillac stability and endurance is aptly illustrated by a comparison between the Cadillac cross-continent record and the railroad schedule between the two cities.

The distance by rail is 3240 miles—the distance covered by the one Cadillac was 3371 miles.

In the regular railroad schedule between Los Angeles and New York, in spite of smooth tracks, solid road-bed and clear right-of-way, a relay of twenty-two locomotives is called into action.

Consider, now, the almost miraculous endurance of the car, handicapped a hundred times over in the matter of road-bed, yet it traveled its distance without so much attention to its motor as the cleaning of a spark plug.

Its rate of travel ranged from only 5 miles per hour, plowing through hub-deep mud, to 68 miles per hour on smooth stretches.

The railroad schedule is 90 hours—and the Cadillac *cut 91 hours and 23 minutes off the previous motor car record* made by the same driver in another make of car.

The Cadillac left Los Angeles at 12:01 A.M. Monday, May 8th, and arrived in New York City at 2:53 P.M. Monday, May 15th, with intervals for food and sleep.

In that eventful period of a little more than a week, it was put through a more terrific trial of stamina than the majority of cars encounter in ten years of travel.

Over mountain ranges, along precipitous passes, through desert wastes, fording unbridged streams, and through roads almost impassable at their best but made worse by this spring's copious rains, the Cadillac hurtled heroically on—not merely defying destruction, but unruffled, undisturbed and undaunted.

The wonder of the thing, is not that the trip was made without disaster.

The real wonder of it is not in the limited time that elapsed.

No, the real wonder, and the really valuable lesson, is that this wonderful thing was done with such unprecedented ease.

That this trans-continental Cadillac broke the previous record by nearly four days is incidental to the real achievement.

The real achievement rests in the fact that it emerged from the fray virtually as good a Cadillac as when it began.

It is still a Cadillac with many thousands of miles of service ahead of it.

All that the Cadillac has demonstrated before, is now demonstrated anew in another way.

We all know, now, beyond doubt, that there is not in this nation a set of road conditions which can successfully challenge Cadillac construction.

We all know that the Cadillac has again proven itself to be

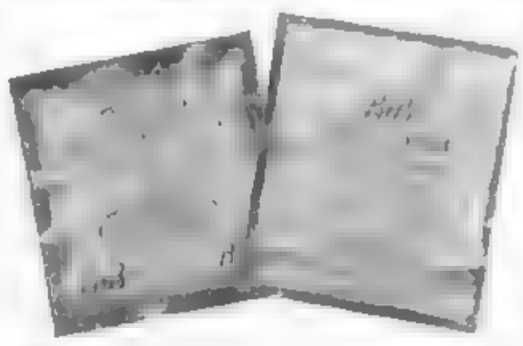
The World's Greatest Road Car.

Cadillac
Standard of the World

B&B

Double-Sure Products

Surgical Dressings
First-Aid Outfits
Fumigators, Etc.



B&B Gauze—also Cotton

Sealed in Parchmine Envelopes

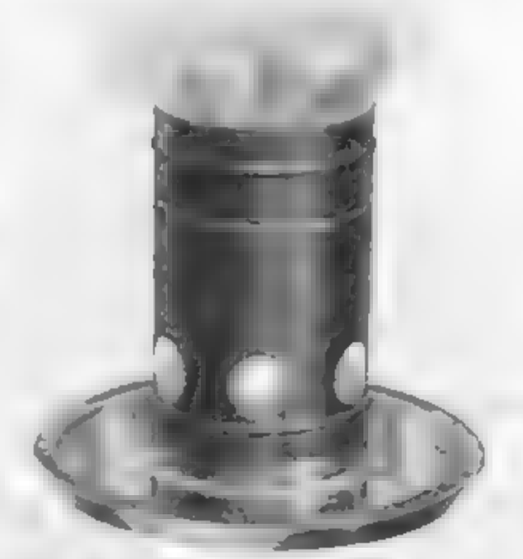
B&B Handy Packages are cut to handy lengths, come sealed in germ-proof parchmine envelopes, re-sterilized after sealing. B&B Absorbent Cotton—[illegible] envelopes. [illegible] each. Thus you open only [illegible] leaving the rest unopened.

B&B Absorbent Cotton

Kept Clean by a Patent Package

Put up in Handy Package—as shown—so part may be used without touching the balance. The roll is never removed from the package.

Absorbent Cotton, as B&B make it, passes through 22 processes.



B&B Formaldehyde Fumigators

Twice the usual strength. Made in strict accord with U. S. Government recommendation. Ready for [illegible] in sizes for various rooms. Simply light the wick. [illegible] every crevice.

Use after any contagious disease. Use in any house where [illegible] exposed. It is wise to fumigate at [illegible]

Times To Be Careful

In Our War Against Germs There's No Room for Half Measures

Whatever you apply to broken skin, be sure that it's utterly sterile.

Germs enter through small wounds just as well as through big wounds. And a few infectious germs may breed millions.

There's danger in every pin-prick.

* * * *

Protect the wound, but don't apply a home-made bandage.

Don't use absorbent cotton which has been handled or exposed.

Make sure that everything touching a wound is aseptic.

* * * *

Call a physician if the wound is considerable. And be very careful in the meantime.

Keep gauze and bandages on hand, absorbent cotton and adhesive plaster.

We depend on no ordinary sterilization. B&B surgical dressings are twice sterilized—once after being sealed. It is done by costly apparatus, in the most efficient way.

They are packed in rooms filled with washed air. In rooms equipped like operating rooms. The workers are in uniform.

Then we take extreme measures to bring the products to you sterile—just as they left us.

* * * *

Don't take risks.

Careless laboratory methods are just as bad as utter disregard.

The brand B&B insures you against them. Every doctor, nurse and druggist knows that. Get for home use what they get for hospitals—B&B double-sure dressings.

Always call the doctor—remember First Aid is only first aid.

Insist on the B&B

For safety's sake, in these home applications, insist on B&B.

They are made in a model laboratory, under ideal conditions.

They are made by chemists who, for 22 years, have been serving physicians and hospitals. And whom every surgeon respects.

Some of the B&B Home Needs

Double-Sure Products

Absorbent Cotton
Gauze Bandages
Adhesive Plaster
First-Aid Packets
Blue-jay Corn Plasters
Fumigators
Araby Pastils
(Fragrant Deodorizers)

Sold by All Druggists

Real Fumigation

Then when you fumigate use B&B Fumigators. They accord with government recommendation. They are twice the usual strength.

Don't live where contagious disease has existed until you know that the germs are killed.

Half measures are worse than none. They simply make danger seem safe.

These things are all-important. You want competent help when you war on germs. You want absolute protection. You want the B&B care and quality and skill.

BAUER & BLACK, *Makers of Surgical Dressings*, Chicago and New York

(Continued from Page 54)

James said nothing. He was to discover that Zaanan Frame was given to making remarks to which it was difficult to retort; that Zaanan had a way of dropping a statement over a conversation as one would lower a candle-snuffer over the flame, and that a new subject to talk about became immediately desirable. The old justice was a final sort of person. Jim's dislike for him grew like one of these huge white mushrooms which daring individuals pick and fry and eat—and sometimes survive.

"You are determined?" asked Mr. Welliver, making one last effort.

"I'm determined to run my own business," said Jim.

Mr. Welliver shrugged his erect and beautifully tailored shoulders.

"When you've got enough——" he began suggestively, but did not trouble to finish the sentence.

"Glad to have met you, gentlemen," Jim said. "I'm off for a walk to stir up enthusiasm for breakfast."

A man who has to have his clothes wet through before he can recognize it is raining may succeed as a professor of Greek or as an artificer of a ditch, but he is not likely to elbow aside numerous captains of industry. Though unequipped with that which the proverb declares to be the best teacher, Jim Ashe did have in its proper place inside his skull a brain reasonably able to travel from patent cause to obvious effect, or to reach a conclusion that birds which flock together are likely to be similarly feathered. The height of stupidity for a man in Jim's situation would have been not to speculate on the manifest acquaintance between Mr. Welliver, Michael Moran and Justice of the Peace Frame. He was not guilty of that stupidity, and as he walked along the road whose hot sands had cooled under the summer moon, he speculated on the significance of their early morning meeting. His thoughts ran something to the effect that to a man up a tree it looked as if Mr. Welliver had allies in the very heart of the territory of the Ashe Clothespin Company.

Jim walked briskly past his mills, then turned into an inviting lane which led upward toward a wood lot. Presently he turned again, to return cross lots along the hypotenuse of the triangle. To do this it was necessary to surmount the first line of defense, a five-strand barb-wire fence, then to climb a knoll surmounted by a lonely hickory tree. From the top of this knoll Jim hoped to have a general view of the country and so to acquaint himself at a glance with the topography of his new home. He scrambled up and reached the top breathless. The last dozen feet had been steep, hiding the tiny plateau at the peak from sight. Immediately he straightened up he was made to feel that he was not wholly welcome—indeed, that he was decidedly an intruder, for frowning at him with black brows and sullen black eyes was the young woman at whom he had stared on the station platform.

Her expression was hostile. If eyes and compressed lips can speak, that young woman was saying peremptorily and not at all politely: "Get out!"

"I beg your pardon," Jim panted. "I had no idea ——"

"You must have seen me," she said coldly.

"But I didn't see you," said Jim. "I should not have intruded."

"This spot is visible for a mile in any direction," she said shortly. Apparently she was determined to believe he had seen her and had climbed up to her, probably in the prosecution of the common masculine ambition to scrape up acquaintance with a stray and unprotected girl. Jim felt an embarrassing warmth about his ears.

"You stared at me yesterday," she said before he could speak.

"I did not stare at you," he replied unguardedly. "I was staring at the expression in your eyes—the hungry expression with which you looked after the train."

She bit her lips; her eyes darkened; she was startled.

"Can people see it?" she asked aloud, not of Jim, not of herself, not of anybody or anything that could frame an answer.

Jim ignored her exclamation and entered his defense. "I was walking to pass the time till breakfast. When I got to the wood lot there I turned to cut across lots. I did not see you. I had other things on my mind than unexpected young women on hilltops at unholy hours in the morning. I am sorry I disturbed you." He did not go, but stood looking down at her. She was looking past him down the valley toward the distant shimmer that was the great lake. For the moment he was negligible to her; again her eyes, her face, wore that expression as of the woman in the bread line—of hunger.

In a moment her face relaxed till it spoke merely of discontent, dissatisfaction. Jim thought she would have been homely were it not for the graceful setting of her head on her shoulders, the splendid ease and symmetry of her position.

"I don't have to explain to every chance stranger why I get up early in the morning and come here," she said, not so much sullenly as with repression, as though she were damming up something within her.

"Of course not," said Jim inadequately.

Suddenly she flashed to her feet with a beautiful litheness and stood facing him, her hands clenched into little fists, her breast heaving.

"I will tell you. I've got to tell somebody. It's because I hate this"—she swept her hand over Diversity. "It's because it's horrible, unbearable. It's because I'm chained down here like a prisoner in a dungeon. That's why I go to watch the train—it is going away, going out there where people live. That's why I come up here. It's my little window to look out of. I can see beyond Diversity. Sometimes a vessel passes. I imagine I am on it, going away—to Chicago—to New York—to San Francisco. Here I can turn my back on Diversity and see where its dead hand cannot reach. I hate the town, I hate the people, but most of all I hate the children. Oh, look shocked! But sit in a room with thirty of them ten months a year; watch their smugness; try to cram spelling and geography and arithmetic into them; try to make an impression on their dullness. They're a nightmare! That's why I come here—to look away from them, beyond them, to see a spot that's not tainted with them. I was born here." She said the last as though it were the summing up of all evil.

"My dear young lady," said Jim in a tone that was ludicrously paternal, "you're working yourself up to—hysterics or something."

She leaned against the old hickory tree, panting, clutching the folds of her skirt with convulsive fingers.

"I want to go—go—go! I want to see things—to be a part of them. I'm smothered. This is living in a graveyard where there's a perpetual fog. Other people live. Other people have things happen to them, and I—I don't even dare read about them in books. I couldn't stand it."

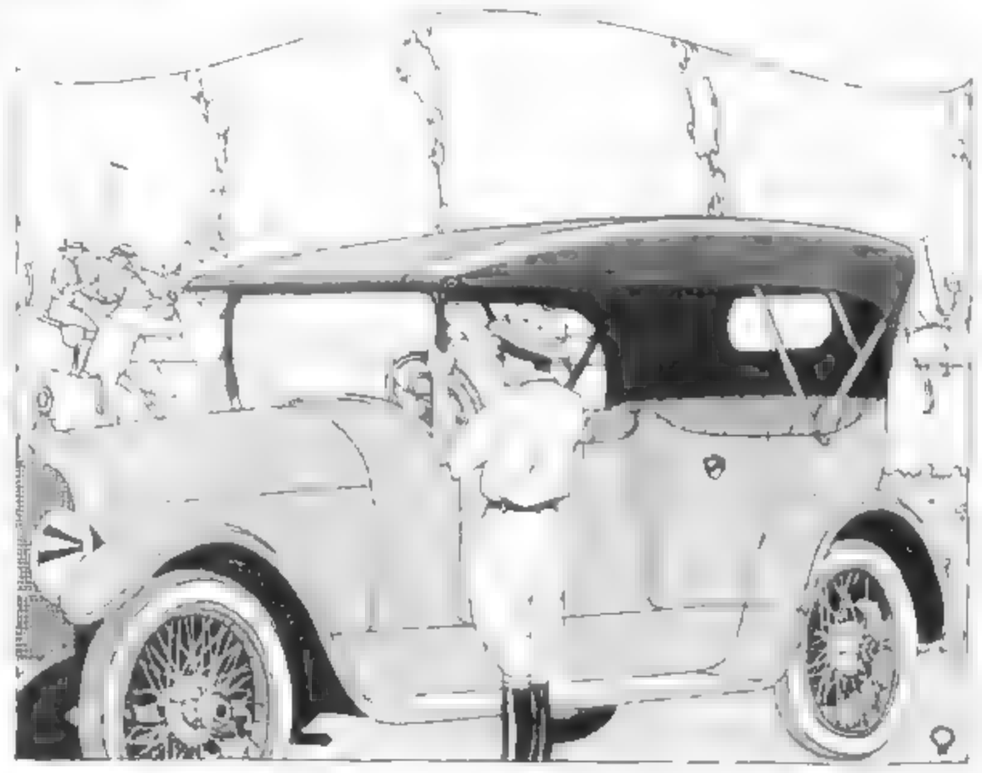
Jim wanted to run, yet he wanted to stay. Here was a manifestation far outside the purview of his experience. It was a little adventure into a human soul, and Jim's contact with the human soul had been superficial.

"If you want to go, why—why in thunder don't you go?" he said boyishly.

She flashed a gleam of scorn upon him.

"I'm a girl—a girl—the most helpless, most defenseless, most easily damaged thing under the sun. Why don't I go?" Her tone snapped with scorn. "What would I do? Who would take me in? What would become of me? Here I'm safe. I may die of it, but I'm safe. It might be less hideously barren if I weren't. I'm alone. I've been alone since I was fifteen. Some day it'll be too much for me and I'll go. But I won't be fooled into it. I'll go with my eyes open, knowing why I go. If I go nobody'll be to blame—except Diversity—for I'll have made my choice deliberately. Don't look shocked. I suppose there have been millions of others before me—who had the same choice to make. I'm not unique. You men have made the world, and when you get a glimpse of it once in a while you're shocked."

"Miss"—Jim paused and bit his finger in bewilderment—"I don't just know what you're accusing us men of, nor the world in general. But I've lived a bit more than you. I've lived enough to know this—that there's more good than evil. There are more folks who are trying to do right than who deliberately do wrong. I know that even in the bad ones there's more good than bad. I believe if you were to take all the law and machinery of the law, all the police, all the social protection out of the world to-day, that to-morrow the force for right which is in the world would assert itself. There is so much more good than bad in the world that the bad would be held down by the mere weight of the good. You hear about the evil, because the evil thing is



When You Put Up Your Top

Are you quite satisfied with its appearance? Or just a little afraid that it looks shabby compared with the rest of your car?

There is no chance of such embarrassment if your car is equipped with genuine

Pantasote

You have the definite assurance that a Pantasote top will always look as trim and serviceable as any other part of your car.

You have this assurance because the makers of cars equipped with Pantasote have paid the price for a really good top material. No miracle of manufacturing can make a serviceable top out of poor material.

That is why Pantasote is the top material used on cars where quality comes before price—cars like the Pierce-Arrow and Locomobile, for instance, the Hudson, Chalmers, Paige, Marmon, Chandler, Westcott, etc.

Cheaper materials of similar appearance are sometimes sold as Pantasote. This label on a top identifies genuine Pantasote.

The Pantasote Company, 1754 Bowling Green Building, New York

WHERE THE FIRE FLASHES AND PUT OUTS THE FIRE

—A Grinnell sprinkler head

THIS THING is a fire bucket with a college education. It has saved business men $400,000,000.00, by preventing 20,000 fires.

Which proves that water is the only absolute fireproofing.

Conundrum: Where is anything safer than in a safe? Insurance companies knock 33⅓% off the rate for merchandise kept in a fireproof safe. If kept out in a room under Grinnell Sprinklers they deduct from 40% to 90%.

† † †

AN unintelligent painter in New Orleans tried to burn the paint off one of these Grinnell sprinkler-heads with his gasoline torch. The insult was instantly resented by the more intelligent and truly SENSITIVE head. The painter fell off the step-ladder with surprise.

++ ++

¶ THE OLD BOYS who swear "there's no chance on earth for a fire to start here" usually find that the fire, just to get back at them, burns up every blamed clue.

§ § §

AN Eskimo's igloo with its thick walls of snow, is actually fire-proof; but for all that everything in an igloo is very likely to burn up. Eskimos have no delusion about how safe they are from fire. Americans have such delusions when they leave sprinklers out of a building.

The old idea was to make the building unburnable and let the contents look out for themselves. Today the leading architects of the country will tell you that the right basis for fire-protection is the contents of a building.

— o —

☞ In the advertising sections of Everybody's, Harper's and System for June, is the story of how a North Carolina buggy company turned its heavy insurance expense into a fat investment. It's called *"No hocus-pocus"*. Read it.

***

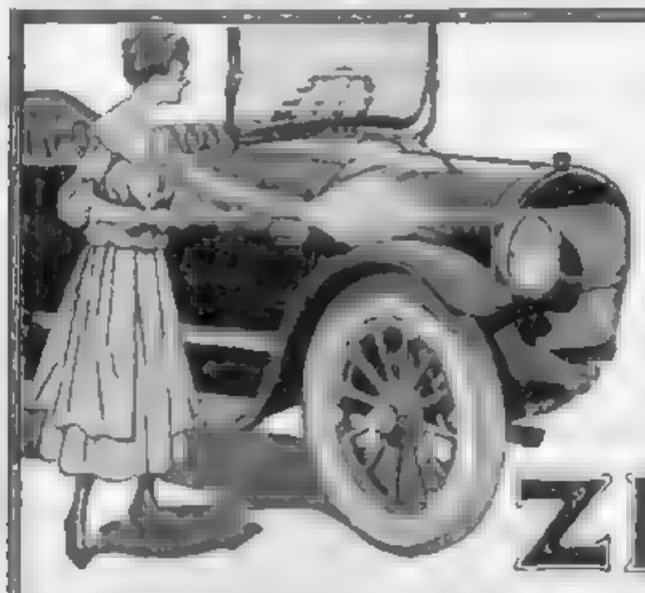
WRITE to the General Fire Extinguisher Company, 277 West Exchange Street, Providence, R. I., asking for a Grinnell Information Blank. This will enable us to submit estimates and proposals without cost or obligation on your part.

GRINNELL
AUTOMATIC SPRINKLER SYSTEM

EXTENDED FOLDED

Acme Folding Canvas Boat Co., Miamisburg, Ohio

WANTED—AN IDEA! Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas, they may bring you wealth. Write for "Needed Inventions" and "How to Get Your Patent and Your Money." Randolph & Co., Dept. 137, Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C.



The Clean Way of Cleaning

Cleaning your car is no longer so dirty a job that it must be done at the public garage. Zit is a clean cleanser that even your wife can use without fear of harming her daintiest frock.

It's clean because the hose method has given way to spraying the car with

ZIT AN AUTOMOBILE DRY WASH

Zit is a liquid which hates dust and dirt. Spray it on with the Westfield Junior Sprayer, rub down with cheesecloth, and in a few minutes your car fairly glows with pride. Then note how clean your hands and clothes are.

Zit is absolutely harmless to even the finest finish.

If you like quick, efficient ways of doing things, you'll like Zit. If your dealer doesn't sell it, send us his name and $1.25 and we will send a can and sprayer by parcel post. Guaranteed satisfactory.

WESTFIELD CHEMICAL COMPANY, Westfield, Mass.

news, something to talk about, something to make readers for the newspapers. And it's news because it's out of the normal. So there seems to be a lot more bad than there is. Goodness is normal—so normal that nobody notices it."

"Men always defend themselves plausibly."

"I'm not defending men; I'm defending humanity."

She fell silent, and gazed past him again to the twinkling blue of the lake. When she spoke it was less hardily, more wistfully than she had spoken before:

"The world is so big and so interesting. In any direction, if my eyes reached far enough, they would see something thrilling. To think there is so much—and I am refused a crumb!"

"I'm afraid something has happened to disturb you."

She laughed shortly. "If something should I'd thank heaven for it! It's all so drowsy, so placid, and I'm tied to it as if to a stake, with a slow fire lighted round me."

"But if you want to go so badly, if life here is so unendurable, what ties you to it?"

"The trifling accident of having been born a girl, added to the trifling episode of having lost my parents, added to the inconsequential condition that the forty dollars a month I get for teaching school is all that stands between me and starvation."

She turned abruptly from him and started down the knoll. He followed.

"Don't come with me," she said, stopping. "I don't know you. I don't want to know you—after this I never want to see you again. I had to say these things to somebody. By accident it was you, but I hate you for it. You know. Never try to speak to me."

She went away swiftly, leaving him to stare after her in bewilderment. He was startled. His sensation was much as if he had picked up a pebble and found it suddenly to be a live coal.

Later in the day he found her name to be Marie Ducharme, daughter of a French-Canadian lumberjack who had risen to be a walking boss. He found that Diversity returned her dislike, or, if it did not return it, viewed her askance as a person who was "queer."

To be "queer" in a village of less than a thousand souls is no inconsiderable crime.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

LOOT

(Continued from Page 23)

"All right; you've said it enough," snapped Tryon. "How long have these three men been coming here?"

"Off and on for a couple of months, maybe," said Patello.

"Not here since Monday?"

"No, signor."

"Any idea where they live?" Then, as the Italian hesitated, Tryon gripped his wrist with steely fingers and wrenched his arm. "Look here, Patello, you've given me some news. I won't forget it. And I won't forget it if you try to stop giving me information now. Another thing: Until the Gray Ghost is caught not a soul shall know that you've helped me. Afterward, when you've nothing to fear from him, there'll be a little piece of change coming to you if you've helped me get him. Now then, do you know where he lives?"

"Not that, signor," stammered Patello, rubbing his injured wrist; "but I know that he used to telephone the Ever Ready Taxi Company for a machine if it happened to be late or a rainy night. He did so on Monday night."

"Good for you, Patello," said Tryon. "Come on, Pelham."

But at the door the Italian called them. "Signor," he said, "I forgot. There was a lady joined them for a moment on Monday night. A beautiful woman, with the hair and eyes of the women of Sicily. Graceful, tall, dark."

"Eh?"

Pelham and Tryon exchanged glances.

"Miss Light!" breathed Pelham. "You are getting warm, Jerry."

"I hope so," grunted the detective.

They left the restaurant with a last injunction to Patello not to mention their presence or inquiries.

"Of course he isn't of the gang," said Pelham.

"Patello? Certainly not. But the Gray Ghost had to eat once in a while, and he

(Continued on Page 61)

The Joy of Living

TO live every day to the utmost, you must be physically and mentally fit. So much of your physical fitness depends upon the condition of your teeth.

Good health will be your reward when you visit your dentist twice a year and three times a day use

Dr. Lyon's PERFECT Tooth Powder OR Dental Cream

Your twice a year visit to the dentist holds no misgivings if you've used these safe dentifrices that bear the signature of a Doctor of Dental Surgery.

Send 2c stamp today for a generous trial package of either Dr. Lyon's Perfect Tooth Powder or Dental Cream.

J. W. Lyon & Sons, Inc.
522 West 27th St.
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WANTED NEW IDEAS Write for List of Inventions Wanted by manufacturers and $1,000,000 in prizes offered for inventions. Our four books sent Free. Send sketch for *Free* opinion as to patentability. Victor J. Evans & Co., 727 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

HILDING C. ANDERSON, A.B.

Last year this young man graduated from the University of Minnesota.

He is now studying medicine.

Every cent of his educational expenses is paid from his own earnings.

He devotes each summer vacation to securing subscriptions for *The Saturday Evening Post, The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*. His profits are large enough to pay all his college bills—tuition, books, board, room, etc., and he has plenty of spending money besides

If you want to earn all the money you need for next year's college course, our salary and commission offer will appeal to you. Hundreds have done it in past summers. You can this summer. Address your inquiry

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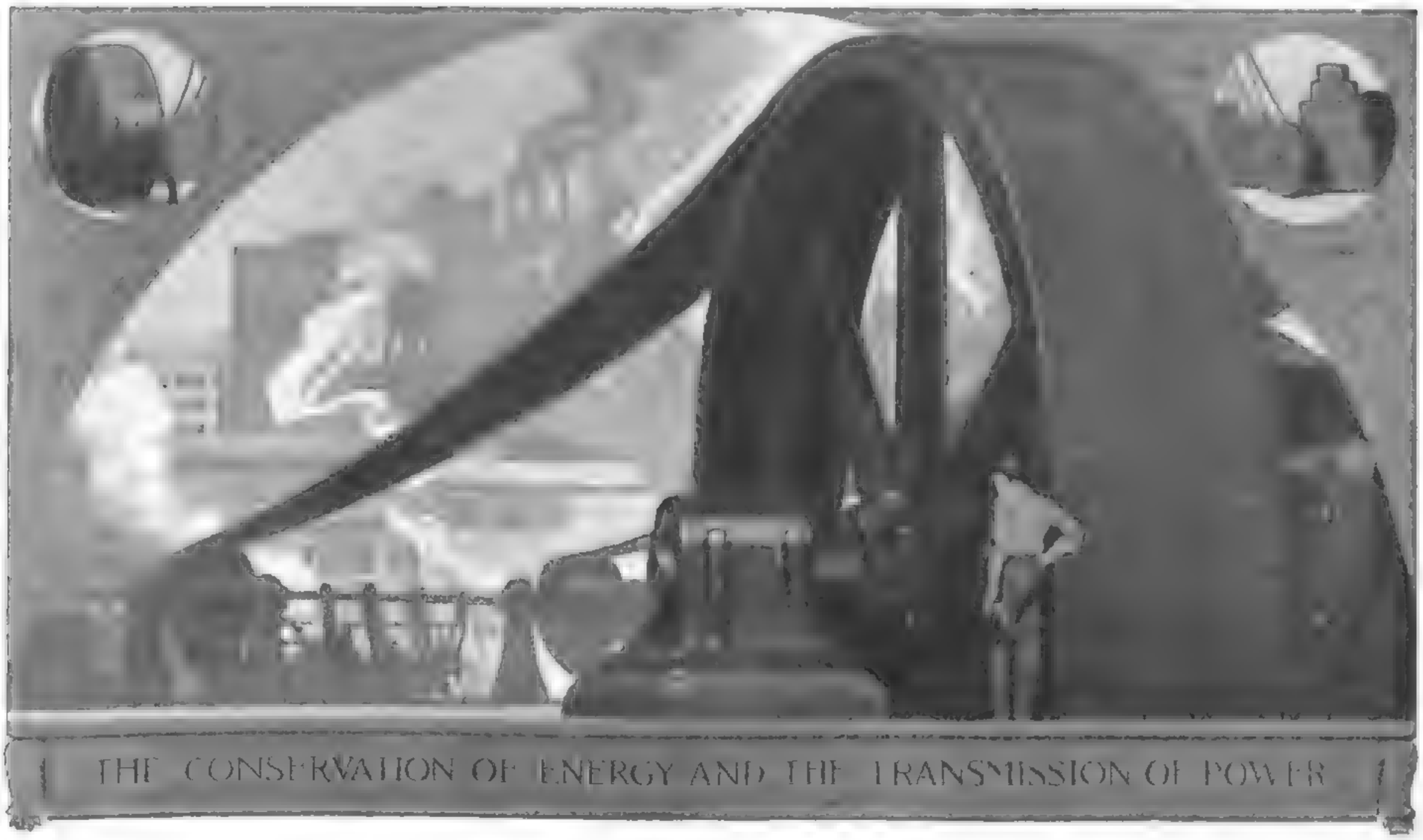


BLUE STREAK BELTS

Do Better Work, at a Lower Cost

The headline will bear repetition because it states a fact on which the great Goodyear belting business has been built:

Blue Streak Belts do better work at a lower cost.

In power plants, where the pull is smooth and strong—

In pulp paper mills, where moisture is belting's enemy—

In mines, in cement plants, in brick plants, where grit shortens the life of belts—

In saw mills, where the load varies greatly and slippage is not tolerated—

There you will find Blue Streak giving the best transmission service these plants have ever known—and at the lowest cost.

It hugs the pulleys and saves power. It causes no delays or shut-downs.

Blue Streak has also proved its superiority as an elevator belt, giving lowest tonnage cost wherever used.

Its flexibility prevents, for the longest time, break or split at the bucket fastenings; and an extra coat of rubber offers great resistance to the grinding, cutting action of stones, fine ore, etc.

Blue Streak extra-efficiency is largely due to the fact that Goodyear selects specially woven duck to insure the greatest possible strength.

This duck must survive a 575 to 600 pound test for tensile strength instead of the ordinary 450 pound test. It is then thoroughly impregnated with a high-grade compound, and the rubber is literally driven through the meshes of the duck.

In this way a degree of flexibility is obtained which insures against ply-separation and the consequent losses caused by shut-downs and replacements.

Blue Streak is rapidly supplanting leather belting and at the same time is reducing rubber belting costs to a level never before attained.

Blue Streak Service and savings more than offset its higher price. — Put your belting problems before us for economical solution.

* * *

The Goodyear line of mechanical goods includes Blue Streak Belts, Goodyeante Asbestos Sheet Packing, and Goodyear Hose and Valves. Specific recommendations for every operation in mills, mines and factories are contained in the Goodyear Mechanical Goods Encyclopedia, now ready. We believe this book is the greatest advance in the method of presenting and treating your mechanical problems offered in the last twenty years. Write for it.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company
Akron, Ohio

Look for the Eveready Dealer with this Sign in his window

What! Going away this summer without an Eveready?

Don't do it. Tuck an Eveready in your grip for use on the way—and all summer long.

Maybe you never tripped on a stump you didn't see—maybe you never barked your nose on an unfriendly tree trunk—maybe you never got a good ducking by missing the dock by an inch—maybe you never wished for "cat's eyes."

Maybe those weird shapes of the night have never sent your heart to your mouth—maybe you know every highway and byway at night as by day—BUT leave it to the DARK to trap YOU *sometime*—

—UNLESS YOU'RE PREPARED! Eveready is the "light of preparedness"—to have an Eveready with you is to be "armed" against the dark. You can never tell what danger the dark hides—without light.

And Eveready is the *safe* light—the *clean* light—the *sure* light—that never blows out—that can't get "mussy" and greasy—that's always true to its name—Eveready.

Start with a fresh battery—the Eveready TUNGSTEN—or take an extra battery along, and if you go where new Tungsten Batteries are not to be had, reorder direct from us (telling us the "number" on your present battery), parcel post prepaid, and thus *insure* the service and economy of your flashlight.

Eveready Tungsten is the best hand-lamp battery. It is long-lived, inexpensive and entirely dependable under all conditions.

There is an Eveready for everybody—searchlights, "torches" and pocket lights in 76 different styles. Your nearest electrical, hardware, stationery or drug dealer has a full line of Eveready lights for "going away" time, from 75 cents up. See him today.

American Ever Ready Works of National Carbon Co.
Long Island City, N. Y

(Continued from Page 58)

wouldn't meet his fellow conspirators always in a secret hiding place before the big crime was committed. Why not Patello's? And a lucky accident put us on Patello's trail"

"You think the gray gentleman is the Ghost?"

"Well, look here!" said Tryon. "The Gray Ghost has been called the Gray Ghost for a good many years. But the newspapers didn't give him the name; nor did the police. It came from the underworld; a big 'gun' of that nickname, or monniker, has been gossiped about for a long time; but none of the underworld gang knew him, had ever seen him. But they'd heard of him. News of him had filtered down from the high pinnacle of crookedness he occupied. They referred to him as the Gray Ghost. When a big trick was turned it was underworld chatter that the Gray Ghost had done it. So his nickname got to the police and papers."

"And he may return to Patello's at any moment, you think?"

Tryon shook his head.

"Not this time. This is by far the biggest thing he ever did. He probably employed many times as many men as ordinarily. The risk is ten times as great as it ever was before. He's probably lying low now, and will lie low for a good while yet, until he's dead certain that every one of his helpers is in no danger of being caught, of giving anything away that would lead to the man high up, and the man higher up, and finally the man highest up—the Gray Ghost himself. He won't come back to Patello's, but it's a hundred to one he was there. Ashby was concerned in the Hildreth matter; Ashby comes to Patello's; Ashby meets a man there who certainly might be termed a gray ghost in appearance. Morn Light meets that gray man there."

"It sounds good, Tryon, and you're a wonder!" said Pelham enthusiastically. "But how did you know Patello would recognize the man—this Ashby person?"

"I didn't," grinned Tryon. "But I did know this: Patello has moved uptown twice since he started in business. Each time the Black Hand tossed a bomb into his place. It's a cinch that an Italian who's in the bad graces of the Black Hand will observe closely the features of every person who enters his place, eh?"

They turned into the Ever Ready Taxi Company's garage. Swiftly Tryon made his errand known to the proprietor. The latter called to a group of lounging chauffeurs.

"Any of you answer a call at Patello's restaurant Monday night?"

One of them had. Yes; his fare had worn gray garments and otherwise answered the Italian's description of the man Atchison.

"I took him to the Hotel Nestor," said the taxi driver. "I remember it because another machine came down the wrong side of the street just as I reached there and I had to drive with two wheels on the sidewalk. The other machine was pinched and the driver got thirty days for drunkenness. He'd oughta got thirty years!" he added virtuously.

"Ever drive that man before?" queried Tryon.

"Not as I remember, boss."

Nor did any of the other chauffeurs remember having driven Atchison, though several of them had answered calls at Patello's recently and might very well have driven him.

"The Nestor now?" asked Pelham as they reached the street again.

"Where else? It's a slim chance, but we've got to take it. There's nothing else."

"You've dropped Ashby, then?"

"For a while. Ashby's chief is bigger game. We'll follow this lead until it ends; then, if we've gained nothing, we'll try for Ashby."

The clerk at the Hotel Nestor, however, knew nothing of Atchison, either by name or description. He certainly did not live there. But the taxi starter, under the porte-cochère, remembered perfectly the incident of the drunken auto driver whose erratic guidance of his car had caused an approaching taxi to climb on the sidewalk.

"It was last Monday night, about twelve or thereabouts," he said. "I remember because the fare in the taxi went inside and came out again in about five minutes, as though he'd gone inside to telephone or maybe buy a drink. And then he took a taxi from here."

"Do you know where he went?" asked Tryon.

"I can find out in a jiffy," said the starter.

He entered the little cubby-hole beneath the porte-cochère, which was his office. There he ran over a ledger.

"Ryan was the man who drove him," he announced in a moment, "and Ryan is down here, at that day and time, as having driven a man to the Granada. Ryan isn't here now, sir, but I could give you his address."

Tryon took it and tipped the starter.

"Granada or Ryan's address?" asked Pelham. "Doesn't it begin to look like a game of tag?"

"Granada," advised Tryon.

They entered the Granada, and Tryon went directly to the desk. Comprehensively yet briefly he described the Gray Ghost as Patello had described him.

"Any such person stopping here?"

"Yes," said the clerk; "but he isn't here now. He had his things sent away last Monday. He dropped in Monday night to see if they were all gone—if anything had been left behind. He hasn't been here since. But certainly a detective—you're one, aren't you?—can't want anything with Mr. Peter Ballantyne! Why, he's a well-known retired business man. Been stopping here off and on for a couple of years. And now he's gone on a yachting trip and ——"

His speech was interrupted by the gale of laughter, almost hysterical laughter, that burst from the lips of Pelham.

"What's the joke?" demanded Tryon gruffly.

Pelham wiped the tears from his eyes.

"Joke? Why, the joke is on me, I suppose. Do you know, Jerry, I almost refused to charter my yacht because the man who wanted her proposed supplying the crew. I'm glad now that the extra payment I demanded, to make up the loss of pay to my own crew while the yacht was on charter, didn't stop the deal. Otherwise it would be hard. But now—when we know the yacht ——"

Again laughter overcame him. Tryon shook him by the shoulder.

"You mean you know this Peter Ballantyne? That he "

"I never met him," gasped Pelham; "but my lawyers did. They turned over the yacht. And the man to whom they turned over the Sorella was Mr. Peter Ballantyne!"

XVII

WAN, listless, suffering graved on her features, Morn Light sat in a lounging chair on the after deck of the Sorella. Down in the saloon the Gray Ghost was busy on the work—ripping jewels from their settings—that had engrossed him since the yacht steamed her undisputed way out of New York Harbor five days before. The first moments of panic had left Morn's heart; something worse had taken wild panic's place, a shuddering wonderment of what the Gray Ghost—she no longer had the slightest doubt but that Atchison, or Ballantyne as it now seemed he preferred to be addressed by his gang, was the Gray Ghost—intended to do with her had taken its place. To her statement that she would die before marrying him he had returned only an enigmatic smile.

Her chin resting on her palm, she stared out across the smooth swelling expanse of the waters glistening beneath a warm spring sun. She stirred restlessly as a shadow fell across the deck. She looked up to meet the shifty glance of Brant. Uninvited he drew up a chair and sat down beside her.

"Don't go," he whispered. "I've got something to say to you—something important "

She stared at him coldly, repugnance and disgust in her eyes.

"Do you hate me as much as that?" he stammered.

"One doesn't hate a wild beast who has gone mad with the lust for killing," she answered. "One merely wishes that one might destroy it."

"But suppose I wasn't so bad as —— Listen, Miss Light! Will you promise not to repeat anything I say?"

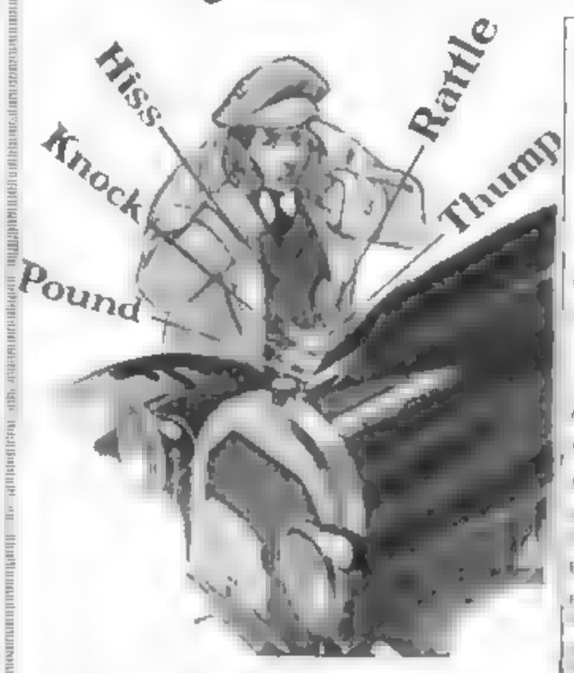
"I can't imagine anyone to whom I'd want to repeat it," she answered.

"That's enough for me," he said. "Listen! Suppose I hadn't killed Hildreth? Would you feel a little different toward me then?"

"But you did! I heard you boast that you'd thrown him ——"

"But suppose I was lying? Suppose I'd done nothing of the sort, but was merely

Why Motors Grow Noisy



The new car purrs quietly along the road.

But gradually the purr of the new motor gives way to a noise here and a noise there.

The most common cause is *friction*.

Friction is relentless. Gradually it wears down the moving metal parts. Snug fits become loose fits.

The common cause of premature motor noise is incorrect lubricating oil.

Surely there is quite enough for you to learn about the operation of your car without experimenting with so serious a matter as lubrication.

To illustrate the complexity of the problem:

The Vacuum Oil Company manufactures about 350 different oils. Each is an excellent oil for its purpose.

But the thick, black oil which is required for the cylinders of a railroad locomotive, where carbon is not a factor, or the thin, light oil needed for the lubrication of a sewing machine, would each be entirely unfit for an automobile motor.

And oils suited to one automobile motor are too often entirely unsuited to another.

For 50 years we have specialized in lubrication. In our study of the automobile motor we have found that each make and model presents a distinct lubrication problem demanding scientific analysis.

The Lubrication Chart at the right which represents our professional advice, has, for a number of years, been a standard guide to correct automobile lubrication.

You may be assured that the oil specified for your motor will give you really scientific lubrication—your greatest protection against premature motor noises, which means premature wear.

If your car is not listed at the right a copy of our complete Lubrication Chart will be sent you on request.

In buying Gargoyle Mobiloils from your dealer, it is safest to purchase in original packages. Look for the red Gargoyle on the container. For information, kindly address any inquiry to our nearest office.

Correct Automobile Lubrication

Explanation:—The four grades of Gargoyle Mobiloils, for gasoline motor lubrication, purified to remove free carbon, are

Gargoyle Mobiloil "A"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "B"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "Arctic"

In the chart below, the letter opposite the car indicates the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil that should be used, [illegible] Gargoyle Mobiloil "A." "Arc[illegible]" Mobiloil "Arctic," etc. The recommendations cover all models of both pleasure and commercial vehicles unless otherwise noted

CARS	1915 Summer	1915 Winter	1914 Summer	1914 Winter	1913 Summer	1913 Winter	1912 Summer	1912 Winter
Abbott-Detroit	Arc	Arc	A	A	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Apperson	A	Arc	A	A	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Auburn	A	A	A	Arc	A	A	A	A	A	A
[illegible]	A	A	A	A	Arc	A				
[illegible]	A	A	E	E	B	B	B	B		
[illegible]	Arc	Arc	A	A	A	A				
Cadillac	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A		
Chalmers	A	A	A	A	A	A				
Chandler	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc		
Chevrolet	A	A	A	A	A	A				
Cole	A	A	A	A	A	Arc				
Columbia	A	A	A	A	A	A				
Crawford	A	A	A	A	A	A				
Dodge Bros.	A	A	A	A	A	A				
Elcar	A	A	A	A	A	A				
Elgin	A	A	A	A	A	A				
Franklin	A	A	A	A	A	A				
Hudson	A	A	A	A	A	A				
Hupmobile	A	A	A	A	A	A				
Jackson	A	A	A	A	A	A				
Jordan	A	A	A	A	A	A				
Kissel	A	A	A	A	A	A				
Lexington	A	A	A	A	A	A				
Marmon	A	A	A	A	A	A				
Maxwell	A	A	A	A	A	A				
Metz	A	A	A	A	A	A				
Moline	A	A	A	A	A	A				
Moline-Knight	A	A	A	A	A	A				
National	A	A	A	A	A	A				
Oakland	A	A	A	A	A	A				
Oldsmobile	A	A	A	A	A	A				
Overland	A	A	A	A	A	A				
Packard	A	A	A	A	A	A				
Paige	A	A	A	A	A	A				
Pathfinder	A	A	A	A	A	A				
Peerless	A	A	A	A	A	A				
Pierce-Arrow	A	A	A	A	A	A				
Premier	A	A	A	A	A	A				
Reo	A	A	A	A	A	A				
Republic	A	A	A	A	A	A				
Saxon	A	A	A	A	A	A				
Stearns	A	A	A	A	A	A				
Stevens-Duryea	A	A	A	A	A	A				
Studebaker	A	A	A	A	A	A				
Velie	A	A	A	A	A	A				
Westcott	A	A	A	A	A	A				
White	A	A	A	A	A	A				
Willys-Knight	B	A	B	A	B	A	A	A	A	A
Winton	B	A								
Wisconsin	A	A	A	A	A	A				
Woods Dutplex	A	Arc	A	A	A	A	A	A		
Yale	A	A	A	A	A	A				
Zeder	Arc	Arc	A	A	A	A				
Zimmerman	Arc	Arc	A	A	A	A				
Willys-Knight	B	A	B	A	B	A	A	A	A	A
Winton	B	A								
Wisconsin	A	A	A	A	A	A				
Woods Dutplex	A	Arc	A	A	A	A	A	A		
Yale	A	A	A	A	A	A				
Zeder	Arc	Arc	A	A	A	A				
Zimmerman	Arc	Arc	A	A	A	A				
Willys-Knight	B	A	B	A	B	A	A	A	A	A
Winton	B	A								
Wisconsin	A	A	A	A	A	A				
Woods Dutplex	A	Arc	A	A	A	A	A	A		
Yale	A	A	A	A	A	A				
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REFERENCES—Dun's, Bradstreet's, The George D. Harter Bank of Canton, O., and The Cummings Trust Co., of Carrollton, O.

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pulling the wool over Ballantyne's eyes? And suppose I should show you that Hildreth was safe—prove it to you? And suppose I showed you a way to get out of Ballantyne's clutches? What would you say?"

"You must be mad!" she answered.

"Maybe; but there's method in it." He rose and looked inside the cabin, outside of which they sat. He resumed his seat and spoke quickly, whispering:

"Ballantyne's crazy! Lots of us suspected it when he planned this Arabin stunt. It was too big. But we didn't dare cross him and—he got away with it. But since—he's been glooming like a madman. And this yacht idea—all very well maybe; but suppose the word did get out? We're trapped aboard a ship! See? Wouldn't dare enter any port on the globe. Ballantyne laughs at the idea of anyone suspecting who we are, but—it's possible. Another thing—he's not sane! We're afraid—Ashby, Seeley, and the rest of us—afraid that when he does put in he'll give the snap away himself.

"He's muttering to himself all the time and hasn't a civil word—nothing but curses and growls—for all of us. And the way he looks at me—do you know what we think? We think he intends wrecking the yacht somehow, seeing to it that not a soul escapes—except you perhaps—and keeping the loot for himself. Since he discovered how cleverly you'd been playing him, he suspects everyone—especially me; for he believes that I dropped you hints. Maybe I did; but not with the idea of double-crossing him. But a madman wouldn't reason. And if I told him what I thought of you he'd kill me out-of-hand. But I don't propose to let him."

"What do you propose?" asked Morn.

"There are twenty-two men aboard this boat, counting the stokers," said Brant. "Each of them is naturally one of his followers; but twelve of us, the ones with brains and including the captain and the two engineers, feel the same way that I do. It's twelve against ten—thirteen against ten if you'd help us."

"What do you want me to do?"

"At night Smithers sleeps in his cabin with him. Smithers wouldn't turn against him. Malloy and Landon sleep outside his cabin; or, rather, they watch there. Those three men are like servants—old, faithful servants. They've been with him since he began his business. They'd die for him. And the other six men—they'd prefer to stick with Ballantyne, who's always come clear in the past, than join with us. They couldn't be convinced that he's insane or that he plans getting rid of the whole ship's crew. But if Ballantyne was a prisoner—if he was in our power—they'd come round without a fight. And the only way we can get him in our power—without a battle that might end in all of us getting killed—is with your help."

"How?"

"Suppose you went down to the saloon now and were nice to him? He's alone. Suppose you put your arms about his neck? You're strong. You could hold him for one minute, couldn't you? And in that time, while you cried out, there'd be several of us jump in. We'd have his gun in no time, and—well, it would be all over. Once he's a captive, taken by surprise, those that are faithful to him would see reason."

"And what do you propose to do with him?" asked Morn with a shudder.

"There's an island off the Maine coast. It's deserted. We'd put him ashore there—we wouldn't kill him, I promise that—and leave him. Later on we'd let it become known that there was a shipwrecked man there. He wouldn't starve. We'd leave him food. He'd be rescued. But it would be too late for him to catch us; we'd have scattered. And even if he goes entirely crazy and blurts out who he is, it would be too late for us to be caught by the police. We'd just put quietly into some port and drift away—that's all."

"But how about me?"

"There's an answer to that. Kendricks, captain of this boat, is a captain! True, since there was a scandal about the insurance of his last regular ship he's not had a berth; but his license has never been taken from him. And captains can perform marriages at sea. Now don't shudder! That's a lot better than dying or—worse."

"Perhaps," said Morn. "But I'd not do it. Why do you want me to?"

"Well, for one thing, I love you," he said brazenly. "You know that. But there's

(Continued on Page 65)

Who Will Be Our Next President?

We can't answer our own question; but we can tell the boys who read this announcement something even more interesting:

YOU can see the next President inaugurated.

YOU can see the parade, the Government buildings and all the other sights of Washington.

YOU can jam seven days so full of enjoyment that you'll never get over talking about it.

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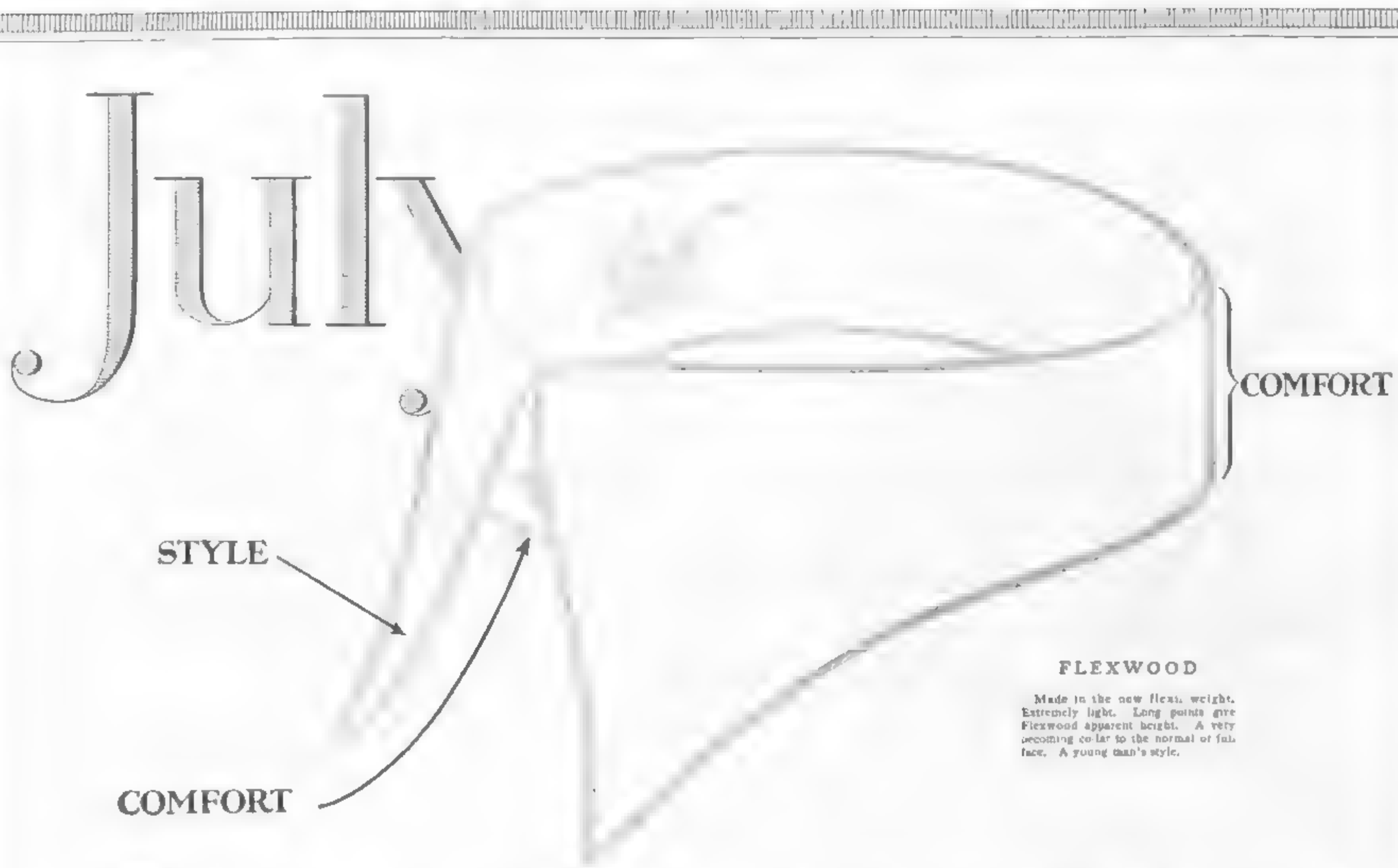
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STYLE
COMFORT
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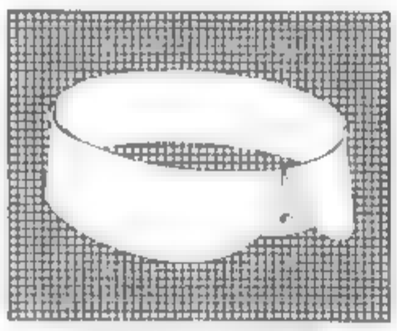
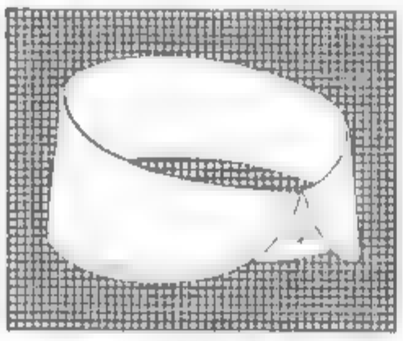


FIELDWOOD

Comfortable. Trim in line. Recommended particularly for the normal or full face



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Flexwood owes its coolness primarily to the new and exclusive E & W flexil weight. Flexil-weight models are of almost paper thinness, yet retain all the durability of "Troy's best product."

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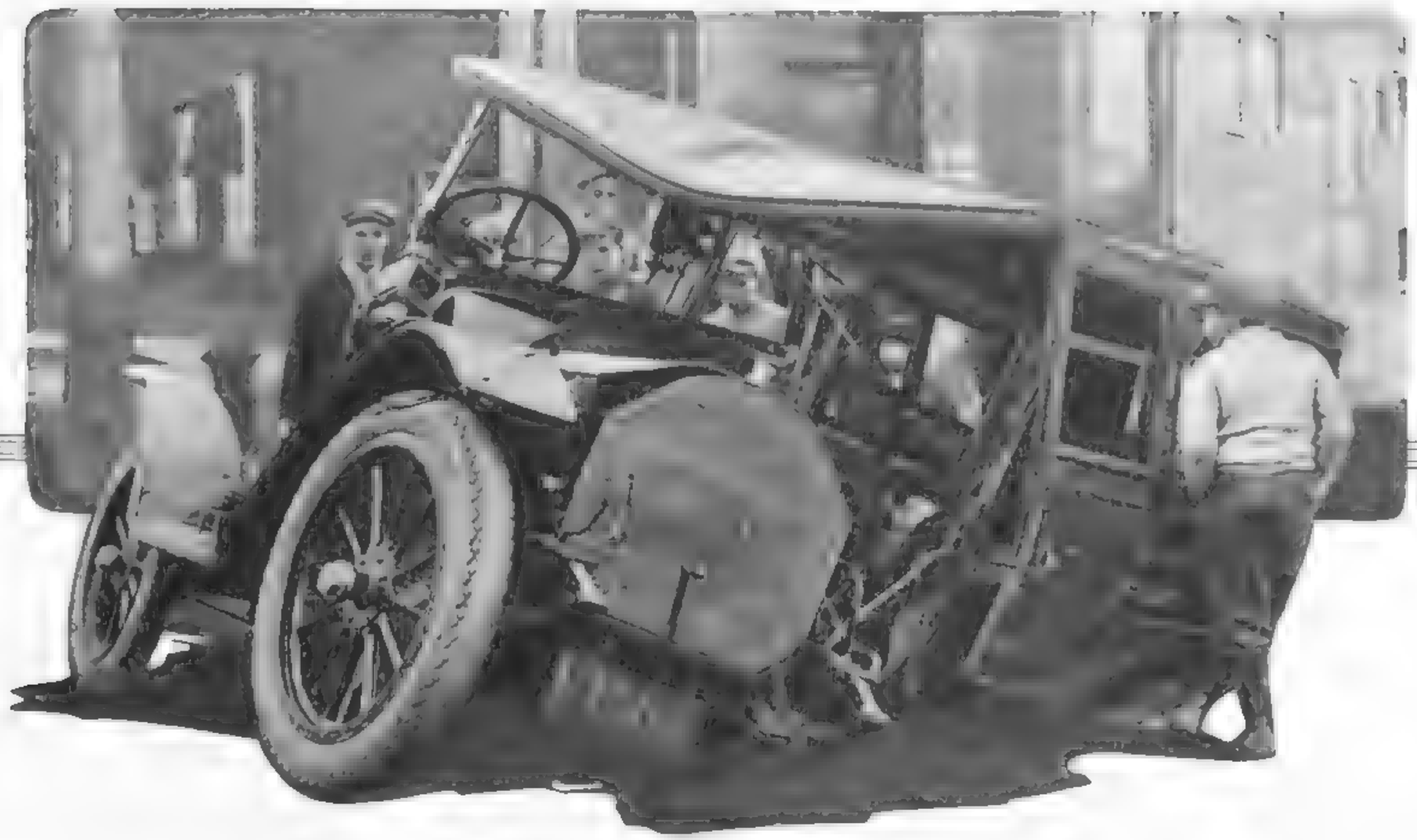

Wrecked—
Poor Warning Signal!

Everyone is familiar with such an accident as shown above—caused by the insufficient warning of a cheap automobile signal.

Thousands of similar accidents occur every day, everywhere.

The total number of street accidents in New York City alone during 1915 was 22,540. In these accidents the number of individuals injured or killed was 23,980.

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The most tragic element of the whole accident problem is the number of children that are victims. During the year, 290 children were killed, and 7,386 injured.

Nearly 50 percent of the persons killed in street accidents were struck by automobiles.

In most cases automobile accidents were due to the lack of proper warning.

It is no wonder with the poor, weak, inefficient signals on so many cars.

It is your duty, your obligation to see to it that your car has a warning signal that can be heard under all conditions and that it is in perfect order all the time.

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A Stewart Warning Signal on your car fulfills your obligation to others by making them heed their own life and limb.

Every Stewart that goes on a car reduces in exact ratio thus appalling number of accidents.

Our hand operated signal at $3.50 is a handsome, durable instrument that will outlast any car.

The Stewart Motor Driven Warning Signal offers those who prefer a motor-driven signal every safety, every quality and feature obtainable in any signal—at the revolutionary price of $6.

Do your part in cutting down this terrible and needless loss of life by getting a Stewart—today.

See that the next car you buy is fully equipped with Stewart Products. They will cost you nothing extra and are your safest guide in judging the car's quality. You can get a degree of pleasure, convenience, safety and economy out of a car equipped with a Stewart Speedometer, Stewart Tire Pump, Stewart Vacuum System and Stewart Warning Signal impossible in any car not so equipped.

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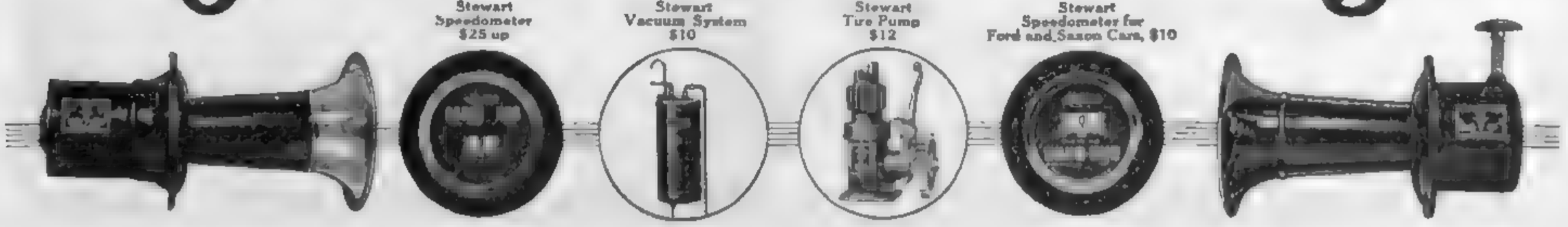


(Continued from Page 62)

another. You, as my wife, would hardly be liable to try to hand out any more information about the gang. You'd not like it known that your husband was a thief. Also, you'd give me your word to keep everything silent."

"And marry you—a murderer!"

"That's another thing. This job was a big one, the biggest the Ghost ever framed. It was bad enough, as it was planned to be; but I didn't take any hand in the actual robbery. It wasn't planned that I should. I never have. I simply rounded up the rough-workers. The worst I could ever get would be a stretch in jail. And I didn't intend to take any chances of going to the chair. The night we came on you and Hildreth, Ballantyne left it to me to settle Hildreth—left it to me and Ashby; but Ashby was nervous. He'd just slugged that French waiter a bit harder than he'd intended. He'd turned back to the private dining room, suspicious that the Frenchman might be hep in some way, and determined to pump him; but when the waiter tried to get past him Ashby lost his head and dropped him with a blackjack. He hadn't intended to. He was simply all wrought up. But when we were left alone in your apartment, with instructions to finish Hildreth as he lay there unconscious and dump him in the river—well, Ashby didn't feel like another killing. He thought the Frenchman was dead, you know.

"And I wasn't anxious to have a murder charge hanging over my head. If we should get caught—and the Arabin matter was so big that I was nervous about it—it might help if I'd spared Hildreth's life. So Ashby and I came to an agreement. We couldn't leave Hildreth to recover; we couldn't put him anywhere that he'd be safe except aboard this boat. And aboard this boat we took him that night, very quietly, known only to those of us who stood together. And here he's been ever since. He's in a cabin now, bound and gagged. And now that we have got away—or seem to have—and there'll be no trouble about Hildreth—if you shouldn't marry me, and if Hildreth shouldn't agree to keep silent and didn't convince me that he meant what he said well, it's a large ocean and a long swim to shore."

"You'd kill him now?" she whispered.

"Why not? It would never be known unless we've already been traced, and I don't think we have. I only saved him because the Arabin affair might have slipped up. He'd have been something to have helped my case. But now—oh, we'll get Ballantyne without your help, I guess. But it would be so simple—you'd hold his arms, I'd have his gun. And you've promised not to mention this. You mean it?"

"I'll not tell him," she answered dully. "And if I don't agree you—you'll kill—Hildreth?"

"Have to, anyway, unless he promises to say nothing that will lead to our capture. He can tell a cock-and-bull story about being knocked on the head and forgetting who he was for a week or two."

"But how can I tell that you're telling the truth about him?"

"He's in a cabin forward. Come along!"

Silently she followed him forward and down a companionway. He led her to a cabin and unlocked it. There, upon a bunk, bound and gagged, was Hildreth. But even as she exclaimed with pity Brant pulled her roughly back and locked the door.

"Don't fret your pretty head about him," he sneered. "That gag is taken out twice a day while he eats. But a gun is held at his head and he doesn't holler. Don't fret about him. He could be worse off, you know. . . . Well, what do you say? Ballantyne is in the saloon now. None of his faithful servants"—and he sneered "are near him. We'd have him in five minutes. I'd risk a pot shot at him—only he's lightning with his gun, and if I missed What do you say?"

"Let me think," said Morn. "Give me time."

"I'll give you half an hour," said Brant. "If you don't agree by then, why—well, we'll have to chance a rush on Ballantyne. Some of us will get hurt; it won't make us feel tender, you know. Hildreth is in the way; I'd have difficulty ——"

"Let me think," she repeated.

He left her leaning over the stern. What should she do? Was there the slightest prospect that Brant would continue to spare Hildreth's life? Now that there had been a safe escape from New York, would he bother to keep Hildreth as a sop to justice? The answer was that he would not. If she agreed to do as he said; if she humiliated herself by letting Ballantyne caress her — She shuddered. And the man would insist on her marrying him! Well, she could die, as she had resolved before. But that meant that Hildreth had not the slightest hope. If she could temporize —— But to what end, out here on the Atlantic, with no possible chance for help to come, even though she managed to delay for a day or so Hildreth's death?

Hildreth's death! She had to clutch the rail to keep from falling to the deck. In that moment in her apartment when he had thrown himself in front of her, had gone down trying to protect her, she knew that she loved Hildreth. His own manner toward her had shown that, incredible as was love at first sight, it had happened to him as well as to herself. With difficulty she had restrained herself, on seeing just now the light of glad recognition in his eyes, from throwing herself on him. But instinct had warned her that, if Brant suspected anything sentimental in her attitude toward Hildreth, the loose-lipped young man would not hesitate a moment to kill the Englishman.

Brant was a weakling, moral and mental; but he had dared to pit himself against the Gray Ghost, the master criminal of all time. She had a sudden feeling, not of pity but of regret that if Ballantyne must lose he could not lose at the hands of his natural enemies, the police, instead of through the treachery of those who had sworn to stand by him. For Brant had worked with Ballantyne of choice, not of necessity, as had Morn Light, who could, with a clear conscience, betray the Gray Ghost. In a way, trying to look at the matter dispassionately, it was too bad that men he had trusted must work the ruin of Ballantyne. Too bad that that great brain, which could have achieved a great, legitimate success, must at the end be defeated by men with not a tithe of his ability but on whom he relied.

She thought only a moment of Ballantyne, however. Her thoughts went back to her plight, to Hildreth. She sank her head lower on her arms, staring down at the flashing foam of the Sorella's wake. From far across the water a dull boom startled her. She looked up. Smoke that she had observed an hour before in the distance was nearer now; the vessel from whose funnels it came was close enough to be seen now. Long, rakish, she must have almost twice the heels of the Sorella. Morn's heart beat fast.

Could it be possible that —— It was! It was! For a cry from forward reached her ears. She ran round the cabin and came to the bridge. At the foot of it stood the Gray Ghost.

"I tell you to give her steam!" he cried to Kendricks, the ex-merchant captain.

As he spoke another boom sounded; and Morn, looking backward along the deck and across the smooth, oily sea, saw a white puff at the bow of the oncoming boat. Another cannon shot had been fired. She saw the missile touch the waves and throw up a cloud of spray. Though it dropped a mile or more short, in a few moments the guns would be within range. Hope bloomed in her bosom.

"And have her blow us out of the water?" cried Kendricks, his voice shaky. "She's a destroyer; she'll go an easy thirty to our best nineteen. She's coming up hand over hand. There's no use trying to dodge her. She's got us. If we run she'll sink us. I'm going to heave to."

A revolver flashed in Ballantyne's hand. "You'll signal the engine room to give her full speed and you'll steer a straight course ahead, Kendricks! If she's after us let her catch us! And if she catches us let her sink us! I'll not surrender and go to jail."

"Better that than being shelled!" cried Kendricks.

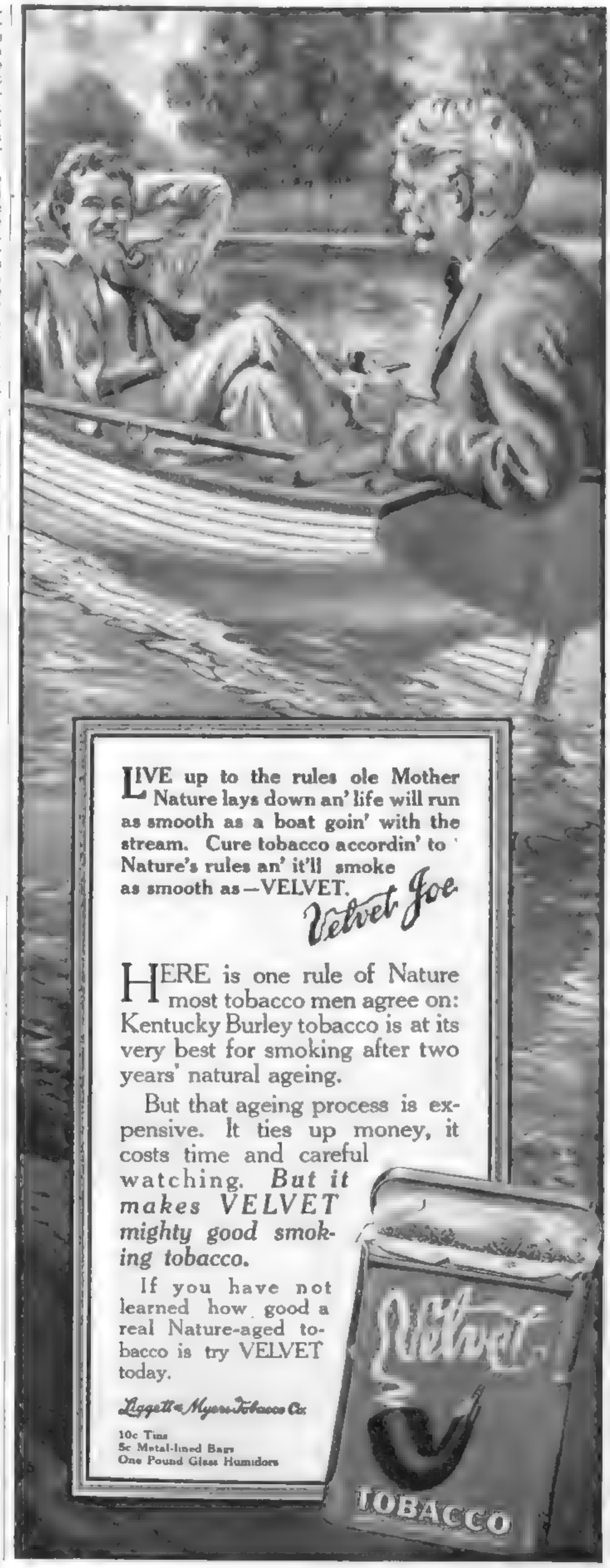
"But it won't be jail for me!" cried Ballantyne. "Are you going to give that order or am I to blow ——"

He did not finish his sentence. Unobserved, Ashby and Brant had stolen upon him. Together they leaped, and it was Brant who knocked the weapon from his hand.

"It's no use," said Brant. "If they're firing cannon at us they know who and what we are. And I don't propose to be gun-meat. It's only jail that I'm facing."

"You fool!" cried Ballantyne. "You'll go to the chair for the killings in Arabin's. You helped plan them."

"Those of us aboard here will turn state's evidence," said Brant coolly, though his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HERE is one rule of Nature most tobacco men agree on: Kentucky Burley tobacco is at its very best for smoking after two years' natural ageing.
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loose lips quivered. "The others will pay for the killings."

"But Hildreth!"

"Down below; we didn't kill him, thank God!" said Ashby.

The Gray Ghost stared from one to the other of them. For a moment it seemed that he would risk their weapons, unarmed though he was. His features worked with maniacal fury.

"You whelps!" he said. "You treacherous whelps!"

He turned upon his heel. Before his intention could be realized he had vaulted over the Sorella's rail; and, though they turned, though they lowered a boat, they found no trace of him. He must have sunk like a stone.

Half an hour later the destroyer ranged up alongside. A file of marines tumbled into a boat and a moment later they swarmed over the side of the Sorella. They met with no resistance.

XVIII

BELOW, in irons, were the members of the Gray Ghost's gang; a crew from the Destroyer Wasp worked the Sorella toward Boston, a good day's journey, where Pelham would have his old crew take possession of her. The Wasp itself was headed for New York. Tryon had explained to Morn how she had been traced; how it had been discovered that the Gray Ghost was aboard the Sorella; how wireless had traced the yacht; how the Navy Department had offered the Wasp to the New York police; and how, with her great speed, informed by vessels that had sighted the Sorella, it had taken less than forty-eight hours for the destroyer to catch up with the yacht, which had seemed to have no definite objective point, but had cruised back and forth a few hundred miles from New York.

"Hanging near to land, so if he intercepted any wireless that would tip him off to the fact that we knew he was aboard a boat, the Gray Ghost would know where to dash for. The Sorella's wireless is weak; no great radius. That's the answer to that," Tryon said. "He didn't dare get too far out at sea; he hoped to intercept land messages. But the yacht proposition was one thing we didn't tell the papers."

This was in the Wasp's saloon, where were gathered several of the officers of the destroyer, Tryon and Pelham, two secret-service agents, Hildreth and Miss Light. Aside from a stiffness in his movements of arms and legs, and some court-plaster on his mouth, Hildreth showed no ill effects from being bound and gagged so long.

"And now, Miss Light, I'd like to have you tell your story," said Tryon.

Quietly Morn told him of the Gray Ghost's entrance into her apartment; of Hildreth's subjugation; of her own gagging and binding, and of being carried aboard the Sorella; of her helplessness and fears there; of Brant's proposal to-day—of everything, in fact.

"But back of all that, Miss Light," persisted Tryon. "Of course," he added hastily, "if you're too tired ——"

"I'd rather tell it now if I must," said Morn. "But will it be necessary for me to repeat it in court? Will it be necessary to publish my connection with the affair?"

"If we can get a conviction without it—no," replied Tryon. "And I think we can. If you'll begin at the beginning ——" he suggested.

She drew a long breath and the younger officers looked angrily at Tryon; but even they, and Hildreth also, knew that there must be much which ought to be explained. Though they pitied, they hung breathlessly on her words.

"My father," said Morn, "was named Abner Light. He was cashier of a bank in Ohio. About five years ago he seemed dreadfully worried and nervous. I put it down to the fact that my mother had recently died. Later —— But I shall come to that. At about this time an old friend of his, a man with whom he had gone to school and college, Mr. Peter Ballantyne, came to visit us and stayed a few weeks. After his departure—a week or two after—the bank was robbed. A large sum, almost two hundred thousand dollars, was taken. It upset father so that his nervousness became threatening. It was necessary to put him in a sanitarium—not an insane asylum, but a place where he might be nursed back to health. The bank officials very kindly offered to continue his salary while he was ill—they did not blame him in any way for

(Continued on Page 69)

"I Had a Few Hours"

Said
George H. Rose, of Ohio

"So I started selling the Curtis periodicals. I have a large acquaintance; most people want *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*, so it is easy to do business."

Mr. Rose makes $65.00 a month by utilizing his spare hours. His health has been benefited, he increases his business each month, and he has a regular income from renewals.

If you have a few hours and want to sell them, our plan will let you set your own price. Whether it's much or little, we'll buy it immediately.

Agency Division, Box 437

The Curtis Publishing Company

Independence Square, Philadelphia

The two highest-priced bicycle tires in America

HERE are the two highest-priced bicycle tires in America—KOKOMO Tires, of course—one named Kokomo KORD and the other Kokomo EVERLASTER.

Your dealer sells them for $5 each. They cost more than other bicycle tires because they are *worth* more, which is true of all *superior* products.

We also make bicycle tires of lower price—some as low as $2.50 each. These, too, are splendid tires *at the price*—and worthy of the name KOKOMO.

But we *know how* to build *better* tires—such as Kokomo KORD and Kokomo EVERLASTER. So we *do* it!

LONG-LIFE
Kokomo
BICYCLE TIRES

THERE is a KOKOMO Tire to fit every pocket-book, from the widely known Kokomo "NEW OXFORD" at $2.50 on up to Kokomo KORD and Kokomo EVERLASTER at $5 each.

As you *pay* more, you *get* more. As the price increases, the *value* increases—due to more material, better material and better construction. Service, convenience and comfort increase *with* the price.

You *pay* for what you *get*, and you *get* what you *pay for*—when it's a KOKOMO.

TWENTY-ONE long and happy years of successful tire building are back of every KOKOMO Bicycle Tire—the best possible guarantee of rider-satisfaction.

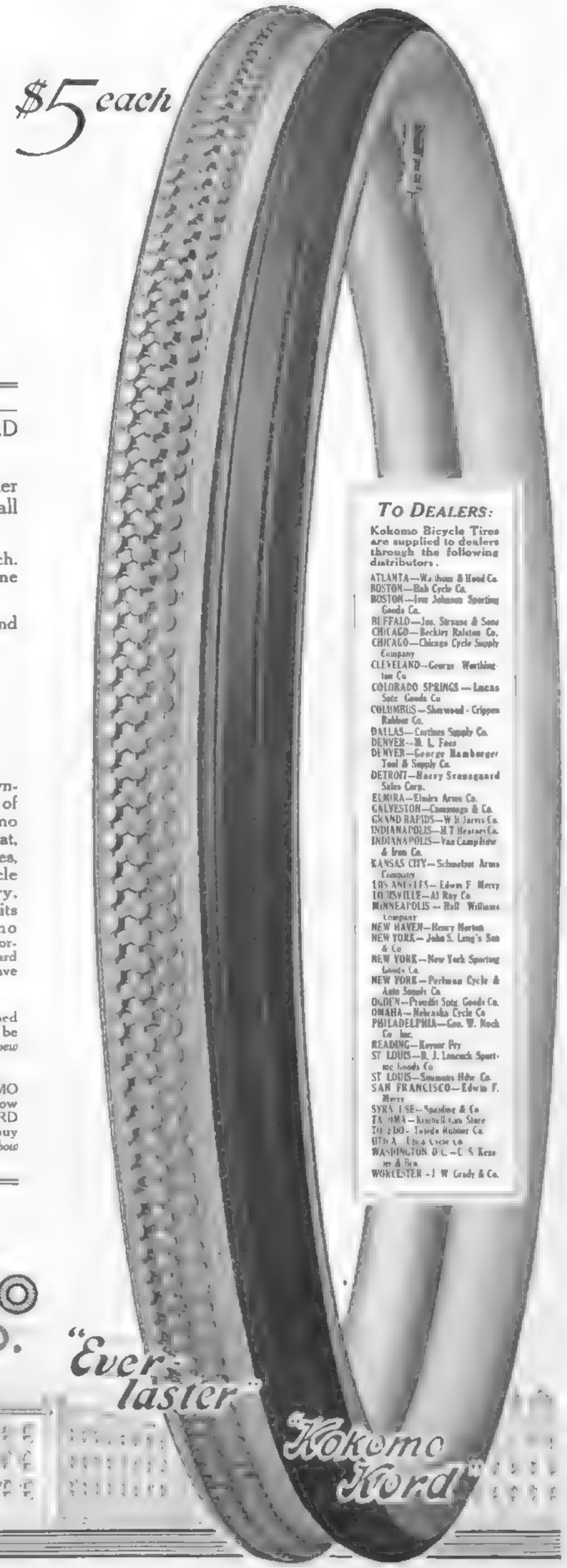
And we are proud of our crowning achievement—the building of Kokomo KORD and Kokomo EVERLASTER Tires—proud that, because of their superior qualities, they are the highest-priced bicycle tires to be had in this country. Kokomo KORD is noted for its easy-riding qualities. Kokomo EVERLASTER, with its layers of motorcycle Sea Island fabric, leans a little toward rougher, harder service. Both tires have almost as many lives as a cat.

WHENEVER you see a bicycle equipped with KOKOMO Tires you may be sure that the owner *wanted* the best, *knew* the best—and *got* it!

Good dealers everywhere sell KOKOMO Bicycle Tires. Ask *your* dealer to show them to you. Ask to see Kokomo KORD and Kokomo EVERLASTER. Then buy a pair of KOKOMO tires and learn *how good* a bicycle tire really *can* be!

DEALERS: Kokomo Bicycle Tires build and hold trade by making satisfied customers. Kokomo Tires are supplied to dealers through jobbers exclusively. If your stock is low, write your jobber. His name is shown in list at the right.

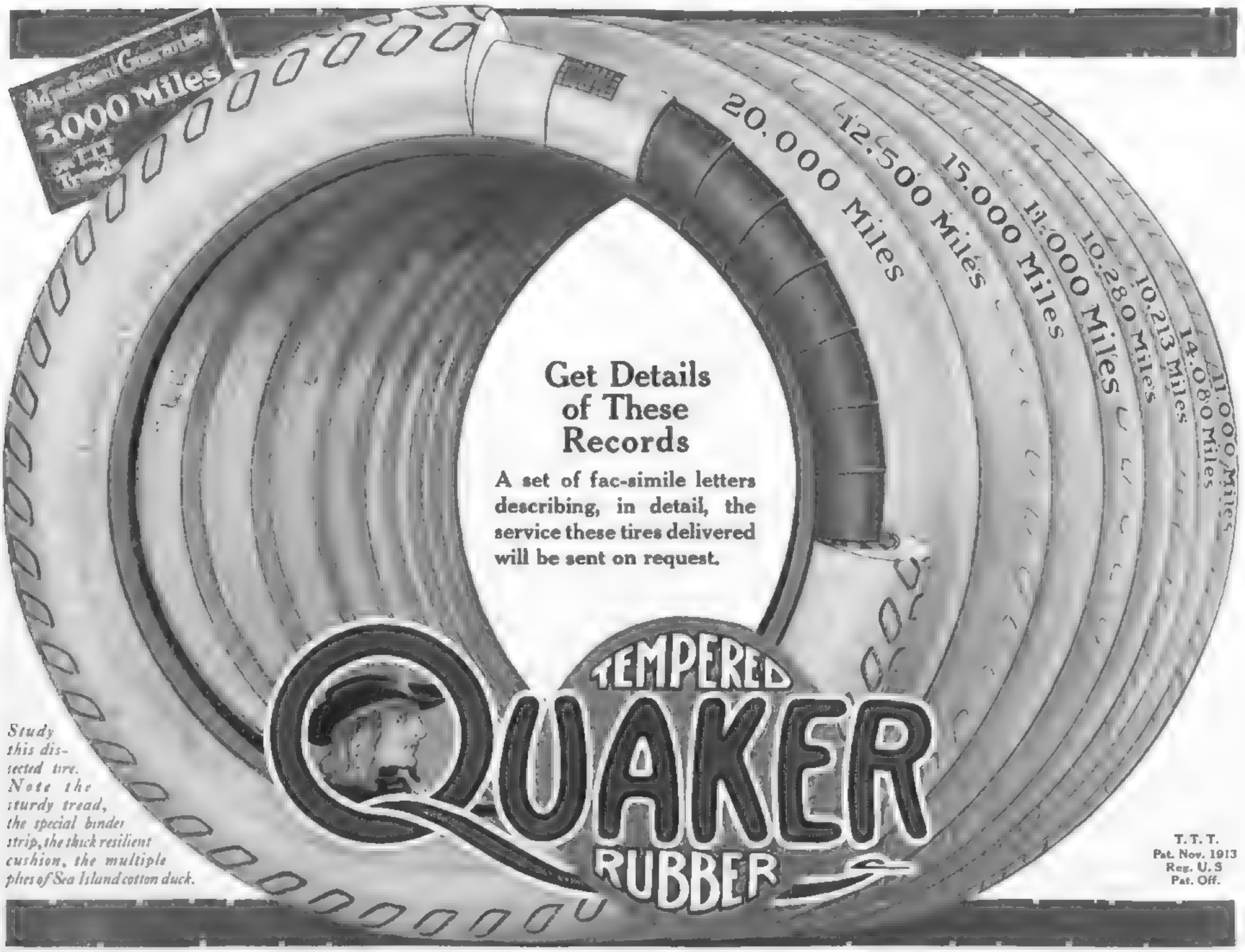
KOKOMO RUBBER CO
KOKOMO, IND.



TO DEALERS:

Kokomo Bicycle Tires are supplied to dealers through the following distributors.

ATLANTA—Watkins & Hood Co.
BOSTON—Hub Cycle Co.
BOSTON—Iver Johnson Sporting Goods Co.
BUFFALO—Jos. Strauss & Sons
CHICAGO—Becker Ralston Co.
CHICAGO—Chicago Cycle Supply Company
CLEVELAND—George Worthington Co.
COLORADO SPRINGS—Lucas Sptg. Goods Co.
COLUMBUS—Sherwood-Crippen Rubber Co.
DALLAS—Curtiss Supply Co.
DENVER—H. L. Foss
DENVER—George Hamberger Tool & Supply Co.
DETROIT—Harry Sternegard Sales Corp.
ELMIRA—Elmira Arms Co.
GALVESTON—Cummings & Co.
GRAND RAPIDS—W. B. Jarvis Co.
INDIANAPOLIS—H. T. Hearsey Co.
INDIANAPOLIS—Van Camp Hdw. & Iron Co.
KANSAS CITY—Schmelzer Arms Company
LOS ANGELES—Edwin F. Merry
LOUISVILLE—Al Ray Co.
MINNEAPOLIS—Hall Williams Company
NEW HAVEN—Henry Horton
NEW YORK—John S. Long's Son & Co.
NEW YORK—New York Sporting Goods Co.
NEW YORK—Perlman Cycle & Auto Supply Co.
OGDEN—Provident Sptg. Goods Co.
OMAHA—Nebraska Cycle Co.
PHILADELPHIA—Geo. W. Hoch Co. Inc.
READING—Keyser Fry
ST. LOUIS—R. J. Lancaster Sporting Goods Co.
ST. LOUIS—Simmons Hdw. Co.
SAN FRANCISCO—Edwin F. Merry
SYRACUSE—Spalding & Co.
TACOMA—Kimball Gun Store
TOLEDO—Toledo Rubber Co.
UTICA—Utica Cycle Co.
WASHINGTON, D. C.—C. S. Kenner & Bro.
WORCESTER—J. W. Grady & Co.


Guaranteed
5,000 Miles
On All Four Tires
20,000 Miles
12,500 Miles
11,000 Miles
10,280 Miles
10,213 Miles
14,080 Miles
11,000 Miles
Get Details of These Records
A set of fac-simile letters describing, in detail, the service these tires delivered will be sent on request.
TEMPERED
QUAKER
RUBBER
Study this dissected tire. Note the sturdy tread, the special binder strip, the thick resilient cushion, the multiple plies of Sea Island cotton duck.
T. T. T.
Pat. Nov. 1913
Reg. U. S
Pat. Off.

OCCASIONAL or exceptional mileage records offer no argument in favor of a tire—it is average mileage that really counts.

To arrive at the "life expectancy" of Quaker Tires, a lot of letters from Quaker Tire users, selected at random, was turned over to an accountant to examine and average the mileage reported. The results follow:

Fifteen makes of cars, equipped with practically all sizes of Quaker Tires, in use in 14 States, showed an average mileage of 10,629 miles.

The mileage delivered by Quaker Tires, in characteristic cases, follows:

Respective mileage, 3 tires, 14,000, 12,085, 13,000; 4 tires, 10,183, 10,281, 10,213, 11,000; 4 tires, 11,000 each (still in use); 4 tires, 9,000 each (still in use); 2 tires, 12,500 (still in use), 12,500; 2 tires, 8,200 (still in use), 7,387 (still in use); 2 tires, 7,000 each (still in use); 2 tires, 11,227 each (still in use); 2 tires, 14,000 each (still in use).

Of course there are reasons for such service as Quaker Tires render; one reason is the sturdy construction with full measure of materials, another reason is the way the rubber is treated—our secret and exclusive process of **tempering.**

Tempering tones some of the natural properties of high-grade crude rubber and develops certain latent properties, with the result that there is secured a perfect balance of hardness, toughness, elasticity, resiliency and tensile strength, affording maximum shock-absorption, and greatly increased durability.

QUAKER MULTI-TUBE is a marvel of elasticity and tensile strength, due to the **tempering** of the rubber.

A snappy booklet—"5,000 PLUS", by Garrett Bonfield—will point the way to tire satisfaction and savings. Ask the local Quaker Dealer for a copy or write direct to the Factory Sales Dept.

QUAKER CITY RUBBER CO. Factory and Home Office PHILADELPHIA

CHICAGO
182 West Lake Street

PITTSBURGH
211 Wood Street

NEW YORK
207 Fulton Street

The reputation of our Belting, Packings, Hose, Valves, etc., is world-wide. More than 30 years in the Mechanical Rubber Goods business.

(Continued from Page 66)

the robbery; there was no reason why they should. Father went to the sanitarium; and as it took almost all of his salary to pay his expenses there I decided to make use of a certain dramatic talent I possessed.

"I obtained a position with a traveling company and played many parts—even went to England, where I made something of a success; so much so that I was called back to New York, given a larger part, featured and finally starred. Meantime, as I was making a large salary, I had the bank discontinue father's salary. I am glad that I did that much before I knew what I learned soon after that; glad that I was able to continue supporting him myself, glad that I had begun to do so before my very conscience would have made me forbid him to receive any more money from the bank.

"For, during my second year in New York, Mr. Ballantyne came to call upon me. He invited me to dine with him. I accepted, out of courtesy to an old friend of my father's. In a short time he was paying me more attentions than I cared to accept from him. I asked him to discontinue them. In answer he proposed marriage. When I was curt with him he told me a few things. He told me that my father had connived at the robbery of the bank in which he had been employed. Oh, it was so! He showed me letters that my father had written him, as an old friend supposed to be wealthy, in which my father confessed that he had gambled, lost, and stolen from the bank. These letters were dated at about the time my father's nervous depression commenced. They were not forgeries. They were real.

"Mr. Ballantyne explained to me that he had, with my father's aid, planned the robbery of the bank, which had not only accounted for some thirty thousand dollars my father had taken but, as I've said, a great many scores of thousands more. Naturally the robbery covered the shortage caused through my father's thefts. Mr. Ballantyne told me that, though he admitted to me that he—Ballantyne—had caused the robbery of the bank and profited thereby, he would deny it if I told of his confession, and informed me confidently that there was no possible proof of his connection with the crime. He hinted that he was the Gray Ghost of whom I had heard and read.

"He told me that if I refused to marry him he would expose my father's dishonesty; would show the letters, begging for aid, which my father had written him, and which confessed his fault. When I retorted that I would endeavor to prove that he had robbed the bank he laughed at me, and I knew my threats were weak. We had a most violent scene, however, and he finally promised that I should not again be asked to marry him; but he said there were many services that a well-known young actress might perform for him, and he would insist that I should perform them, whenever he requested them, my father's liberty being the price of my refusal.

"I suppose I should have gone at once to the police; but, as Ballantyne said, the only evidence against him was that he had once paid a visit to my father and the fact that he had failed to inform the bank of his old friend's dishonesty. That was no great offense; no jury would sentence him to anything for that.

"Another reason: I felt that Ballantyne was a most wicked man. Though I could not bring myself to deliver my own father over to justice—though I would have done anything to keep him from jail—I knew that Ballantyne was a million times more wicked.

"Father had sinned through weakness and again through desperation. Ballantyne sinned deliberately, premeditatedly, gladly. I made up my mind I would deliver him over to the authorities if I could.

"So, after a while, I pretended not to be so shocked. I agreed to help him if I could, though not too willingly, pretending to be afraid of what would happen to my father if I refused. And month after month I tried to get hold of evidence against him. I felt that it was my duty if he really was the Gray Ghost. At times I believed he was, and at times I thought not. I could not be sure. I knew that among certain people he was always called Atchison. That, he told me, was a mere detail, in case strangers should overhear anything and should try to locate the speakers. Very few of his friends went by their own names. At least, they would be addressed by one name when with Ballantyne, and by another by persons who couldn't know of their wicked participation in Ballantyne's plots. It was a mere precaution.

"I permitted Ballantyne to bring his fellow plotters to my apartment. And always, when Ballantyne asked after my father, I answered that he was improving. Even when my father died six months ago I kept right on with the play in which I was then appearing, rather than let Ballantyne know that at last he had lost his hold over me, for it never occurred to him to make inquiries about my father. Little by little he grew accustomed to the idea that I'd not dare refuse him anything. He even proposed marriage again on that Monday night—but never mind that.

"I could get no evidence which would prove that he was the Gray Ghost, but once in a while a word would be dropped by someone. I would know that something tremendous was impending in some other city. At first, I thought of telling the police, and then I would realize how hopeless it would be to attempt to convict him on the flimsy evidence I had. But I knew that something was planned to happen in New York. I felt pretty certain that when that business came off I should know enough to enable the police to trap the whole crowd, including Atchison-Ballantyne, or, if he was not the Gray Ghost, whoever was.

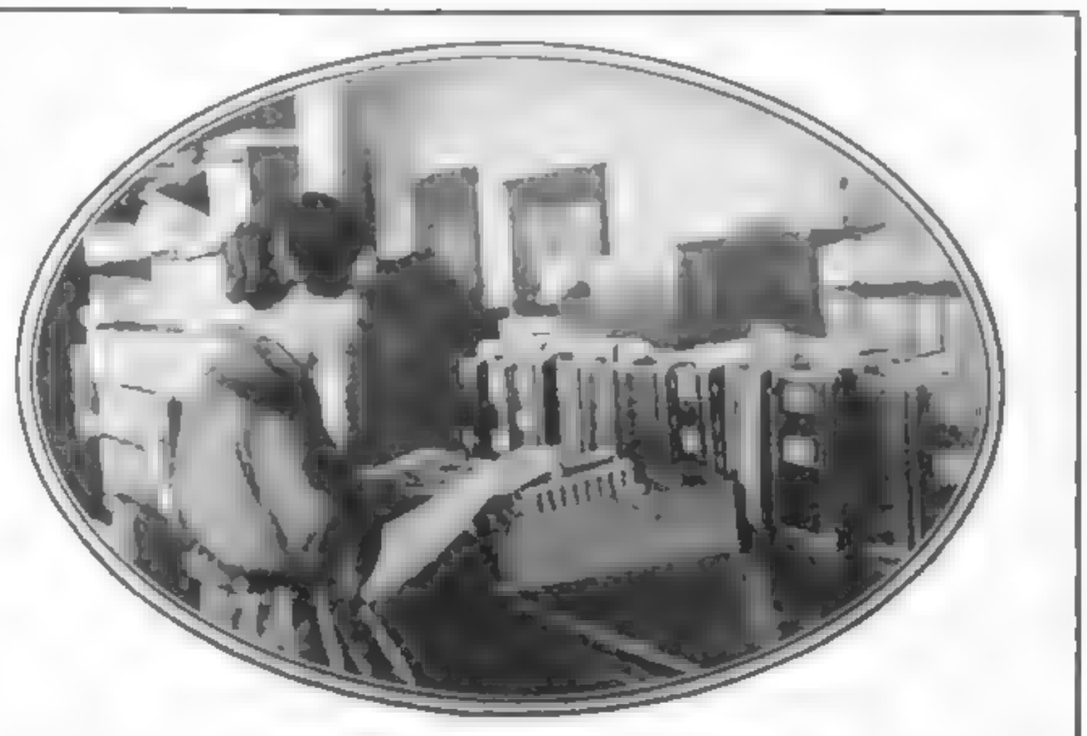
"But I knew that I ought to inspire confidence in my word. I had read of Lieutenant Tryon. I had read that he had resigned from the police force because of his interest in the Gray Ghost. I read that his superiors disapproved of him because, as the Gray Ghost had never operated in New York, they did not think that he should study his operations to the exclusion of routine work; that Lieutenant Tryon believed that the New York police should prepare themselves somehow in advance of the Gray Ghost's coming; that Lieutenant Tryon examined every major crime in New York from only one standpoint—had the Gray Ghost been concerned in it? And I had heard Ballantyne and his friends laugh at Tryon. They did not fear him in the slightest.

"But I thought he was the man to aid me. Yet I dared not communicate with him openly. I dared not even write him letters. He might try to trace me by them. I didn't know how, but I'd heard detectives could do strange things; and if he traced me I knew that Ballantyne would discover it. He had bribed my maid, I knew, and I would be useless as a weapon against the Gray Ghost. Moreover, I would suffer personal danger—and I am only a woman. I did not wish to invite that. And I could take no chances of losing the man who had inveigled my poor, weak, brain-sick father into a greater crime than his first.

"It happened that I frequently dined at Bishop's. There a waiter, a rather superior man for his position, had told me how he happened to be a waiter. I had done him some kindness, inquired for him when he was sick, sent him some flowers; he was a man, after all, though a waiter. And he told me once that he had been a fairly prosperous merchant in Lyons, France. His brother had emigrated to America and had thrived as an importer in San Francisco. Then his brother's place of business had been robbed and the brother murdered. Jacques had come to America to investigate, after the police had failed, and had spent all his small fortune in trying to trace the murderers who, he said he was convinced, after much study, were adherents of the Gray Ghost. Now he was a waiter, hopeless of ever discovering his brother's murderers.

"Here was a tool ready to my hand. I didn't tell him much, and told him that that little he must swear not to reveal. He was someone I could trust, I felt. I told him that I, too, was trying to land the Gray Ghost in jail and that I had hopes of succeeding. I arranged with him that he should forward notes which I would write to Mr. Tryon. Then I got Mr. Tryon on the telephone and told him to go to Bishop's. He received from Jacques notes about crimes to be committed on the very nights he received them. I did not warn Mr. Tryon in advance of those crimes because I wanted to land the Gray Ghost—not his mere agents in other cities—and I knew that could be done only when some New York crime was committed. Meantime the fact that I possessed correct information would cause Mr. Tryon to trust me, make him ready to jump in at a second's notice.

"Then, as little by little from chance remarks, from shrewd questions, I learned that a great New York crime impended,



The Bookkeeper Makes the Entry and the Comptometer Does the Rest

How the Patent Vulcanite Roofing Company put the drudgery of bookkeeping on the machine where it belongs

BUSINESS was expanding. Distribution was spreading in every direction. "Vulcanite" had ceased to be an indefinite term. It had come to mean "Roofing." The growing number of accounts meant more work for the Accounting Department. Finally it got to be a nip and tuck race to balance the books before the end of the month

It was a clear case of more help or better equipment to handle the work. That was the situation when a Comptometer salesman dropped in.

"I am open to any suggestion that will save time and effort on this job," said Mr. Thompson, in charge of the accounting. "How can your machine be applied to produce that result?"

"Simply this. Put all your figure work on the machine."

"As each posting is made, the bookkeepers will drop in a marker to indicate the page. When the postings for the day are finished (there were 12 ledgers then), turn the books over to a Comptometer operator, who will prove the postings. In like manner, at the end of the month, let her balance the accounts on the machine."

The plan was adapted. Now, instead of taking one clerk an entire month to balance the books, the work is completed early in the month by the girl and the machine in the above picture—and she spends only one-third of her time on it at that. Meantime the ledgers have increased from 12 to 21

Two Comptometers have since been added; one for extending and proving bills; one on sales distribution and figuring costs.

Then at inventory time, they all three get busy and make short work of that much-dreaded job.

Your business may be different. It may be bigger or smaller—may require a different system. But the figure work of your Bookkeeping, your Billing, Inventory and Cost Calculation is the same.

Call up a Comptometer man and let him show you how to handle it rapidly, accurately, easily; or write direct to the Home Office.

Felt & Tarrant Mfg. Co. **Comptometer** 1723 N. Paulina St., Chicago

Send 10¢

Esterbrook Pens

Seat Cover Prices Down!

Covers for Overlands now only $1.

SENT ON APPROVAL

GLOBE SEAT COVER CO., 340 Hamilton Ave., Racine, Wis. World's Largest Exclusive Seat Cover Manufacturers

DODGE BROTHERS MOTOR CAR

One of the sincerest compliments paid the car is the eager demand for it at second-hand

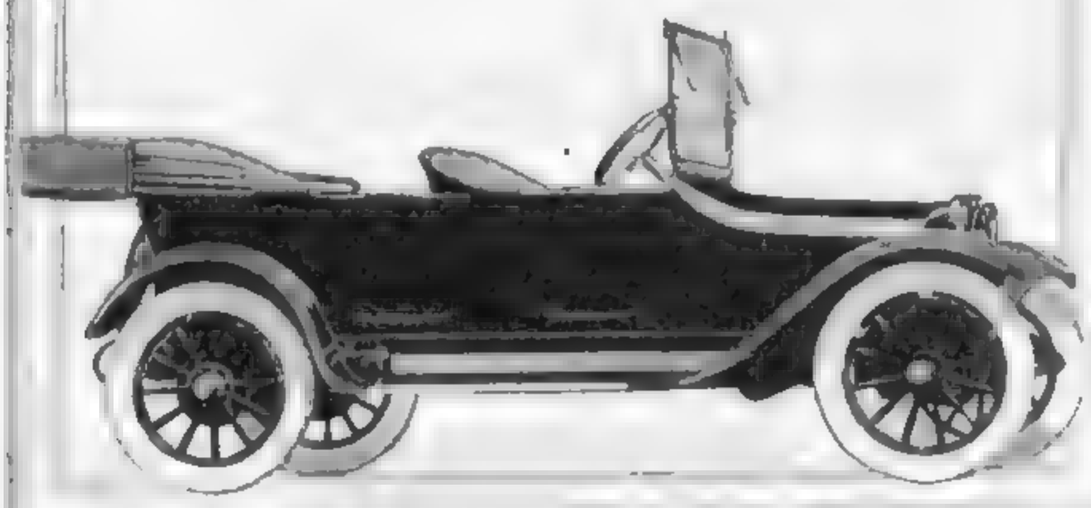
You will rarely see it mentioned in the second-hand advertisements. There is a constant waiting market and the price is always high

The gasoline consumption is unusually low
The tire mileage is unusually high

The price of the Touring Car or Roadster complete is $785 (f. o. b. Detroit)

Canadian price $1100 (add freight from Detroit)

DODGE BROTHERS, DETROIT



GOLD EDGES 50¢ PLAYING CARDS CLUB INDEXES 25¢

CONGRESS BICYCLE

For Social Play
Dainty, beautiful art backs in full color. Many new designs. Air-cushion finish makes dealing a pleasure.
Air-Cushion Finish Club Indexes

HOYLE UP TO DATE
THE OFFICIAL RULES OF CARD GAMES
SEND 5¢ IN STAMPS ISSUED YEARLY

Use Paine's Trays
For Duplicate Auction and other duplicate games. Rules with each set. 12-tray set $5.00. Obtain from your dealer or from us direct.

THE U. S. PLAYING CARD CO., CINCINNATI, U. S. A.

LOOK FOR SILVER EDGING

Why not pay a few cents more for brake lining and get *Raybestos?*

It WEARS

SOLD BY OVER 10,000 GARAGES

I began sending hints to Mr. Tryon. Soon I learned that the date was on a Thursday. I warned him of that. And then—well, then I recognized Mr. Hildreth. Ballantyne learned that I had warned Mr. Hildreth that he was in danger—— I am very tired. Mr. Hildreth can explain all that to you, Mr. Tryon.

"Is it necessary that I continue? You know all that is important now. Will it be printed—about my father?"

"It certainly shall not, Miss Light," said the detective. "And—and don't feel badly about your father. He was probably sick when he took the first money and crazy when he let Ballantyne hook him for the robbery. Don't fret. And you've more than made good for anything your father did. If you think he sinned, just remember that you tried to repay—did repay. Without you I'd never have landed the Gray Ghost, and ——"

He stopped; she was staring into Hildreth's eyes. It was as though she heard not a word that the lieutenant said, but merely wanted to know what the Englishman thought about her and about what she had done.

And what he thought was plainly to be read in his eyes.

Tryon looked from the girl to the man and back again. Then he turned to the captain of the Wasp.

"Fine, bracing breeze on deck, gentlemen. Shall we sample it?"

Silently they filed out of the saloon, leaving Hildreth and the girl alone. They looked at each other.

"Is it true?" he asked. "What I read in your eyes?"

"What do you read?" she parried.

"That you would not mind my doing—this."

And with the last word he pressed his lips against hers.

XIX

THREE things happened in the next few months, two of which occupied much space in papers on both sides of the Atlantic. One was the round-up of every single member of the Gray Ghost's gang, including the maid, Celia, the retreats of those not captured on the Sorella being betrayed by those who were. And the other was the wedding of Lady Gwendolyn Brathwaite and Brenner Carlow. The third was the marriage of Wade Hildreth to Morn Light; but, as Morn had retired from the stage, the papers made little of it, being occupied with greater things.

Moreover, it was a very quiet wedding, and the only witnesses were Tryon, Pelham and Jacques, the ex-waiter at Bishop's, who, cured of paralysis now, had purchased an interest in the business with his share of the reward paid by Arabin for the recovery of his property, in which reward Tryon had insisted the Frenchman should participate. A very quiet wedding, not at all to be compared with the elaborate affair of the Carlows, whose wedding presents, exclusive of the famous Carlow necklace, were estimated at being worth a hundred thousand pounds.

But, though a smaller wedding, it was none the less satisfactory to its participants. Indeed, Brenner Carlow nowadays, when he meets Hildreth, senior partner in the law firm that attends to the Carlow English interests, member of Parliament with a prospect of soon becoming Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs—whose charming American wife has helped him politically as well as socially—Carlow sometimes wonders whether a marriage purely for love has not its advantages.

Of course the Lady Gwendolyn plays fair; still, if he had not had the Carlow millions ——

But what's the use? Brenner Carlow is very popular in English society now; and, after all, that counts for quite a bit.

And, because he is rather proud that a rising statesman should handle his affairs, he quite frequently drops into the House late at night and persuades Hildreth to go out and have a bite with him. And always he says, as a sort of stock joke:

"Care to run over to New York and get another necklace for me, Hildreth?"

"What's the use?" asks Hildreth. "There are no more Morns. I have the only one."

And Carlow sighs sometimes. However, he perks up when Hildreth asks him about his latest social triumph, and is quite elated when Hildreth remarks on how well Lady Gwendolyn looks in her wonderful diamond necklace.

(THE END)

A WOMAN'S REASON

as given by Miss Catherine Crayton, of North Carolina, for dedicating the month of July to collecting renewals and new subscriptions for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*,

IS "BECAUSE

it is fun to be busy again with my pleasant, out-door work." But the real cause behind the "because" was of course the fact that

Last August
She Earned
$230.00

This July she can earn more. So can you. No experience is necessary; just grit and sense. Have you a July to sell? Or an August? Or any other month? We'll buy it. Hundreds of women as well as men earn a steady, year-round income through caring for Curtis subscriptions. Hundreds of others who, like Miss Crayton, have leisure only in vacation time, enter our service for as long or short a period as suits them, and find the experience both remunerative and fascinating. Miss Crayton's earnings for the summer of 1915 exceeded $400.00. Last July over three thousand women made money by our plan. This gives you

3000 Reasons

for accepting a Curtis agency. Can you find *one* for *not* doing so? Send in your application now and ask for our interesting illustrated booklet, "A New Market for Spare Hours."

Box 435, Agency Division
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
Independence Square PHILADELPHIA, PA.

NEW PERFECTION

DELICIOUS!

Because Cooked Over the Long Blue Chimney

Perfect combustion—that's the secret.

A long chimney—a powerful *draft.*

A rush of air through the Long Blue Chimney.

A thorough mixture of all the heat producing elements in the kerosene with vast quantities of air.

All so completely burned within this Chimney that nothing is left but abundant, clean, *intense* heat.

No impurities—no soot to smut the vessel—no odor to taint the most delicately flavored food.

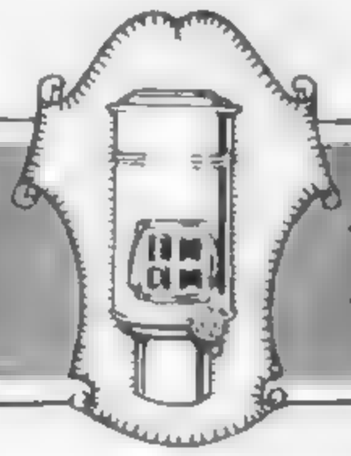
What? On an OIL Stove?

Sure! You didn't know it could be done, did you? Yet over 2,000,000 women, users of the New Perfection Oil Cook Stove, will verify the delicious cooking *results*—and now you know the *reason—it's the long blue chimney.*

THE CLEVELAND FOUNDRY COMPANY
7302 PLATT AVENUE CLEVELAND, OHIO

Also made in Canada by the Perfection Stove Co., Ltd., Sarnia, Ont.

Write Dept. A for free catalogue and booklet "What Every Woman Should Know"



"IT'S THE LONG BLUE CHIMNEY"

Your Kind of a Smoke

That's what Tuxedo is guaranteed to be—with a guarantee (printed in the top of each tin) which is absolutely definite, unconditional and without a quibble.

You steady pipe-smokers—that guarantee applies to *you*. Whatever tobacco you're smoking now, Tuxedo is *guaranteed* to suit you better—give you greater satisfaction.

You who are not pipe-smokers, who have tried with the wrong tobacco and couldn't—that guarantee applies to *you*. Tuxedo is *guaranteed* to be the *right* tobacco for you—to make the pipe your most pleasant, comforting and enjoyable companion.

S. B. M. YOUNG
Lieut.-General United States Army

"Just right, is my opinion of Tuxedo. Just mild enough, mellow enough, fragrant enough to make every pipeful a real pleasure."

S B M Young

E. N. MARSTELLER
Surgeon U. S. Navy

"Tuxedo is the mildest, coolest, finest smoke in the world. It has a pleasant, refined aroma that is particularly enjoyable."

E N Marsteller

Tuxedo

The Perfect Pipe Tobacco

Only the mildest, sweetest leaf—the leaf that grows at the top and center of the Burley tobacco plant—is used in Tuxedo.

This choice leaf for Tuxedo is aged in wood *three to five* years. All smoking tobaccos are aged—*must* be to make them smokable—but many of them for only a year or so. So Tuxedo would be far mellower and milder even if its preparation ended with its longer ageing.

But Tuxedo is *more* than aged—*after* Nature has done all it can to mellow the leaf, the secret *original* "Tuxedo Process" is applied.

That process does what ageing alone *cannot* do—removes every particle of bite from the tobacco—makes it supremely mild—enables you to smoke your pipe all you please without a trace of sore tongue or irritated throat.

Insist on getting Tuxedo—try it for a week—our guarantee says, your money back if not *entirely* satisfactory.

EDGAR A. GUEST
President of American Press Humorists, Detroit, Mich.

"After filling my pipe with Tuxedo I find my work is a pleasure. It makes a hard day's grind less arduous. I can cheerfully recommend it to all who have to work for a living."

Edgar A Guest

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Famous Violinist

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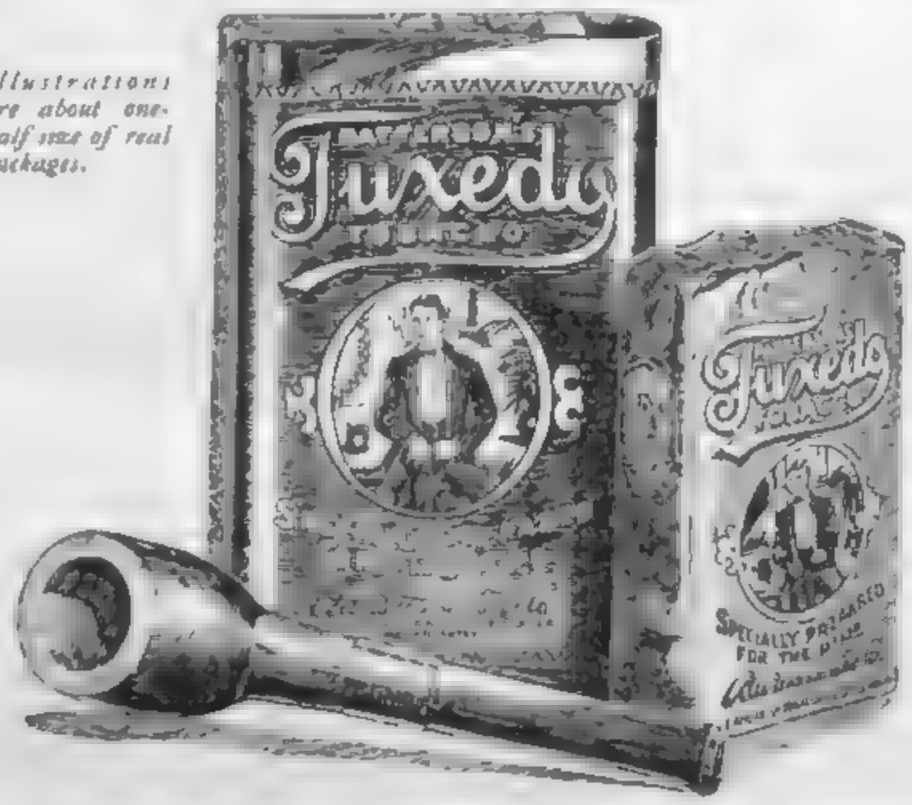

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Famous Actor

"I never realized that this was an age of wonders until I smoked Tuxedo. There is no question as to its value."

Holbrook Blinn

THE BELLS OF SAINT CLEMENS

(Continued from Page 20)

be in your room when you get back—in a suit case; fuse, caps, candle and all. Keep away from Connor and his bunch. They mustn't be in the question."

"If a breath of suspicion falls on them I'll not ask for any more money," said Dick. "I'll do just as you said—touch her off when your strike breakers are all accounted for elsewhere. You want me to set the stuff off at the breast at the far end of the adit, of course? All right. Go! Vamose! Git! Hope I never see you again after I get my money."

x

MR. RAINBOLDT followed his preliminary instructions with painstaking fidelity. Coming back to his hotel he found a strange and perfectly good suit case in his room. In a thick letter which the clerk handed him he found some sheets of virgin paper and a key, which key, upon trial, fitted the suit case exactly—a striking coincidence.

"Goods as per invoice," said Dick with a casual look at the contents: Bundled sticks of No. 2 dynamite, yellow and greasy, candle-shaped and candle-sized; a coiled fuse; inch-long fulminating caps wrapped in wool and packed in a little, square tin box; a candle and a miner's candlestick. Dick locked up the yellow death again and put it aside indifferently. At that same time and motion he put it from his mind. His thoughts went back to the stirring events of the past evening, which, for the better avoidance of the strike breakers, he had spent at the home of Miss Violet Armstrong.

Dick frowned. He was eminently human and had been frankly pleased that those three young men had so unhesitatingly accepted him as comrade and leader. He had liked those young men at first; now he was not so certain. Pierre talked too much; Dowlin was too silent; Billy was too good-looking. Besides, they stuck round so, always underfoot. Miss Violet was charming certainly, and beautiful. But she was wanting in tact. Dick frowned again.

He sat in the moonlight for a long time, propping his face on his hands. It was an unhappy young face. The mouth, softened of late by laughter, took on the old hard lines again. He roused himself with an effort.

"This won't do," he muttered. "I'll see this Torpedo stunt out and then I'll move on. No place for you, Dickie."

He flung himself on the bed to broken slumber; and Judith Elliott's face came softly to his troubled dreams, warm and dim and tinted, smiling and kind.

He rose late and broke his fast leisurely; he sauntered downtown and idled away the morning. As he lounged slowly into the post office, Alfred Spencer bustled through, his brisk diligence a reproach to Dick's loitering. As Spencer brushed by, Dick felt something against his hand. His fingers closed upon it and he passed on to the sloping pine desk built against the wall for the accommodation of the public. Here he looked at what he held in his hand. It was a long and bulky envelope, sealed and unaddressed. Dick thrust it in his pocket, yawning. On later examination he found within it a sheaf of bills.

Dick strolled to his hotel. He lifted up his eyes to see the workings of the Torpedo-Sundown sprawled along the brown hill: the red engine house, long and squat; the black gallows-frame of the hoist against the skyline; the great gray dump tumbling far and far; the wagon roads, cut deep into the long hillside; between the windings of these roads, the scars of lesser shafts or probing tunnels. Lowest of these, scarcely above the level of Rainboldt's eyes, was the black mouth of the lowest tunnel, the one which was to drain the mine; lower down and somewhat to the right was another long red building, the boarding house of the Torpedo-Sundown, facing San Clemente's outmost street. On the opposite side of the street from the red boarding house stood a weather-beaten twin to it, the boarding house of the Modoc. The Modoc marched with the Torpedo, on the same lode, but the mine had been less fortunate than its big neighbor.

At the tunnel mouth a little car, one-man power, shambled in and out, adding its mite to the fan-shaped dump. As Dick watched, the car was shunted on a little side track and left there; the power went whistling down the hill to the boarding house.

"Nearly noon," said Dick. He looked at his watch.

Men came from the tunnel, three, four, six; their faint and breeze-borne laughter carried thin to Dick's ear across the deep *arroyo*. Another man came from the blackness into the sun, a smaller man, Connor; he cupped his hands and bellowed to the sky the miner's warning of set shots:

"Fire! Fire!"

He ran down the winding trail. Then came the muffled deep report of the blasting, deep in the hill—five shots, six, seven, eight. After a little a thin wisp of smoke drifted from the tunnel. Another bunch of miners came down the hill from the main shaft.

Dick picked up his new suit case and sauntered through the office.

"Hi, you!" said the clerk. "Dinner'll be ready in half a mo'. Ten minutes to twelve. Better wait."

"I'll be back after a bit," said Dick. "I'm just going out to commit an outrage on a friend."

Dick climbed to the hill in the white glare of noon. Smoke and the poisonous fumes of dynamite were still thick in the tunnel. Dick sat on his suit case in the sun and waited for the air to clear. He cut off a generous length of fuse and fixed a cap to it.

"I've got to set it off at the breast, just as I agreed," said Dick aloud. "I'm going to give my respected employer the exact letter of my contract."

After a little he lit his candle; he tied a handkerchief over his nose and trotted along the rails till he came to the broken rock from the noon shots. Beyond this he fixed his bundles of dynamite in the fissures left by the last shots; he split the end of the fuse; he cut open a stick of the powder, and took a bean-sized bit of it on the point of his knife: sticky, oily, granular stuff, about the consistency of mashed bread crumbs. He fixed this dynamite bean between the jaws of the split fuse; he held the candle to it. The dynamite spluttered, sparkling; the fuse hissed. Dick grabbed up the empty suit case, stumbled over the broken rocks and took to his heels.

"Fire!" he bellowed from the dump. "Fire!"

His cupping hands guided the warning directly at the Torpedo boarding house. No one answered; the men were deep in dinner. Dick walked aside to a safe distance, sat placidly on his suit case, rolled a smoke, lit it, and turned admiring eyes to the sunlit peaks across the sky.

A miner came from the boarding house, whistling; he walked leisurely up the winding trail, picking his teeth. Dick called to him:

"Don't go up there, brother. I'm blowing the tunnel up."

"What's that?"

"I'm blowing up the tunnel," repeated Dick patiently. "It ought to go off any minute now. Bring your toothpick over here and sit down."

The miner stared, laughed and went on. Dick's gun flashed out.

"You long, tall son of Satan, make tracks over here and make 'em quick! I don't want your blood on my head. You'll be blown to bits, you fool! Come over here or I'll shoot you in a holy second!"

The man came, muttering. His face expressed incredulity.

"I cut about a seven-minute fuse," said Dick sociably, "but it's been most a week already. Sit down; it won't be long now. Hi! There comes a team!"

A wagon crawled up the nearest road. Dick stood up and shouted:

"Fire! Go back, you fool, I'm blowing up the mine! Beat it, or your horses will run away when the dynamite goes off."

The wagon whirled and went off at a gallop.

"There, he's all right now," said Dick with a sigh of relief when the wagon reached the bottom. "His team can't run away much in that deep sand. Have a smoke?"

With roar and crash the hill shuddered under their feet; smoke and dust billowed from the tunnel mouth. Far above them a section of the hillside upheaved with a great shock and settled again with a puff of dust; dislodged bowlders rolled crashing into the *arroyo;* the echoes crowded and thundered.

"Some ear-splittin', what?" observed Dick complacently. "You'd better run along now, son, and roll your hoop. You don't want to be mixed up in this—the idea is to have the strikers take the blame for it."

The strike breaker waited no further permission. He looked back once with a white, scared face. Then he made off at a canter.

Below, San Clemente swarmed from all its doors. Men ran shouting from along the trail to the mine; men on horseback poured from every street. The wagoner shouted to them; he stood up and lashed his horses.

Dick sat on his suit case and smoked.

The strike breakers broke from the boarding house on a run. They carried rifles and six-shooters. They had not time to guess what they might expect from this unexpected development; Dick's captive had been incoherent. But Connor was taking no chances; he shepherded his flock across the hill on a quartering course to a clump of bowlders. They took cover like wounded partridges.

The men from the Modoc house and the neighbor shacks were first to arrive. They halted at a little distance from Dick and stared, incredulous; they huddled together, waiting for reënforcements. The first horsemen crowded by them. Dowlin, Doc Hughes, Billy and J. C.; old Wigfall, afoot, pushed to join them; others dribbled forward.

Dick threw his cigarette away.

"Good evenin'," he said pleasantly, nodding to J. C.

J. C.'s face was a fine plum color.

"You, Rainboldt!" he thundered. "What in ——"

"Don't yell at me," said Dick resentfully. "I don't like it. Take it easy. No hurry. What is it you wished to know?"

"I can't believe you had any hand in it," said the plum-colored one, calming himself with an effort. "But that fellow on the wagon says you told him you were going to blow up the adit. What did you mean by that?"

"I was afraid he would get hurt," said Dick truthfully.

"Afraid he'd be hurt! Afraid ——" J. C. choked on his emotions. "And you a guest at my house!" he gurgled.

"I don't see what me visitin' at your house has to do with it," said Dick respectfully but firmly. "I wasn't your guest anyway. You didn't invite me."

"Did you blow up this mine?"

"Sure I did. Why not? I was hired to do it by ——"

"Arrest that man! Where's that fool deputy? Gone, of course. Arrest him, somebody—throw a gun down on him."

"Why, I wouldn't do that," said Dick mildly. "I haven't done anything wrong. I was employed ——"

"Damn your heart!"

"You'd better hear to what he's got to say, Armstrong," urged Dowlin. "He's got something up his sleeve besides his arm. I know what I'm talking about. Give him a chance."

"Give him a noose about his neck!" bawled J. C.

"Now, that'll be about all from you," said Dick. "If you had a lick of sense you'd know that no man would be doing this for fun. Keep still! As I was about to say when you so rudely interrupted me, I was hired to blow up this mine by the properly constituted authorities. Where did I get my dynamite? I didn't buy it at the stores. Ask 'em. I didn't bring it when I came. It was furnished to me by my employer."

"Who? Who?" gasped J. C. But his face showed that he already sensed some part of the situation.

"I couldn't tell you that," said Dick firmly. "You wouldn't believe me if I did. It would just be my word against his. And I promised—it was implied, anyhow—that I wouldn't mention his name. So I won't. But I'll tell you what I will do. You send some of these riders round town, telling them to scatter, as if they were trying to prevent anyone from leaving town, but to be sure to let anybody go that tries to, unless you want a lynching-bee. If you do, catch him. Then start a solid body of your infantry straight to town, letting one man go in front with a highly visible rope. Just one man in San Clemente will make a get-away, he'll hit the short trail for the railroad; and I'll bet you any money you like that you'll

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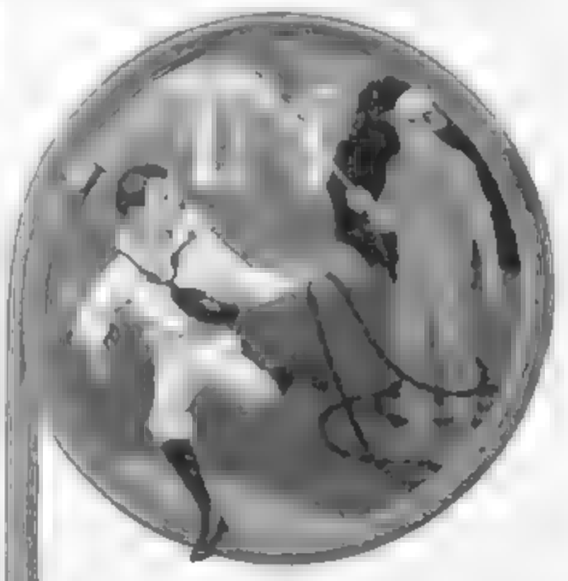

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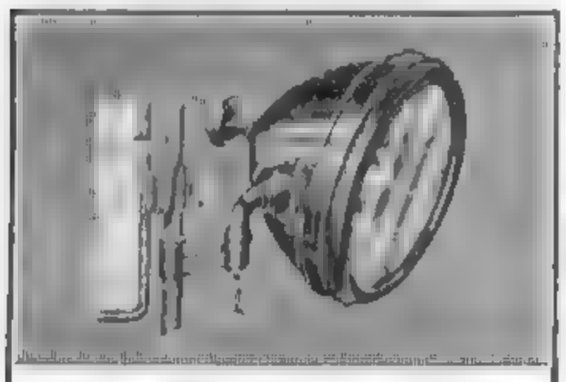

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find that man's name written in this sealed envelope." He took an envelope from his pocket and handed it to Pierre Hines, who had just pushed his way through.

"We'll do it," said Dowlin. "I'll go with the horsemen. Wigfall, you manage the other crowd. They're mostly your men. Here's a rope."

"Wait a minute, Wigfall. I got good pay for this job—half down. And I want to donate it to your strikers' fund." He tossed over the package of bills. "That's only fair. The idea was that the strikers were to get credit for the job, so they ought to have the cash."

Some one cursed with a great voice. The crowd trampled and swayed; the mutter of many voices swelled to an ominous growl. Dick held up his hand.

"Wait! It was planned that I should dynamite the tunnel when none of the strike breakers would be accused of having a hand in it. I did just that. They were all down at dinner, as the Modoc men can testify. But my employer forgot to stipulate that I was to make a get-away myself. So I didn't. I gave him his money's worth, to a cent—exactly what he bargained for. He is a frightened man this minute. Now go, you fellows. Not you, Wigfall; you stay here. I want to settle this strike."

Twenty horsemen set out at a gallop to circle the town. The Torpedoes detached themselves from the crowd and plunged down the hill, led by Pendravis.

"By George, they mean business. That's no play," said Pierre. "There he goes!"

A horseman flashed from the corrals behind the Torpedo offices; he raced down the long street and turned at top speed into the river trail, the short cut to the outer world.

"Spencer!" said J. C.

The Torpedoes hung along the hill and howled their hate. Pierre slit open his envelope.

"I find written here," he said with great tranquillity, "the name of A. Spencer. So that incident is closed. Sorry not to be able to say 'I told you so,' Mr. Armstrong; but you wouldn't let us tell you anything."

J. C. spoke to Rainboldt in a chastened voice: "Young man, it is evident that you mean well by us. But why not have told me? Why blow up a good tunnel? It will cost money to make that good."

"That was to get your attention," said Dick bluntly. "Besides, I promised not to mention the name of the man who is now running away on that horse. But the main thing was to jar you enough to get your attention. Wigfall tried to talk sense to you, and you bawled him down; your nephew tried to tell you that you were being used to your own hurt, and you wouldn't listen to a word. You roared him down. But you can't roar down fifty sticks of dynamite. I've got your attention; Mr. Spencer has obliged by pleading guilty; now perhaps you will listen while I tell you a few things which will save you the cost of several or more tunnels. You can verify my statements later, but they're true now." Dick took off his hat and fanned himself languidly.

"Go on," said J. C. meekly.

"There's been a big body of rich ore found in your mine, and it's been kept quiet. Spencer forced a strike. The play was to buy up the stock at starvation prices. The mine was to be tied up—what's that?"

It was a rifle shot from a deserted house beyond the valley; it was followed by a dozen more, the steady pumping of a repeater. The bullets whined above them and splattered on the rocks where Connor's crew had taken refuge. A single shot made answer; then silence fell on Fort Connor.

"Hell's bells! We'll have a regular war. Duck! No—stand still, everybody. Don't shoot. Give me that white handkerchief, Pierre."

Dick snatched the scrap of linen; waving it, both hands held high above his head, he marched straight up the hill to Connor's fortress, the sunlight in his sunny hair.

Bullets plumped into the dust close beside him; the unseen gunman seemed to have changed his mark. "Don't shoot, Connor," cried Dick. His voice was clear, cheerful and unhurried. "This is another put-up job. Don't bite. It is none of our doing. But if your men fire back, these Welshmen will be neither to hold nor to bind. They're worked up to mischief. Keep out of sight and you can't be hurt. We'll come up as hostages, if you say so—anyone you want."

"I'll do the best I can for you," replied Connor's voice. "You go back and hold down your wolves, if you can; you can do us more good there than here. You'd better hurry. That gunman is reloading, I judge, and he seems to have it in for you."

"Lucky you fellows didn't give him a volley," said Dick. "Good judgment. If you had there'd have been a battle."

"Ain't it the truth?" said Connor. "Go back, you fool, before that fellow shoots you. Take your men away. Don't let any of them try to slip round behind us, or I can't answer for mine. Say, we seem to have lost our job, don't we?"

"I reckon," said Dick. He turned to go. "Hello! They've got our friend with the gun."

A little man with a six-shooter came from behind the old house, driving a taller man before him. The prisoner held back, imploring; his captor fell upon him with kicks and cuffs and forced him down toward the valley. Dick began to run.

The Torpedoes, the horsemen, the crowd by the tunnel, were all in motion, converging toward the valley; most of the hitherto prudent citizens were running now from the town to the valley. The little man paused on a shoulder and called to the mob:

"Here's your gunman! It's Clem Gray Do you want him?"

A rope was over a limb when Dick reached the valley, breathless. The mob crowded upon Gray with howls and curses. Dick shouldered his way roughly.

"Hearrken to Breen," cried the bull voice of Caradoc Hughes. "Let him bear witness."

"Breen! Breen!"

"There's not much to tell," said the little man. "'Twas Gray that did the shootin'. I was close behind, making for my old mare, having a mind bent to keep out of trouble. But I saw that this devil of a Gray was goin' to start something. Then says I to myself: 'Breen, you've been minding your own business these forty year. 'Tis a pernicious habit.' So when he was loading up his gun again, I took him. That's all. 'Tis up to you."

"Hang him! Oop wi' him!"

"Oh, I wouldn't do that," said Dick mildly.

"And whoi not?"

"He might not come to again," said Dick sensibly enough.

The other glared. He was a burly miner of the Torpedoes and one that had not seen Dick before.

"Close thy mouth, young hop-o'-my-thumb, or happen we'll swing 'ee beside him!"

"Shame, Daave! 'Tis young Rainboldt. Has been good friend to thee and thoine this daay. But t'other—oot upon him. Would have sold us to blood and shame!"

Dick was hustled aside; snarling horribly, the mob closed in upon Gray. The loop dropped on his neck.

"Hang him! Hang him!"

A counter shout went up at the crowd's edge; a louder cry, in which horror and desperate fear were blended.

Drawn by a galloping horse, a buggy thundered across the rough *arroyo*, leaping, rocking, swinging. It drove a path through the crowd; men made way for it, fell back from it, white-faced, and ran for life. Old Mendenhall stood up in the buggy, a terrible figure, his eyes aflame, his white hair flying in the wind. One hand lashed the horse, the other held the loose reins and also a cocked six-shooter; and the six-shooter was pointed accurately at an open box on the seat beside him, a fifty-pound box of dynamite. The horse plowed to a stop.

The crowd grew very still. Then said Mendenhall:

"Let that boy go or I'll blow you all to hell in a hand-basket!" His eyebrows bristled. "Move! Take off that rope. Get a rifle, Clemmy boy. Get you a horse, and go. Don't anybody move a step. The first man that puts hand to gun I pull the trigger. I'll hold 'em, Clem. You drag it."

"Take my horse," said Dowlin gently. "You want to watch him. He stumbles a little going downhill. You do what your uncle says, Gray. He is a fine old man."

But Gray caught a rifle from an unresisting hand, he cocked it, he ran to the buggy and pressed the muzzle against the dynamite.

"You go, Uncle Hermie. I'll hold 'em! I got you into this mess."

"The Lord be praised—this is old Pete's boy!" cried Mendenhall. "That I have lived to see this day! Thank'ee kindly, Clem, but I couldn't do that. I'm full of years; I'll be noways sorry to slip away from the hubbub."

"Can't we both of us get away, Uncle Hermie?"

"It couldn't be done, boy. I can't ride fast, with this bad leg of mine. They wouldn't even have to overtake us. They would just ride round and get us from ambush. No good. But I'm glad you made the offer. Good-by, Clemmy."

"Coom on, lads. Let's go whoam." It was old Wigfall, and his rough voice thrilled. "Happen there's worse men than these. To whoam wi' you!"

"Taake my horse, Mr. Mendenhall," said Doc Hughes gruffly. "And here's my gun. We wouldna give ye rifles if we meant'ee ony harm. I'll mind the beastie that the pooder does not go off by accident. 'Twould be a pity. Be off wi' you, now. San Clemente is no place at all for you."

"You have given me back my boy." Mendenhall's voice shook a little, only a little. "Gentlemen, I thank you kindly. He has the makin's—old Pete's boy. We're going—and we're going to work with our hands till I make a man of him. If I have to reform myself to do it, I'm going to make a man of him. And when that day comes we're coming back to live at San Clemente."

XI

THAT night Emil James and Pat Breen sat in the cool and freshness before the Square-and-Compass house, and watched the trembling moon rise over the desert. As they smoked in silence, a ghostly rider drove a phantom band of horses along the wavering lines of moonlight, doubled and turned and headed them back, and pushed them into the corral at last.

"That's Dick, confound him!" said Emil.

"Ay." Breen tapped out his pipe. "Emil," he said after a little, "I mistrust all is not well with the lad."

"And in a case like that?"

"Nothing, of course. What could we do? But," added Breen with some irritation, "were the cases changed now—if I who am old were five-and-twenty and it was Dick Rainboldt was five-and-sixty, Dick would find a way. I'll be bound for that."

"He's catching a horse," said Emil. "Now, what's that for? I thought he was just driving in a bunch to turn his bronc' loose with."

They heard Dick's saddle come off with a thump; the big gate was opened and a band of horses trotted out. Then the little yard gate clicked and Dick came up the path, leading Wiseman.

"And now where have you been, you jungle cat?" demanded Emil. "Since the fireworks, I mean. Oh, Breen told me all about it. They're makin' a big to-do about you in San Clemente. Goin' to run you for town pump."

"Hello, that you, Mr. Breen? Then that was your horse back in the branding corral. Goin' to stay all night with us?" said Dick.

"No, I just stopped in for supper and a little chat with my old friend here. Where did you go, boy? There's nothing too good for you in San Clemente now, let me tell you that. They sent a bunch over here hot-foot to find you, but they didn't even find Emil. He was down to Willow. Where was you, Rainboldt?"

"Oh, I went nosin' round the hills, huntin' old Wiseman. Missed him the first time; didn't find him till near dark. He was hidin' out on me, the old rascal. Then the bunch didn't want to come, and my bronco misbehaved on me when I wasn't watching—nearly piled me, too."

"Why, what do you want of Wiseman?" said Emil. "Where are you going?"

"'Way, 'way off," said Dick. "I'm going to oil the hinges of the Golden Gate. Can you let me have some corn and a block of hay for the horse, Emil?"

"Dick," said Emil, "don't you go away now; don't you! You've got things coming your way. Stay with it, boy. We'd hate to lose you."

"Every chick and child in San Clemente is your friend," urged the old miner. "Even Connor. 'That's a fine lad,' he said to me just before he left. 'Why, Breen, that man's got sense! Tell him for me,' he says, 'any time he goes broke to drop me a card—Clay Connor, Australia, N. W.: Please forward to Alaska,' he says."

"Connor has gone, then?"

"Every hair of him. Chartered a Mexican freight wagon and they pulled out for a night ride to the river."

"Had any supper, Dick? There's plenty cooked. I'll light up. Feed your horse."

"I'll be with you in three-eighths of a jiffy," said Dick in a wretched attempt at

(Concluded on Page 77)

Westinghouse

"I Want This One"

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There's sport smoking a pipe, but *you know* that you've got to have the right tobacco! We tell you Prince Albert will bang the doors wide open for you to come in on a good time! You'll think the joy-lid is off for fair, firing up every-little-so-often as the smoke-spirit strikes you—*without a regret!*

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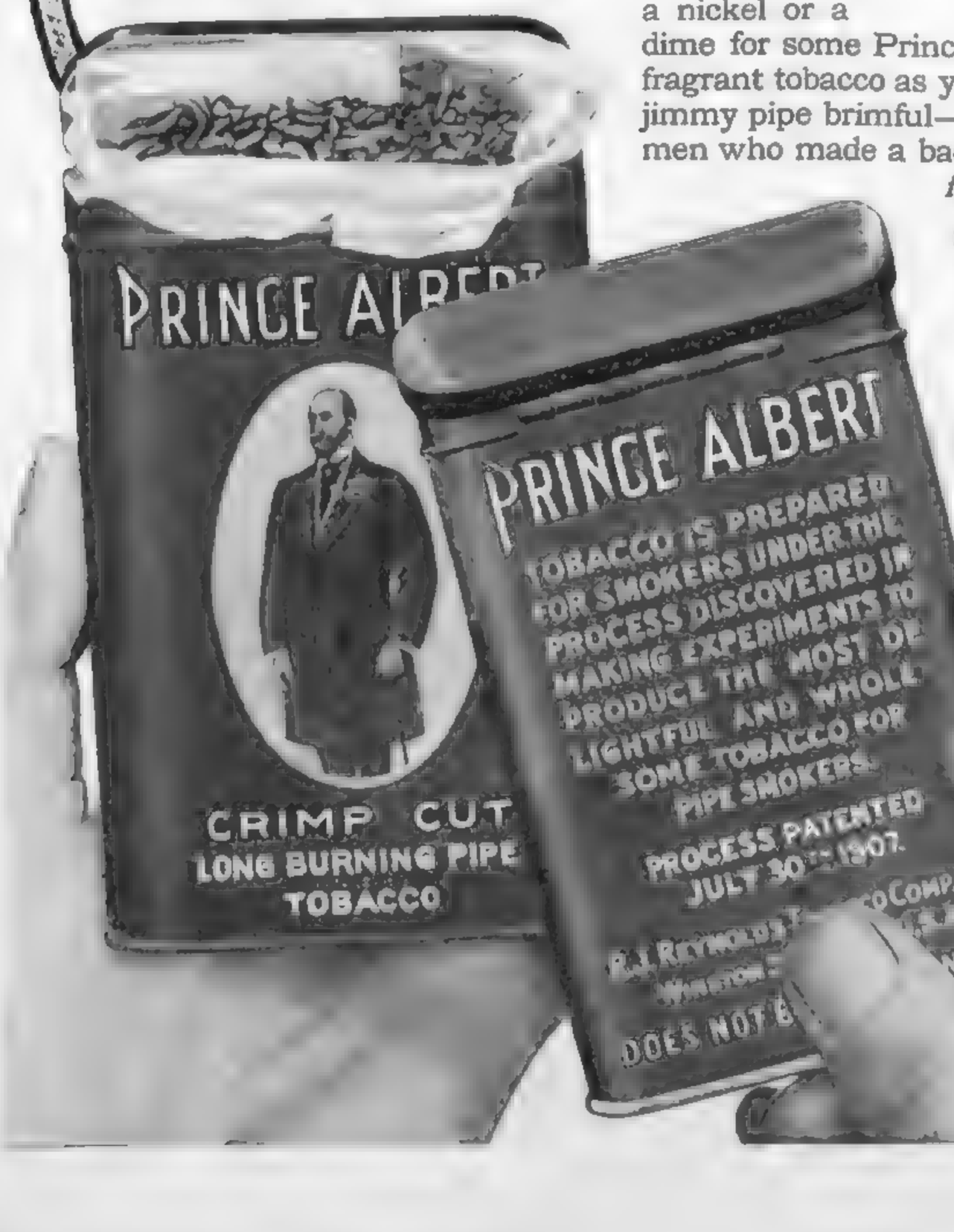
PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke



Swing on this say-so like it was a tip to a thousand-dollar bill! It's worth that in happiness and contentment to every man who knows what *can* be gotten out of Prince Albert, *the national joy smoke!*

Reverse side of the tidy red tin

Read *both* sides of the tidy red tin!

Every Prince Albert package has a real message-to-you on its reverse side. You'll read: "Process Patented July 30th, 1907." That means that the United States Government has granted a patent on the process by which Prince Albert is made. *And by which tongue bite and throat parch are cut out!* Everywhere tobacco is sold you'll find Prince Albert awaiting you in toppy red bags, 5c; tidy red tins, 10c; handsome pound and half-pound tin humidors and in that clever crystal-glass humidor with sponge-moistener top that keeps the tobacco in such fine condition—always.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.
Winston-Salem
N. C.

(Concluded from Page 74)

light-heartedness. He clanked on to the little stable. Emil lit the lamp. Breen put the coffee pot on the coals.

"He's going," said Emil.

"He is that. Blow high, blow low, he must be forth from this place."

At the bench outside Dick washed his face and hands with a great spluttering, and came in groping for the towel.

"You're not going to leave us, Dick?" said Breen. In the lamplight his little old face was puckered with distress. "There are some who will miss you."

"Nine days, perhaps," said Dick bitterly. "No, I didn't mean that. Some of you are good friends. But I must go."

"Well, then; I'll be jogging home myself. I'm sorry it's that way with you, boy. Good-by, then—and good luck to you."

"The same to you," said Dick. "So long."

Where the trail forked the old Irishman paused, irresolute. He mumbled to himself:

"Gray they were—Katy's eyes. A good lass, a merry lass. Dust she is, these two and twenty years, and her young babe in her arms. How would you have me do, little wife? . . . Have your own way of it, then. It has been many a year since I have cared to make or to mar; but I've meddled already once to-day; please God, I'll meddle once more this night—for Katy's sake."

He turned up the San Clemente trail.

■■■

"Is it not brave to be a King, Techelles,
Usumcasane, and Theridames,
Is it not passing brave to be a King,
And ride in triumph through Persepolis?"

SO, JUDITH, it was brave ranting; she mouthed the sonorous, many-syllabled names; proud step and princely hand were purposely mock heroic. But the high-poised head, the kindling eye, the proud thrill in her gay young voice—these were unconscious and above all assuming.

"Judith! How you do go on!"

"But your king didn't ride in triumph through San Clemente, Judith," teased Billy.

"He slipped away like—like——"

"Mist. The Arab. A snake, 'a long, slickery snake.' Morning dew. An eye-opener. A stack of whites. Your summer's wages. Billy, you're failing," said Pierre. "I noticed it on you this afternoon. Even our Abysmal Ed unlimbered himself for a few well-chosen remarks; but you didn't have a word to throw at a dog."

"Right you are. I would have given most anything for a soapstone," laughed Billy. "It wasn't so much that I was scared, either; I was only reasonably scared. But my poor wits couldn't quite keep up with the procession. It was just one simple little thing after another. Happenin' in the simplest way too. No preliminaries; no introductions; no explanations; no flourishes. Just happened. Then some more happened."

"To my mind, if I may be permitted to use such a term," said Dowlin, "the best little thing that Judith's young man did was stickin' up his hands and the white flag—makin' terms with Connor. It may have been crowded from notice by more spectacular happenings, but that was really the big stunt of this eventful day. Anybody's got nerve. But it took brains to do that."

"Hear, hear!"

"Now you stop pickin' on Ed," snapped Violet.

"Then my young man, as you call him, prevented a general fight, you think?" said Judith.

"'General fight' is right. Relations were distinctly strained. A massacre, as far as our own little bunch was concerned. Ask Billy. Ask Pierre—that will be better."

"Far better," agreed Billy. "I haven't caught up yet. I've got as far as where old man Mendenhall started to do a Paul Revere. But I'm still speculatin' on why he didn't jar the giant powder off, and if so, why not and what next?

"That old chaise of his was proceedin' from thither to whence by great leaps and bounds when I caught a glimpse of it, dynamite gayly bobbin' up and down and the old gentleman steadyin' it with his knee. Fine!"

"But we wander from Judith's young man," said Pierre. "My opinion was asked, I believe. I string along with Ed. In my judgment we missed war by one clipped second; and Rainboldt used that second. Connor's men had the bulge on our crowd; we were in the open. 'Twould have been the survival of the fleetest for us. It would have marred a pleasant afternoon. Then Connor's men would have been picked off, one at a time, from up the hill."

"I don't think you're fair to Mr. Connor," said Violet. "He wouldn't let his men shoot back at Clem Gray, you said. Don't you give him any credit for that?"

"Hello, young people! Holding a post mortem?" It was J. C., benevolent in the doorway.

"We were just commenting on young Rainboldt's management of you, Uncle Jim," said Billy. "The way he told you where you might get off was worth coming miles to see."

"Wish I might have been there," sighed Violet. "It isn't fair. When there's any fun I have to stay at home because I'm a girl. It's a shame. At any other time everybody treats me as if I were a boy. Judith never says: 'The boys and Violet.' She just says: 'Bring the boys.' Dad, I'm going to ask Mr. Rainboldt to bully you again, just for me—a private rehearsal."

"That young man will go far. He can have the keys of San Clemente any time he wants them." J. C. paused for a twinkly smile. "But, even when he was twisting me up into hard knots, he restrained himself. I noticed that he—he made reservations. He showed a consideration for me, a respectfulness, quite uncalled for by the circumstances—or so it seems to me. Confidentially, I think he had something on his mind; some private designs—what? Oh, Dowlin, Breen wants to see you at the gate. I nearly forgot to tell you."

"But what private designs could Dickie have?" inquired Billy, as Dowlin went out. "What could he want?" His speculative eye, in its wanderings, carefully avoided Miss Elliott.

"Don't know. But if he wants it he'll get it," said J. C. genially. "No use talking, some of these cowboys are grown men. They have to think for themselves, and think quick, in that business. No time to send for experts. The bulk of the cowmen, like the bulk of any class of men, are only so-so, aside from their work; but when you get a good one you've got something."

Judith rose and made a deep curtsy.

"Thank you, uncle. You are all witnesses to that," she said, impervious to banter and gibe. She had never been more radiant; she danced across the room now, light spinning, gossamer; she turned at the window and sang, gay, defiant, wistful, laughing:

"What's this dull town to me?
Robin's not here:
He whom I wished to see,
Wished for to hear.
What, when the ball was o'er,
What made my heart so sore?
Oh, it was parting with
Robin Adair!"

Violet made no remonstrance, but she favored Judith with a prim and decorous glance, to which Miss Elliott responded with a rebellious little *moue*.

"What was that splendid quotation you gave us the other day, Pierre? The one you said applied so well to the cowmen who kept right on with their cowman-ing while civilization closed in on 'em?"

"Oh, that! That was from the Chief Troubles with Kansas. Let's see, how'd it go? Oh, yes:

"Sowed in a dream amid the harvesting."

"By George, it's true! This is their harvesting, poor old chaps! Some one has said that the history of Europe is written in the one line: 'England is an island.' And the history of America is the story of the pioneer.

"We forget that, sometimes."

"What's keeping Ed?" said Violet, rising. "Let's go out on the porch. I like that Mr. Breen. And the moonlight is glorious."

"Where's Breen, Dowlin?" said J. C. on the porch.

"Gone."

"Anything wrong, old man?" asked Pierre, quick to notice Dowlin's troubled face.

"Ed's grievin' over the opportunity he missed when he made his little presentation speech to Clem Gray," mocked Billy. "It goes like this, Dowlin:

"'Pray accept this humble offering as a slight token of our esteem and respect'—something like that."

The air was velvet. A cool, fresh, faint breeze rustled by and whispered secrets.

"Bully moon!" grunted J. C. "Wonderful night!"

"Wonderful!" echoed Judith.

"Look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold!"

She stretched out her hands to the night; her young voice rang out, glad and high, clear, strong and jubilant:

"In such a night as this,
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees
And they did make no noise; in such a night
Troilus methinks mounted the Troyan walls
And sigh'd his soul toward the Grecian tents,
Where Cressid lay that night."

"Judith, you madcap!" said Violet.

"Clean bewitched, poor child," groaned Billy.

Judith's eyes sparkled joyous mischief and defiance; she dropped one hand and waved the other slowly, beckoning, above her uplifted face:

"In such a night
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand
Upon the wild sea banks and waft her love
To come again to Carthage."

"I can't stand this. The girl is fey!" whispered Dowlin to himself. Then he raised his voice: "Judith! Here a minute, won't you?"

He stepped into the hallway; Judith joined him.

"Well?" she said cheerfully. "What do you want?"

Dowlin paused, uncertain. Then he blurted out his word: "He's going away Rainboldt. For keeps."

"Oh!" said Judith.

"In the morning. Breen came to tell me."

"I'm sorry," said Judith, bracing her small mouth to piteous bravery. "Come to the piano, Ed. I'll play and you sing. I—I don't want to go back."

"You want us to go home, Judith? I'll herd 'em away for you, after a bit. I'll do a bluff at a song or two first. Then I'll hustle 'em out."

"You're a good friend, Ed."

Dick tossed restlessly upon his narrow bunk. To-morrow he would pass from Judith Elliott's life forever. He recounted the excellent and unanswerable reasons why it must be so. It was preposterous that he had dared to raise his eyes to her—serene, high, unattainable. What had he to offer her? Nothing. A cowboy, uncouth, unlettered, unmannered! Folly and madness!

Having thus firmly established that she was above and apart from him, he began again. Over and over he toiled at his endless, hopeless task. Never to see her again, never to hear her voice! That she should forget him, that he should be to her, at best, a misty detail in a half-forgotten springtime, he could bear that. But—never to see her again!

He rose at last, dressed, and went out into the night. A few clouds were in the sky, and a chill, keening wind wailed sadly through the trees.

The high, cold stars, unchanged, unchanging, looked calmly down upon him from immeasurable heights; the moon's pitiless light fell on the drear and lonely hills, showing their barrenness and savage desolation with cruel distinctness.

He turned up the trail to the San Clemente Gap.

There was no slightest glance or tone of hers that he did not remember now. The warm mystery of her wistful face rose before him, thrilled him, lured him on. How fair she was, how sweet and good and true. She must not know, she must never dream. It would only grieve her.

He paused at the last little hill below San Clemente Pass. There, in the crest above him, she had given him the dollar. Was that a lifetime ago? And he had thrown it away—fool that he was—instead of explaining and making it easier for her. He would find that coin now and keep it—always.

That was the tree, that bush-topped cedar, beyond the second little gully——

What was that—white—moving?

The neighbor stars bent low to kiss the hills: the dear old hills, never again to be remembered apart from youth and hope and love. For it was Judith, weeping, sobbing, searching

The wise old moon hid then behind a cloud. So they did not find the dollar.

(THE END)

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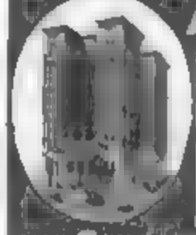

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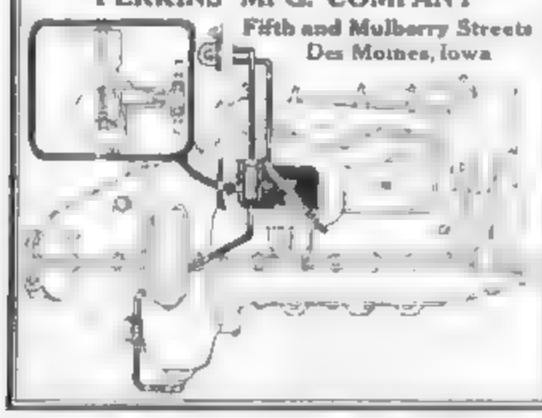

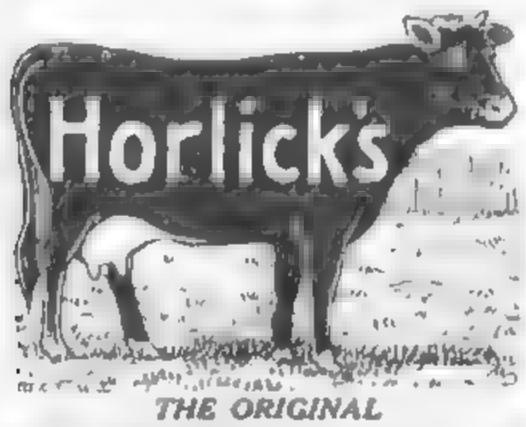

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A MAJOR-LEAGUE MOTHER-IN-LAW

(Concluded from Page 10)

"They're thinking about that money—that's all," I declared.

"Suppose they are," she suggested; "all of them have their plans and they think you are the only man who can help them to get the extra money for their homes, automobiles and things. It means the loss of only one share to you."

I got the point all right. Here I was, standing in the way of happiness to them all just for a measly little money that I might make on the stage.

All this time I had overlooked the fact that, as I was in perfect condition, it was my duty to go in and work when called upon. I had not appreciated the thoughtfulness of the manager in permitting me to use my own judgment. He had the right to order me to do what he thought was best. If I pretended to have a bad arm I should be acting a lie. I should be dishonest, while the players were trying to make it easy for me.

A sickening feeling came over me as I thought about how rotten I should feel if I stayed out of the game on a lying excuse and the team went on and lost. It would be worse than if I went in and did my best, even if I did lose.

I thought all this out in silence, forgetting that my wife and mother-in-law were at the table with me.

"Son, you haven't touched your breakfast," Mother Davis reminded me. "You must eat if you expect to keep strong and not be nervous."

"I'm not only going to eat, mother," I suddenly blurted out, "but I'm going to pitch that ball game this afternoon; and I'm going to give them the best I have in the shop as long as they'll let me stick!"

"Thank God for that!" the old lady cried; and she and Mary both kissed me.

"I knew you were a real man," said Mother Davis.

"And I'm prouder of you than I ever was in my life!" exclaimed Mary.

Yes; and I was pretty proud of myself, I don't mind telling you.

Reta Hardy came in after breakfast, and when she found out what was going to happen I thought she'd have a fit. She couldn't see it at all, but it didn't take her long to discover that her way of thinking was unpopular.

At the clubhouse that afternoon the players got round and kidded me into thinking I was a bear cat. They said the only chance of winning was in my pitching and, even if we lost, that Boston gang would know they'd been in a fight. That spirit made me feel better.

That last game was some battle!

Having had two cracks at those Boston batters, I knew pretty well what each of them could hit, and I made up my mind at the start that I'd not pitch a bad ball all day. If you were there you'll know that I came pretty near making good too.

Until you've been in a game like that you can't understand the feeling that seems to take hold of a whole team—nervous tension, the writers call it. Every ball pitched carried a responsibility and forty thousand people had their eyes on it. There were no let-ups, no easy stages, no fun. It was fight and figure every inch of the way, knowing that one slip would spill the beans.

Robins was going great guns for the Bluelegs and we rocked along for five innings without a score. The infield behind me played like a perfect machine; in fact, the fielding on both sides was marvelous, the hitting scarce.

In the sixth inning, though, the first break came when Joe Evans, our second baseman, hit one of Robins' curves on the nose and slammed a drive into deep right field for three bases. A long fly sent him in and New York had the jump. From then on the Bluelegs fought like tigers, trying every trick known to the trade.

In the eighth inning Robins, having shown signs of weakening, was taken out to let Eddie Wallace, a pinch hitter, bat for him. I didn't know exactly what to pitch to Wallace, but the catcher called for a fast one straight over and I shot it there like a bullet. There was a sharp crack and the ball, hit squarely on the nose, went straight for the bag at third and, striking the canvas cushion, bounded high in the air. Before it could be fielded Wallace was on second and I was in the hole.

I did everything I could on the next man, but he finally got away with a sacrifice bunt, advancing the runner. Fearing a long fly I walked Williams, a heavy hitter; but it did no good. The next man hit a fluky Texas Leaguer over second and Wallace came home with the tying run. I struck out the next two men, but the damage had been done. The fight had started all over.

Wilkins, a left-hander, went into the box for Boston and we battled on into extra innings.

As I walked to the bench between innings the crowd—even the Boston rooters—would cheer me. The players told me that I was pitching the best game of ball ever turned out in a World's Series. I knew this to be true, and I could tell from the expressions of the men on the Boston bench that they also thought so. Wilkins was also going great and the players on both sides appreciated our work so much that they stopped trying to rattle us from the coaching lines.

Frequently I would glance up at the stand to see the drawn and excited faces of Mary and her mother. They had stopped applauding early in the game—just sat there with their eyes glued on me as if their bodies had been petrified. The strain was awful. Even the fellows in the press box felt it. Several of the old-timers among the reporters told me afterward that they could not have stood it much longer. A funny thing about it, though, is that the farther I went, the better I felt. I had lost my fears.

But the blow-off had to come, and it was in the eleventh inning that the old tension snapped.

Evans, leading off for us that inning, smashed a drive into deep right that struck the grass and bounded over the low fence for a home run.

There was never such a scene in the world as the way those New York rooters tried to tear up that grand stand, even though outnumbered.

That one run was all we got, but it seemed like enough. When I went to the box I knew that we had to retire only three men and win the world's championship. How I gloried in myself, now that I had taken the chance of pitching! The heavy end of the Boston batting order was up, but even that didn't faze me.

Harrison, the first batter, took an awful swing at a slow one and, topping it, rolled the ball toward third—a swinging bunt, we call it. The third baseman ran in to handle it, but, thinking the ball would roll foul, let it alone.

Instead of going foul, though, the ball struck a pebble and turned in, stopping dead on the chalk line for a hit.

"Don't let a piece of luck like that bother you!" the manager yelled. "Go to it, old boy!"

I struck out the next man, but had trouble on my hands with Hopkins. I was afraid to give him a good ball and, in trying to work the corners, slipped him a base on balls. That put two men on the bases, with one out. It was getting serious. I still had the best of it, though, and put everything I had on the old pill. The next man drove a long fly to left field.

Then it happened!

In their eagerness to make a sure catch and a throw to third to head off the runner from taking an extra base, Conway, the left fielder, and Miller, center fielder, ran together. In the violent collision the ball fell safe between them and before either could field it both runs had scored and the championship was gone!

I was stunned. The crowd was stunned. Not even a roar of applause came from the Boston rooters who had bet their money on the game. Such an inglorious ending to a wonderful game completely knocked them out. I dared not look at the box where sat Mary and her mother. I was dazed and really didn't know what I was doing.

Standing there alone in the middle of the diamond, I heard a sudden burst of applause from what appeared to be the New York part of the stand. I turned to find the manager putting his arm round my shoulder. For the first time in my life I saw tears in his eyes. Then I understood. The crowd also understood. The cheer of sympathy spread all round the stand.

"Never mind, old man!" said the manager with a tremor in his voice. "You pitched the greatest game in the world. You are a real hero now. Don't let this defeat bother you. It has made you greater. They"—he indicated the crowd—"know it wasn't your fault."

In another minute I heard the rush of flying feet and the whole New York team was round me. There was not a dry eye in the bunch as they escorted me, almost tenderly, to the clubhouse.

Fellows, I felt like a real big man at that moment. I had done my best and my pals knew it. I had not thrown them down. Not one of them ever even mentioned money and they haven't to this day. I now wear a beautiful diamond stickpin, showing what those boys thought of me.

We spent the next half hour in trying to pacify the two fielders who had kicked away the whole works. They cried like babies, accusing themselves of having lost for me the greatest ball game ever pitched. Their grief was so great it was almost impossible to console them. Honestly, I felt lots sorrier for them than I did for myself.

It was nearly dark when I reached the hotel. In the room I found Mary and her mother, red-faced and with eyes swollen from weeping. The minute they saw me they started in again.

I'd console them a while, and then Mary would start in consoling me. It was some half hour of doings—take it from me! The old lady was almost hysterical.

"It's all my fault! It's all my fault!" she kept saying, and would then berate herself as an old woman who tried to mix up in things that were not her business.

"Son, I haven't got much," she said to me; "but you can have it all. It was my fault, every bit of it! Oh!" And she started in weeping again. "Why did I do it?"

"What's your fault, mother?" I finally asked her.

"This! This!!" she almost screamed, and drew from the blouse of her dress a folded telegram. As she wept, I read it:

"RUBE VICKS, care New York Grays,
"Boston, Massachusetts:

"All the papers have made you hero. Take no chances on losing and spoiling the rep. Stay out of game to-day and I can guarantee you ten weeks on the big time at one thousand. Contracts ready. Answer.

"BERT HARDY, Booking Office Building."

The defeat had so dazed me that for a minute I didn't tumble.

"Well, what about it?" I asked, throwing the message on the table.

"It came this morning," the old lady wailed. "Nobody knew it but me, and I hid it. I was afraid it would keep you from being a man. Now I've made you lose everything!"

"No; you haven't," I said, taking the old lady in my arms. "Mother, you've helped me make a man of myself. I might have fallen for that telegram."

I looked at it again.

"Mary," I said to my wife, "I wouldn't work for that fellow now if he gave me ten thousand dollars a week. I amount to something now. If I had run out of that game I would have been an ordinary cur, and that's what he wanted to make me."

The next morning I found myself the biggest baseball figure in America. I'll bet I got a thousand telegrams of sympathy. Before noon the real head of the booking office telegraphed me an offer of fifteen hundred dollars a week, with nothing taken out for agent's commission, and a route that would last all winter.

I also got another telegram from Bert Hardy, but I tore it up. I kept the one, though, that the old lady held out on me. And you can bet that as long as it is before me there'll be no bum gag in my act about a mother-in-law.

Am I right?

NEW YORK ASTOUNDED!

Read the Criticisms

At Carnegie Hall, on April 28th, there assembled what was said to be the most distinguished audience of the year. 2500 of Manhattan's most cultured people came to hear Madame Rappold, of the Metropolitan Opera, match her glorious voice against Thomas A. Edison's Re-Creation of that voice by means of his latest invention

The NEW EDISON

Remember, this was the pitiless test of an actual direct comparison, for the purpose of determining whether Edison's new art does in fact re-create the human voice so perfectly that the Re-Creation cannot be distinguished from the original. Read what New York's critics say in the columns of their own newspapers:

NEW YORK TRIBUNE—*April 29, 1916*

"Mme. Rappold stepped forward, and leaning one arm affectionately on the phonograph, began to sing an air from 'Tosca.' The phonograph also began to sing at the top of its mechanical lungs, with exactly the same accent and intonation. . . . It is the latest triumph of Thomas A. Edison."

NEW YORK EVENING MAIL—*May 2, 1916*

"The ear could not tell when it was listening to the phonograph alone and when to actual voice and reproduction together. . . . It was quite impossible to know when the phonograph was singing alone."

NEW YORK GLOBE—*April 28, 1916*

"Artists hear phonograph with soul."

NEW YORK MORNING TELEGRAPH—*April 29, 1916*

"He has succeeded in re-creating the human voice."

BROOKLYN DAILY EAGLE—*April 29, 1916*

"No one could tell which was the real and which the reproduced."

Marie Rappold

has just concluded a brilliant season with the Metropolitan Opera Co. Here you see her actually singing in direct comparison with Edison's Re-Creation of her voice. Madame Rappold and many other great artists (both singers and instrumentalists) have thus proved that Edison's Re-Creation of their work cannot be distinguished from their actual performances. Hear Edison's Re-Creation of Madame Rappold's wonderful voice, then hear Rappold herself at the Metropolitan next season or while she is on tour this season.

Look in your Local Papers

for the announcement of a merchant who is licensed by Mr. Edison to demonstrate and sell this new invention. Write us for the booklet "Music's Re-Creation" and also ask for a Symposium of Musical Reviews of Edison's New Art by America's leading newspapers.

What will you have in your home? Will you have the New Edison, which literally Re-Creates all forms of music, or will you have an ordinary talking machine?

THOMAS A. EDISON, Inc., Dept. 235A, Orange, N. J.

DELCO

ELECTRIC CRANKING LIGHTING IGNITION

More World's Records

On another page of this issue appears a Cadillac Motor Car advertisement announcing the remarkable trans-continental record made by Edwin G. Baker in a Cadillac Eight Roadster during the week of May 8th.

It was a wonderful performance for the car—and for the man.

Also it was a wonderful performance for the Delco System of Cranking, Lighting and Ignition with which the car was equipped.

Especially was it a wonderful achievement for Delco Ignition.

Never before was any system of ignition called upon to stand up under such a prolonged and terrific strain.

In the trip across the Continent something over 45,000,000 separate and effective sparks were delivered with unfailing precision.

The automatic spark advance took care of the high, sustained speed on the level stretches as well as the slackened speed through the cities and over bad roads.

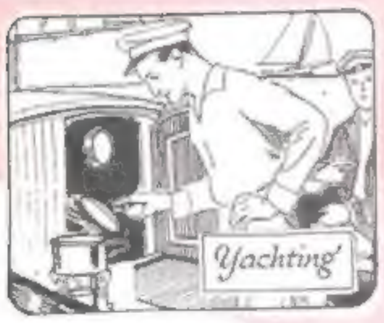
Not once during the long, hard grind was it necessary to make an adjustment or give a thought to the ignition system.

As Mr. Baker said: "The engine didn't miss a shot during the entire run—not even a spark plug needed cleaning."

Delco dependability was again strikingly demonstrated.

Is it any wonder that motor car buyers, in constantly increasing numbers, are demanding—and getting—Delco Equipped Cars?

The Dayton Engineering Laboratories Company
DAYTON, OHIO



If your dealer cannot supply you with the above Sterno Cooking Outfits, send the signed coupon together with your remittance direct to us, and we will fill your order by prepaid Parcel Post.

COUPON

FILL out and present *this* Coupon to your dealer and he is authorized to give you from 1 to 3 tencent tins of Sterno **Canned Heat** (in addition to the can that comes with every outfit) free of charge, according to our offer below.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*Amount of Purchase*_____

Go Get These 3 Cans at Your Dealer's, Using Coupon Above

STERNO **Canned Heat** is a paste, which, at a scratch of a match, will burn over an hour and can be extinguished and relit again and again, until the bottommost particle in the tin is consumed.

It is smokeless, odorless, dangerless, non-spillable, and has the new flame-reducer which economizes and concentrates the heat. Nothing to fuss over; no greasy, dog-eared wick (like alcohol lamps); nothing to do but light.

Only a few of the scores of uses of Sterno **Canned Heat** are shown in the above pictures.

To introduce it to readers of "The Saturday Evening Post" who don't know what Sterno **Canned Heat** is and does, we authorize the dealer in your home town to distribute it as follows:

During Our 10-Day Sale, Starting June 15th and Ending June 24th

3 extra cans with every purchase of the $1.50 (or more) Sterno Cooking Outfit
2 extra cans with every purchase of the $1.00 Sterno Cooking Outfit
1 extra can with every purchase of the 50c Sterno Cooking Outfit

Always look for the grooved can with *"Canned Heat"* on the red label.

Sold by Druggists, Hardware Dealers, Department, Dry Goods and Specialty Stores.

S. STERNAU & CO. Inc. Inventors and Manufacturers of "Sterno" Cooking Conveniences 5th Avenue and 27th St., New York

50c

50c Outfit

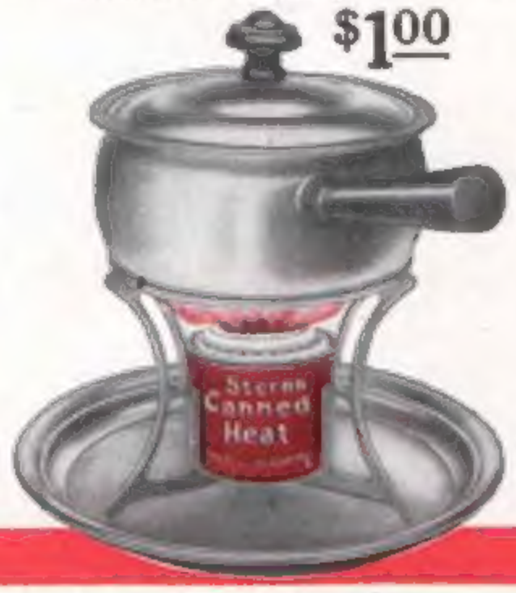
This is the 50c Outfit, consisting of a pint-size boiler, heavily nickeled; a cover with non-heating, ebonized knob; a neat, collapsible stand that nests within boiler when packed for traveling; and a can of Sterno Canned Heat.

Price in Canada 75c.

$1.00 Outfit

This is the $1 Outfit, consisting of solid-brass, globular boiler, heavily nickeled and polished; cover of same material; non-heating, ebonized handles; fine, satin-finish serving-tray; and tin of Sterno Canned Heat. Price in Canada $1.50

$1.00



$1.50 Outfit

This is the $1.50 Outfit, consisting of a beautiful boiler and stand with ebonized base. Equipped with ingenious wind-shield and flame-control. The finest outfit possible to make. At home on the best tables.

Price in Canada $2.50

10c Sample Can

Write for Booklet, describing the many Sterno Cooking Conveniences for every household use. If you don't wish to take advantage of our special offer, send 10c for a sample can.

$1.50

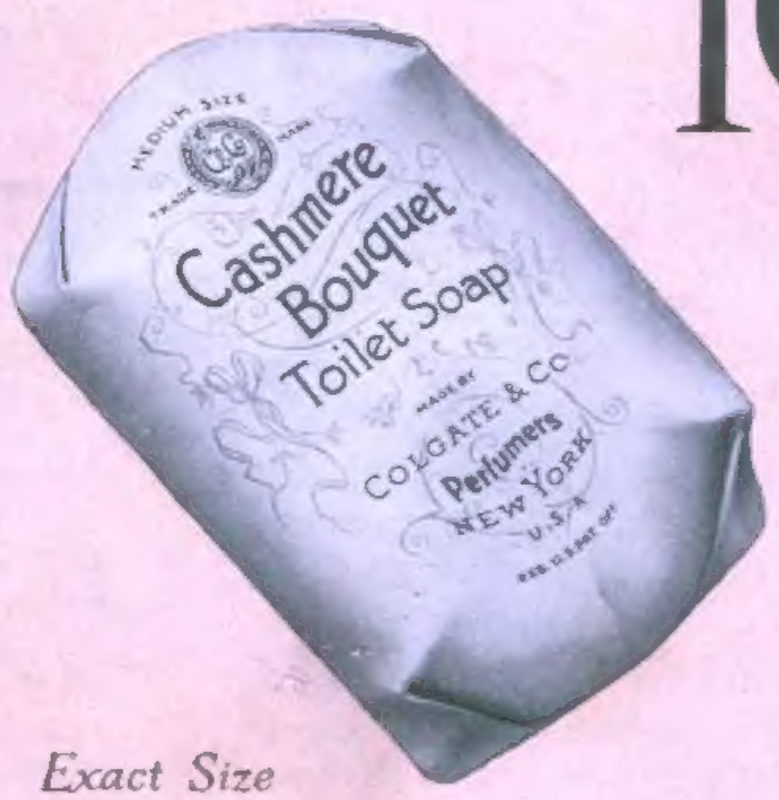
← This protects the flame from outside draughts.

← This is the Sterno Heat-Regulator.

CASHMERE BOUQUET TOILET SOAP

A new size of this luxuriously perfumed soap at

10¢



Exact Size

For three generations Cashmere Bouquet has been the standard for soap excellence. No other exquisitely perfumed soap has had such wide popularity in this or any other country.

Luxurious, Lasting, Refined

COLGATE & CO.

Established 1806.